VOL · VIII MAY 1926 NO · 29

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1926, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

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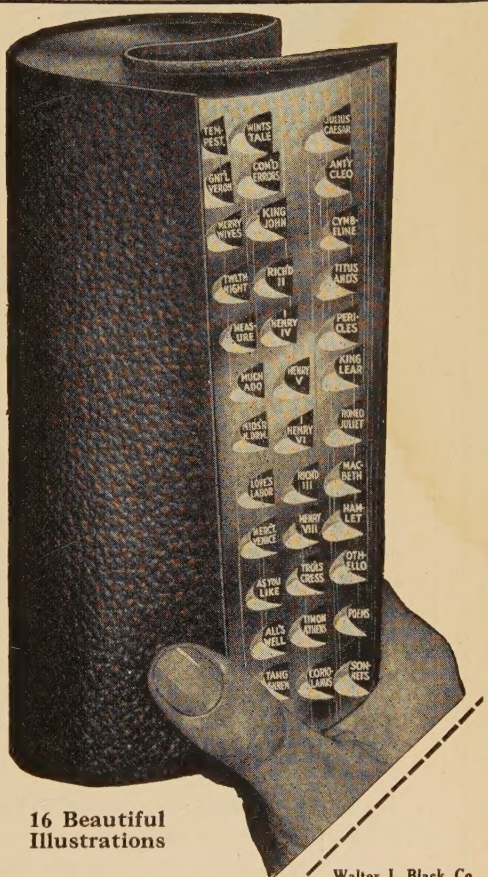

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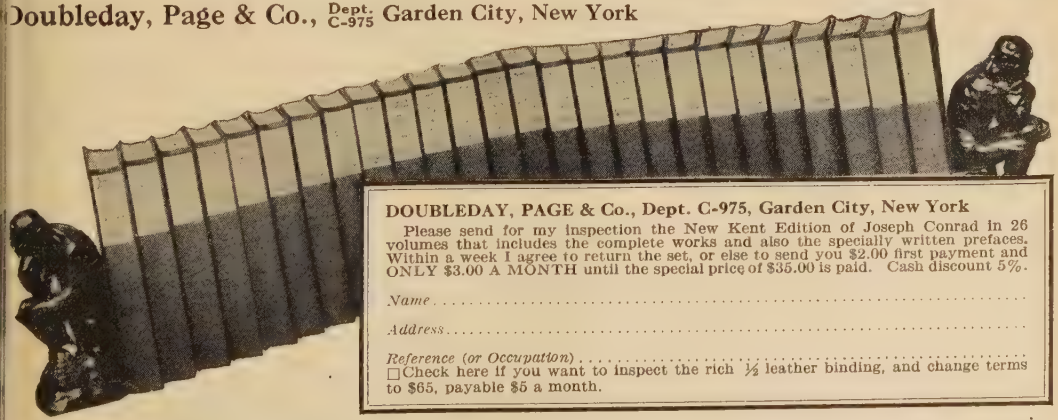

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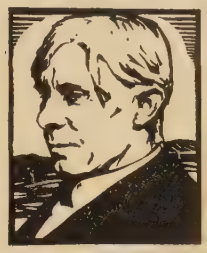

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her thick brown hair was bobbed. This was the first time I had ever seen a woman with bobbed hair, and I was greatly excited by it. Her head may not have been exceptionally beautiful, but to this day it stands out in my memory as something of great stark beauty. I know at this distance that it was probably because it was the first woman's head I had ever seen that was unfestooned by wads or wisps of hair. But that is another story. I formed a warm, secret attachment to the English 'celliste, whom I never met, and whom I never heard play again. As I write, I remember a great deal about her as a person and all the lovely pictures she made for me, and practically nothing about the quality of her playing.

II

The following year I confessed to Hans—head of the 'cello department of the conservatory, my desire to learn the 'cello. "Ah," he exclaimed, "hands made for the 'cello! I will teach you." But since I was already doing the full college course plus piano, voice, dramatics and athletics, it never seemed possible to find the time to take it on. Out of college, the suffrage for women agitation stirred me deeply, and my interest in the arts, as such, was shoved into the background. Or perhaps I put it there. I am not sure which.

On a grey November day I found myself sitting opposite Maud Powell, the violinist, on a train bound for Denver, where we were both to perform. Maud Powell was to give a concert, I was to ask Colorado women to give their backing to the national suffrage amendment. Miss Powell and I fell to discussing one thing and another. Again, I dragged out my secret yearning, which by this time was creaking considerably from disuse, as do all unfulfilled yearnings.

"A wonderful instrument!" said Miss Powell. "A most soothing instrument! You must be very tired. Are you, then, very tired?"

Now, I seemed to myself to be in a high state of vital energy. And so I said, "I'm not aware that I'm tired." As I look back upon this time I might well have been, what with organizing and agitating from Maine to Louisiana and from Oregon to Florida. I traveled in those days with a solitary dress-suit case and quantities of purple, gold, and white banners mounted on poles, which, because of the poverty of our treasury, one frequently toted without service from a porter. And, as for the itinerant vaudeville artist, there were many one-night stands. But it was very gay and exciting, and honest fatigue was easily slept off in the early twenties.

Miss Powell examined my hands. "Very supple," she said, "and with your knowledge of piano you will be able with a moderate amount of practice to play ensemble music quite creditably in six months." The task of adding a 'cello to my baggage of banners loomed before me, but under her encouragement I warmed to the prospect.

"Tell me," I said, "why would a person, if tired, be drawn to the 'cello? Why do you emphasize that point?"

"The 'cello is restful to the nerves," she replied. "Now, if I had a daughter who wanted to play the violin, I would advise strongly against it. You see, every note you draw on a violin is an attack upon the nerves. The violin is pitched against gravity, and is therefore completely nerve-wracking to the system. If I had my life to live over, I doubt if I would ever touch the instrument. There have been times when I thought my nerves could not possibly stand any more irritation. The violin is a devastating instrument. But the 'cello is played downward. It is pitched with gravity. And so, you are probably unconsciously seeking to play an instrument which will soothe your tired nerves."

At first all this seemed slightly mystical to me. But the more I thought about it, the more captivated I became with the idea of soothing the tired nerves which

I had not known were tired. Banners, political conventions, deputations, picketing, and what not continued exigent, however, and the 'cello remained only a vagrant hope, returning to haunt me from time to time—probably, according to Miss Powell, in moments of fatigue and frustration. Eventually the suffrage battle was over, and the 'cello pushed itself forward. Shyly, I mentioned it to some of my friends and family. Usually an eyebrow was arched. I got no encouragement.

I let it be known around the household that I was going in for æsthetics, and that a 'cello would be appreciated as a Christmas present. Again, no enthusiasm. I got a motor-car instead. It was doubtless an excellent idea. But I don't in the least care for motoring.

III

Convinced finally that it was folly to wait longer upon friendly encouragement, I walked out into the morning sunshine of New York, the camping ground of the greatest musicians of the world, to hunt for a 'cello. Immediately New York became a No Man's Land. Where to go?

I learned that there was an old 'cello for sale in a pawn-shop just back of the Metropolitan Opera House. I went there. The 'cello had been sold. When would the broker have another one? Not the slightest idea. 'Cellos didn't come his way often.

I next visited a flashy music-house somewhere in West Forty-second street. "I'll just abandon looking for an old 'cello," I said, "I'll get *any* 'cello." By now I was determined that the sun should not set on another day without my possessing one. But the indifferent clerk said they had no 'cellos assembled. They could assemble one in a few days, however. This seemed to me to be an insult to any instrument. After all, it wasn't a cracker-box! I now had ideas about, at least, a fairly well-seasoned instrument. I left without ordering.

I hurried to Aeolian Hall. That temple must be a place where they can direct you to anything, I felt. "I want to buy a 'cello," I said.

"Try Schirmer's in East Forty-third street," said an indifferent young lady at the information desk. "They sell all kinds of instruments."

The afternoon was diminishing. I almost ran to Schirmer's.

"We do not keep 'cellos," said the elderly salesman.

"Where can you direct me? Where can I get one?"

"Sorry," said the old gentleman, "I'm afraid I can't tell you."

I leaned against the counter somewhat limp, wondering what to do next, when a woman customer beside me, who had overheard my query, said, in what seemed to me at that moment one of the sweetest voices I'd ever heard, "If you'll pardon me for saying so, I know where you can go."

"Thank you so much," I said.

"I have a son who plays the 'cello," she continued, "and he got his at Friedrich's in Fifth avenue. We have bought musical supplies there for a long time, and found them very satisfactory."

I thanked her warmly, and proceeded to the enchanted place.

"I would like to buy a 'cello," I said to the charming young woman who approached me, reflecting, as I said the word boldly, how fortunate it was that a woman was going to wait upon me.

"Just a moment," she said, and instead of returning with a prospective 'cello she returned with a man. "Aha," I thought bitterly, "they probably let this nice young woman sell strings and bows and pitch-pipes and other minor appurtenances! The important work is done by men!"

I pulled myself together and said, less boldly than before, "I should like to buy a 'cello . . . not very expensive . . . one good enough to begin on."

"What size would you like?" asked the snappy salesman.

"Oh, do they come in sizes?"

"Oh, yes." And, as I hesitated, he inquired, "How old is the *child?*"

I was totally unprepared for such a question, and became miserably confused. Through my misery I perceived that the size of the instrument bore a direct relation to the size of the performer. I make no apologies, but it seemed utterly impossible to tell the snappy salesman that I was the child, and so I answered, in a far-away voice, which sounded alien to my ears.

"Why . . . about twenty."

"Well then, you want a full size 'cello."

"Yes," I said, quite gaily now, and enormously relieved, "a full sized one." Mercifully, at this point, he disappeared into a back store-room to hunt for it.

"Here are two very good 'cellos," said the snappy salesman, returning, "made in Germany."

I surveyed them solemnly, deciding that I would have to choose the one whose looks I liked the best, since I could distinguish them in no other way, and I was assured, that being of equal price, they were of equal quality.

In this moment of meditation, the snappy salesman said, "How do you think he would like this one?"

My voice utterly failed me, which was no excuse for lying further. But I had gone too far to retreat. This thing swept over me like a deluge. There I sat, lamentably helpless and shame-faced, aiding and abetting society while it transformed me into a male child of twenty! It was bad enough to have permitted the child business to go by unchallenged. But now, to have its sex so glibly established seemed just too much. But as I say, my voice was swallowed within me. Meekly, I said, "I think he would like that one," signed up, and hurried out.

Out in the cool Spring air my confusion fell away. I walked gaily home in the twilight. I thought the city never more beautiful. And I felt friendly toward every stranger I passed.

IV

That night I went with a party of friends to see Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." I sat next to Max Rosen, the violinist, to whom I proudly announced that I had that day purchased a 'cello and intended to learn to play it. Would he recommend a teacher. "That's very interesting," he said. "Just why do *you* want to play the 'cello?" Little did I know that this question would be put to me incessantly from then on. My instinct, however, served me faithfully at the outset. "And why not?" I said. At which point, happily, the curtain rose on the third act of "Patience."

You may remember that this is the scene in which the middle-aged grotesque comedienne enters alone, carrying a full-sized double-bass viol. Before she had proceeded with her comic song, the party, led by Max Rosen, burst forth into hilarious merriment. See how I would look! See how funny it all was! To the spectators not in the know, it sounded like mild mutiny. Necks were craned in our direction. I was silent, registering deep contempt. Besides, was I not now an authority on sizes? And was not the double-bass before our eyes at least twice the size of the 'cello? And, in a superior manner, did I not say to myself, If anyone in this company had vitality enough to undertake an entirely new instrument when past thirty, would I laugh at them? I answered myself virtuously that of course I would not.

However, succumbing to the determined gleam in my eye, Max Rosen did recommend a teacher. "He has no pupils, but he might find it amusing to teach you. Now if you will consult with Dr. X—(a dental surgeon), he will tell you how to reach him."

"How does he know about him?" I asked.

"Well, you see, he once worked in Dr. X's office."

"A dentist?" I inquired.

"Well, not exactly. You see, it was this

way: This young man was a 'cellist. He fell in love with a young woman who didn't think much of artists (Something to her opinion, no doubt, I thought). She thought there was no future to an artist's career, that he wouldn't make enough money, and what not, so she persuaded him to take up another profession. He happened to be a friend of Dr. X. He studied dentistry, and Dr. X, who, by the way, is one of the world's best—tutored him in all the new and advanced dental methods and ultimately took him into his office, where he became a high-grade expert. He never gave up his 'cello, but pursued it as an avocation. Then the girl speedily fell out of love with him and left him. He abandoned dentistry and went back professionally to the 'cello."

I confess that this gloomy tale left me with little zest for taking on that teacher. However, days have a way of following each other, each one bringing new hope. Also, remembering my experience purchasing the 'cello, I did not welcome a repetition. What if I did go to several teachers, and each one were to ask me how old the *child* was, and was *he* talented, and this and that? No, plainly I couldn't bear it. And so, on the morrow, I telephoned to Dr. X. that I would like to meet the prospective teacher. Where could he be found?

"Oh," said Dr. X, in alarm, "he has not yet been prepared for this. I shall have to see him and explain to him about you."

"What in the world is there to explain about me?" I demanded with some irritation. "I merely want some one to teach me to play the 'cello. You say this man is an excellent artist. Now he will, or he will not, teach me. I will, or will not, take lessons from him, but I think it is important that at least we look each other over and if no instant antipathy manifests itself we can start at once."

This simple direction left Dr. X aghast. Finally, however, he agreed to "prepare" the young man and send him to my home.

That afternoon as I entered my apartment-house the doorman said, "Two musicians have gone up to your apartment, each with a large instrument."

"Two?" I asked, mystified.

"Yes. I think one came down, but the other one is still up there."

Whoever started the legend that doormen are sophisticated? Any man is suspect with them. And an artist? Well, plainly, the image of one was inflated to the size of two in this case. Tiresome people!

On entering I encountered a very frightened young man. Whether he was just "prepared" or whether he possessed the true soul of an artist, I do not know. At any rate, he concealed any astonishment he may have had. He seemed to think it quite natural that anyone should want to play the 'cello.

I took my first lesson then and there. And the 'cello which I had purchased in such haste and confusion was sent back and replaced by one of the teacher's choosing.

Like all beginners, I proceeded eagerly, the moment the first lesson was over, to practise. This consisted of drawing the bow mournfully across the open strings, steadily and carefully. Absorbed in this, I did not notice the housemaid enter. Selma was an uninhibited Swede. With an uncontrolled laugh of derision, she offered, "But why do you play such a big fiddle? Why don't you learn to play the mandolin? I play the mandolin."

"That's very nice," I said stiffly. "But you see, it's the 'cello I want to play. This is a 'cello, not a violin."

She laughed stupidly, and exclaimed in the latest slang, "Oh Boy!"

Charlotte Ives, an actress friend of mine, dropped in for tea. The sight of me at the 'cello threw her into hysterics. Trust the stage, too light-headed about its own exhibitions, to fail to understand creative exhibition in a less facile art, I thought testily. What I said was, "If you had a particle of creative ability in you, you wouldn't find it so funny in me." She only laughed the harder.

Soon I began to divide all humanity into two classes: those who cheered and those who jeered. I need hardly say that my approval went lustily to the former. I reflected that I never before knew how easy the assortment was. The dull and diminishing in vitality were all for having one die, if not actually, then creatively, at thirty. And a woman past thirty who would undertake such a cruel and unusual instrument, was, well, peculiar, foolish or perhaps dangerous, according to the nearness to death of the judge.

"Your motto," said F. P. A. at dinner, one night, "should be, When a 'cello needs a friend." And after dinner he drew forth his harmonica and showed off to me. This was probably the stoutest cheer I ever got. One artist to another. It was heartening. I played my first scale for him during an intermission between numbers on the harmonica. I think Frank was more interested in his own accomplishment than in mine. But so was I in my own. That he was interested at all won me forever.

Meanwhile Dudley Malone was returning from three months abroad. I had embarked upon my adventure during his absence. Before going to the pier to meet him, I rehearsed my one and only étude. Then I carefully put the 'cello in a conspicuous place in the living-room and departed for the pier. Dinner over, we talked of many things. Would he inquire about my progress? Would he ask me to play? Now I scarcely heard what he was saying, so eager was I to see some sign of interest. After all, I had been depending upon the cold world for interest, and here in the bosom of the family it would be different. It grew late and I could bear the uncertainty no longer. I was longing to show off to the beloved. (Never before, nor since, did I venture so far.)

"Wouldn't you like to hear me play for you? I have my first piece. . . . It will take only five minutes. . . ."

I realized I wasn't getting what might be called a warm reception, but I would not believe it. I didn't want to believe it. So I gayly persisted, "It's really quite pretty."

Since no verbal protest was uttered, I covered up the beloved's uneasiness and my own disappointment by a show of activity, assembled the bow and 'cello, and proceeded to play the simple melody. In between notes I had only presence enough to glance up once rather timorously, and thought I detected an anxious look on the face opposite me. I finished. There was a heart-breaking silence. And then, "Have none of the neighbors complained yet?"

I tried to laugh, but the laugh fell away somewhere inside me.

It must be set down that Dudley Malone subsequently softened. Perhaps it was his gallantry that called forth some defense of a woman derided. Certainly it was not art. Perhaps it was that my interest in the 'cello was shared by the great.

"You have always," he said, "been an admirer of Havelock Ellis. I thought it would interest you to see what Ellis has to say on the subject of 'cello playing," and he presented me with a copy of Ellis' "Impressions and Comments, Third Series." After the so late implied hostility, I regarded this overture as practically a guarantee of peace with honor. I think I fell into unbecoming gratitude, as we women have a way of doing over belated approvals. And then I hunted down this mystical theory in Ellis' volume:

> . . . The woman violinist, however well she may play, so often looks rigid and strained; she reminds one of the second-rate strong man of the music halls, who, indeed, performs the feat, but at such an obvious cost one wishes he had attempted something less. For, whatever the art may be—whether playing at music or playing at life—there is no mastery until ease is attained.
>
> The 'cello has not to be similarly supported, and the 'cellist sits in the attitude of apparent repose which suits a woman. A man usually looks a little awkward with a 'cello between his knees, like a man nursing a baby. It appears to demand no exorbitant muscular effort; but to respond to it emotionally is what a man can with difficulty do in the 'cellist's attitude without looking a little ridiculous, although he can triumphantly do so in the violinist's. So it is that most of the famous women who play the violin cultivate a coldly professional air, but not the men; and so also most of the famous men who play the 'cello, but not the women.

> I realise it afresh this evening as I watch Guilhermina Suggia playing Schumann's rather mysteriously beautiful violoncello concerto. Leaving aside the question of technical achievement, the emotional response to her instrument is more sensitive than a man's can well be. The instrument seems to become part of herself. Her movements are larger and freer, with all the charm of skill combined with instinct; her enraptured Oriental face is lighted with a joyous smile. The vision answers to the music.

In Havelock Ellis' earlier series—each time he sets down in his impressions and comments a word about the 'cello it is in the month of May, which interests me—he writes rapturously and even more mystically of his reaction to woman and the 'cello:

> She is girlish and slender, this great master of the violoncello. An attractive figure to look at as she comes on the platform, with her great beautiful instrument and her tragic Egyptian face, the brown hair that half falls and half curls round her head, wearing an embroidered wine-coloured overdress with long hanging sleeves and underskirt of bright grass-green silk, most like a playing angel from the heavenly choir of some Florentine or Venetian Paradise. She is always grave and simple, she knows how to smile, but when her instrument is against her shoulder she is absorbed in her art and only speaks by her expressive eyes. She plays the concertos of Schumann and Lalo and a truly Spanish little Sérénade Espagnole by Glazunov. She is so serious, the artist within her is so intensely alive. At times, when she bends back her head and long bare neck, and the blood-dyed drapery strays from the extended arm, she seems crucified to the instrument; with arched eye-brows raised there is almost an expression of torture on her face, one seems to detect a writhing movement that only the self-mastery of art controls, and one scarcely knows whether it is across the belly of the instrument between her thighs or across her own entrails that the bow is drawn to evoke the slow deep music of these singing tones.

I share Ellis' enthusiasm for the 'cello and for the decorative value of women playing the 'cello. It seems to me, however, that he digs himself a pit when he tries to rationalize his enthusiasm. He loves woman. He loves the female form. He loves the 'cello. And so he finds the combination tremendous and awards to woman the 'cello which he loves. But I own that I do not see why woman must sit any more than man, except that the sitting posture is one capable of greater variety and so greater beauty. But this holds for both man and woman. Ellis has custom on his side—madonnas—laws—literature. But I suspect it is only another case of the inflated mother-image crossing the view of the very highly civilized Ellis when he contemplates woman holding, not a baby but a musical instrument. Man may hold a great variety of things. If woman holds a musical instrument it must be a baby.

Ellis may be unconsciously aware of the fact that the body of the 'cello fits precisely into the form of an ellipse, which is an ancient female symbol. It is the form into which the entire body of woman fits. When a woman plays a 'cello the ellipse is set inside a triangle, which is another ancient symbol, the feminine symbol of love. But so does a man playing the 'cello make the outline of a triangle. And so it is, I think, that Ellis falls into his own pit when he turns into the female body everything he likes.

I am aware that this is a time when the theory that all inanimate objects have definite sex symbolism has been revived and popularly projected on the modern world. It is a fast and furious theory, and the 'cello could not hope to escape classification. Said my neighbor, Floyd Dell, of a cool summer evening in Croton, "I suppose you know, my friend, that the 'cello is a male instrument."

"No," I replied, "I'm ignorant of the sex of instruments."

"You'd better look into this, and see what it's all about," said the novelist-psychologist-philosopher. "Doubtless this reveals something very important in your life."

"I am unprepared either to dispute or defend your theory. Even if this were true, still I feel no less friendly to the 'cello than before. Are you by any chance suggesting that I, as a feminist, should have nothing to do with a male instrument?"

A few days later, at tea, when I commented to Konrad Bercovici on Ellis' somewhat mystical opinion, Bercovici remarked:

"Twenty years ago I wrote an article on sex in musical instruments. In that I advanced the theory that the 'cello was undoubtedly an instrument for the female. I go further than Ellis. I say that it is not only an instrument which should peculiarly appeal to women and which has been long neglected by women, but that as an instrument it is female."

My growing bewilderment at the controversial sex of the instrument which I was about to play doubtless showed in my face. For Bercovici continued patiently to unravel to me with great finality his early assertion. Bercovici is a musician of parts, and I was inclined to accept humbly his theory until such a time as I should become better acquainted with the 'cello and perhaps develop one of my own.

Soon after, however, William Rose Benét, the poet, said with equal finality, "It is clear that the 'cello is an hermaphroditic instrument."

Clarence Darrow was just impatient at such goings-on in a woman. "Do you go in for such nonsense?" he said. "I always thought you had sense."

"Let's see, how many avocations have you?" I asked gently. "Religion, biology, crime; you write a little—all in addition to being a lawyer. Why shouldn't I have an avocation that delights me?"

"What fool ideas you women get!" he snarled, half friendly, half irritated.

"Do you know the 'cello? It's so beautiful," I pleaded, with the same earnestness he once used urging me to see the River Jordan.

The lawyer spoke. "I know it's a stringed instrument," he said, and shrugged his famous shoulders.

I fall back upon my teacher's feeble praise. And when he plays the second parts of my simple études, the beauty of the ensemble makes me forget all unfriendliness. It is wide hearty joy. These ecstatic moments are brief, however, for he says I am not to have this luxury often lest I be overstimulated to play ahead of my technical development. He is too cautious. Since my motto is not Carnegie Hall by Easter, I am not impatient and I am having a lot of fun, which is very important even to the woman past thirty.

V

Now enters an episode worthy of fiction. Romance is not dead in the modern world. "A man on the telephone left this number," said my perplexed husband. "Wants you to telephone him. Guess he wants to sell you a 'cello or something. I couldn't make out what it was all about."

I called the number. Believe me or not, as you will,—the "man on the telephone" was the college-'cellist-suitor of the first paragraph of this story! His conversation ran something like this: "Yes, I read in F. P. A.'s column that you were learning to play the 'cello. . . . Delighted . . . Yes . . . No. . . . I don't play any more. . . . 'Cello in storage. . . . Love to have you use it as long as you'd like. . . . Quite old. . . . Viennese. . . . I've had it since my first lesson at fourteen. . . . Father before me had it. . . . Buy it? If you find you like it after you've become acquainted with it. . . . How much? . . . Decide later. . . . Wait till you know it. . . . Yes . . .I can bring it up tomorrow. So pleased you're to have it."

He came the following morning with the 'cello. I was touched. Also I remarked the boutonniére and was pleased. It was a happy greeting after fifteen years. He did not think it peculiar that I, past thirty, was going to play his 'cello. He acted as if he had expected something like it all along. Or perhaps he still thought of me as sixteen, my age when we met and played together.

The 'cello is mine now. It is a storehouse of beauty. It seems to me to have the power of a whole orchestra. Perhaps I endow it with memories. Anyway I no longer feel the pricks of the foolish. The instrument's deep beauty is eloquent and enduring and shrivels the easy prattle of the dead.

THE SWEDES AMONG US

BY NILS F:SON BROWN

Not so many years ago the more civilized Swedes back in Sweden looked down upon all Swedish-Americans. They ridiculed them; they laughed at them. The Swedes in America, they believed, had no culture, no refinement. They were yokels, and they dressed up in gaudy, funny looking, ill-fitting clothes when they came home to the old country with a few hundred dollars in their pockets. They were yokels who had picked up a few English words and mixed them barbarously with their rustic Swedish, and all they had to say was bragging about America, its opportunities and its democracy, which knew no class distinctions and placed them on the level of millionaires and even of the President of the United States himself. Why, you could go right up to the President and shake hands with him, and you did not have to tip your hat either! At home in poor, backward Sweden you had to tip your hat to a measly clergyman and even a sheriff.

So far as I can remember, I had never met a Swedish-American when I left Sweden, and I was twenty-four. The people among whom I had moved at home never mixed with such gentry. It was simply not done. But I can very clearly remember two Swedish-Americans nevertheless. It was a Summer about twenty years ago. I spent a couple of months at a lake where civilized people who did not desire to go to the stiff, fashionable watering-places owned or rented cottages. A beautiful and lovely place, where you were free to take off your collar and coat.

A few small peasants tried to eke out a meagre living roundabout. The poorest of them, who lived in a miserable shanty, had a son and daughter in America, and the two had come home that Summer to visit their parents. You should have seen them! It was a very hot Summer, but the young man walked along the dusty roads in patent leather shoes, a heavy suit, waistcoat and all, a stiff high collar, and a black derby. The young daughter was dressed in a long satin dress of gaudy color, which trailed in the dust—the ladies wore long skirts then, as some one with a good memory may recall—and a very large hat with plumes and feathers of all colors. I suspect that the mountain of hair, which crowned her head, was not her own.

But this young gentleman and this young lady looked down upon us poor Swedes. We felt that they despised our shirt-sleeves, our bare necks, our tennis shoes, and our women's very simple Summer dresses. We did not come up to their standard at all. The young man was, I imagine, a carpenter in Minneapolis, and his sister a maid for well-to-do Americans in New York. As for us, we were only university students, engineers, artists, authors, doctors and the like. They had fine clothes—and we wore very simple ones out there in the country.

After studying these people for two months I despised them, I must confess. And I took it that all Swedes in America were of the same calibre. One day the following Winter I happened, for the first time in my life, to see a Swedish-American newspaper, one of the largest. It came regularly, I learned, to the students' club at the University of Upsala, my alma mater. I had studied this paper only ten minutes

when I saw clearly that it fully and truly represented the two Swedish-Americans of my Summer vacation. Its intellectual level was exactly theirs. No wonder it lay around unread, week after week!

I have taken the trouble to relate these things, not because they are especially interesting, but because I think my experience was fairly typical. At that time and even much later not only Swedish-Americans but almost all things American were anathema in Sweden. The Swedish newspapers had little to say about the United States, but what news they printed was ridiculous and fantastic and spoke of a culture for which the right name was humbug. This news from America looked strange to me twenty years ago, but to-day, having studied "Americana," I find that it was mostly true enough.

But today the newspapers of Sweden print no more of it: they have made an about-face. Today they are greatly interested in America, and what is more, they are sympathetic. They try to follow the big events here and they engage special correspondents to write cordially about the Republic they have just discovered. They suppress American news which sounds fantastic or fishy. And their interests and sympathies are especially heaped upon the Swedes in this country. The poor Swedish-American, who not so many years ago was a pariah in Sweden, is now a hero, and his praise the Swedish papers cannot sing enough. One hears that he is not only a hardy, honest, hardworking fellow—something we all knew before—but that he is also a really civilized man, with vast intellectual interests and a great desire and ability to preserve the old Swedish culture and assimilate the best in the American culture, which suddenly appears as first-rate. (That, alas, is real news to us who have been living in these United States and among our countrymen for years!) Sweden is sending out its most prominent men to study America. When such gentlemen, in the olden times, happened to come to these shores they returned after a few weeks and wrote articles ridiculing America and the Swedes in America. Today they write articles (and in some cases volumes) praising, in the most panegyrical language, the United States and their countrymen who are living here.

I have an old friend in Sweden, a gentleman in a comfortable government position. He never used to have much to say about America in his letters. A sarcastic word, an ironical question—that was all. As a strong and reliable pro-German during the war, he had lots of fun about Uncle Sam's sudden decision to take part and about the lamented Dr. Wilson's lofty words and Fourteen Points. But one day, a year or two ago, he astonished me with a letter in which he sang the praises of America, and especially of the Swedish-Americans. He thanked me for the contribution to Swedish culture that the Swedes in the United States have made; he praised them to the skies. I was sure the old fellow had suddenly gone crazy. A discreet question in that direction he never answered.

I am not sure of the motives for this about-face. They may be bona fide; they may be not. But it is neither here nor there. The question is, Have the Swedish-Americans, during the past few years, changed to such a degree that the Swedish press and the Swedish people are justified in their new high opinion of them? I am very sorry to have to say that I can find absolutely no support for an affirmative answer.

II

The Swedish-Americans, in fact, are just as they were fifteen or twenty years ago. They still remind me of the two friends of my Summer vacation. They—or the great majority of them—are an uneducated lot, in whom ignorance and prejudice are appallingly combined. They are still an honest, hard-working, and in some crafts very skillful people—good and reliable working men, slaves who can do a good day's work. But they are certainly not bearers of the torch. Proof, proof! I can

hear some of my Swedish friends cry. Well, they will have their proofs and plenty of them.

It has been said—and I suppose there is some truth in it—that a people always has the press it is entitled to. Or, if you take it another way: you can judge a people by the papers it reads and supports. What, then, of the nearly fifty papers in the Swedish language in America? The answer is easy. They are with one or two exceptions—very dull. They have their readers' ignorance and prejudice always before their eyes, and dare not disturb either. They fear to say anything that will awaken the wrath of the Fundamentalist Swedish pastors. They are scared stiff by the Prohibition fanatics. In politics they are Republican, Old Guard Republican. They yield unanimously to the charms of Mr. Coolidge, and he is their hero. Some of them crawl on their knees before the professional 100 per cent Americans. During the war they were more patriotic than the Yankees whose forefathers came to these shores on the *Mayflower*, the first immigrant ship. A few were pro-German before Dr. Wilson declared war, but it took them just five minutes to change their views and begin shouting "Hang the Kaiser!"

The Swedish-American press, in brief, stands on an intellectual plane that is very low, especially, if you compare it with the press of Sweden. From a literary viewpoint it is quite hopeless. It seems to be afraid of everything that can be called highbrow. It excels mostly in continued stories that are worse than trash. About the American literature of today it has not a word to say. Three large papers, at least, lately praised a novel by a Swedish-American woman which able critics in Sweden had strongly denounced as "a shame upon the Swedish language and Swedish culture."

The reason for all this is very easy to find. These papers, like most other papers, are published to make money for their owners. That is the only motive for their existence. The competition is fierce among them and the owners have to think hard to catch the boobs. They must produce a paper which is liked by the majority if they want to live and prosper. Most of the working journalists on this press are sophisticated enough to understand the fact. They have no illusions about their work. Quite a few of them are intelligent and excellent fellows, who, if left with their hands free, would produce something very different. But their hands are tied. A few old horses, of course, insist that their papers are first-rate, and that he who dares charge their readers with backwardness is a damned liar. The most charitable thing to do, I suppose, is not to inquire whether these gentlemen are really sincere or not.

I have mentioned the Fundamentalist pastors. The church is a real power among the Swedes in this country. Very little can be done among them without the consent of the clergy, who have their noses in everything. They put their stamp on all the activities of Swedish-American life. Recently a Methodist minister was actually elected judge in a literary contest! The Swedish Lutheran, Baptist, Methodist and Mission Friend Churches are more Fundamentalist than the late William Jennings Bryan. They swallow the Genesis story of the creation and all the other biblical legends, hook, line and sinker. And they condemn to the eternal fires everyone who dares to think differently, whether he be an atheist or the mildest of Modernist Christians. They are dryer than Volstead himself and eager supporters of the Anti-Saloon League.

All the schools and colleges that the Swedes in America have established have been built up by the churches and are under their control. They are mostly second-rate. Academic liberty, of course, doesn't exist in them. They turn out third-rate preachers and happy Babbitts. These Swedish Babbitts have the same traits as all the other Babbitts. Their interests are the same. They are mostly men who started in life as farmhands in the old country, but who, by luck

and industry, have wormed their way to Easy Street. They belong to the Elks and Rotary and also to Swedish organizations of the same type. They are forever looking for stars, not in the sky, but in far-away Sweden. They know that His Majesty the Swedish King dispenses gaudy orders even to former subjects living in the wild West. One of these orders, the Vasaorden, has been given to so many Swedish Babbitts in America of late that the more civilized Swedish-Americans refuse to accept it.

The Swedes' reverence for royalty is even deeper, I think, than that of the Yankees. They are living in a republic, but the Swedish King is still a King to them. Their papers seldom miss a chance to print portraits of such high personages or to write nicely and reverently about them. The Swedish Crown Prince is expected to visit the United States during the coming Summer. As this is written, there is already a fierce scramble among the Swedish-American Babbitts for the best seats and decorations.

III

Professional politicians, of course, are almost always asses. The Swedish-American politicians are not exceptions. Very few of them are intelligent. They are habitual job-hunters, mainly failures in everyday life, who try to make the party machine believe that they have great influence among their countrymen. They are out for all there is in it. They do not give a hang for their countrymen—after election-day.

When you mention the Swedes and politics you can't pass by Magnus Johnson. Magnus is not only the best advertised farmer in the whole of Christendom; he is the first man born in Sweden ever to take a seat among the mighty in the United States Senate. At first his countrymen and their press were scared stiff by his radical barking. He seemed to be a dangerous red, who had to be closely watched. It happened that the archbishop of Sweden, Dr. Nathan Söderblom, came to this country shortly after the elevation of Magnus to the Senate. The archbishop met him in Minneapolis and found him a great fellow. He gave him his blessing. He hailed him as "Our Magnus" and promised him a rousing welcome if he ever came to Sweden. I had an opportunity to watch Dr. Söderblom closely twenty years ago when he was a professor at the University of Upsala. I found him to be a very learned man —with a keen sense of humor.

But the ice was broken. Magnus's dreaded radicalism was forgotten. He declared himself that he was no radical at all, and made his bow to the churches. He is now hymned by the Swedish press as *vår illustre landsman*, and is as popular as a speaker at Swedish festivals as Senator Lenroot, Representative Chindblom and the other politicians of Swedish descent. Magnus is, of course, not as well advertised as he used to be, but I believe that he still has a chance to become Governor of that great Swedish State, Minnesota.

I have no doubt that he is a well-meaning and honest man—as honest, that is, as a politician can be. But he is appallingly ignorant. He is a typical *petit bourgeois*. If your groceryman happens to be a Swede, take a good look at him the next time you visit his store, and try to engage him in a conversation of more or less serious character. You will have a good picture of Magnus Johnson, the great and famous Swedish-American statesman. You will have an inkling of his ideology.

More could be said, but I think I have proved my contention. The picture is dark, I admit, but the photographer cannot help it if his customer is not fair of face. But there is a silver-lining even on this cloud. There is a civilized minority among the Swedish-Americans as among all the other nationalities. We have some excellent Swedish scientists, surgeons, civil engineers, artists, etc., but in proportion to the number of Swedes in America they are few. I do not include the Swedes of the second and third generations. They are Americans.

Their education has been American and the Swedes can count them as lost.

Almost everywhere you will meet occasionally a highly sophisticated Swede, usually a workman of radical leanings, widely and surprisingly well-read. Such men have no illusions about the buncombe handed out by the newspapers, American and Swedish. They are immune to the crazy Americanization antics of the professional patriots. They are witty and sarcastic when they speak about their countrymen, the star-hunting Babbitts. That excellent author from the Swedish State, Sinclair Lewis, has such a character in "Arrowsmith"—the carpenter Nilsson from Gothenburg, whom Martin Arrowsmith and that eccentric Swedish doctor, Sondelius, find in a beer-garden in Minneapolis. "The carpenter was a Socialist, a Swedish Seventh Day Adventist, a ferocious arguer, and fond of drinking aquavit. He denounced Sondelius as an aristocrat, he denounced Martin for his ignorance of economics, he denounced the waiter concerning the brandy." There is only one exception I should like to take: I have never heard of a real Socialist who was a Seventh Day Adventist or devoted to any other religion. I should like to meet one.

I have already pointed out that the Swedes in this country are an honest and hard-working lot. They are skillful craftsmen and splendid farmers. They have cleared many thousand acres of land in the American wilderness: they have built thousands and thousands of miles of American railroads. They have helped to move the milestones of civilization farther and farther West. A railroad magnate once said: "Give me Swedes, snuff and whiskey and I will build a railroad to hell!" Those who have read Johan Bojer's book, "The Immigrants," understand, I am sure, the character of the Scandinavian pioneers who with empty hands went out on the prairie, hundreds of miles from civilization, and under hardships we civilized people find it hard to imagine, built up splendid settlements. Bojer tells us that the only books these pioneers had were the Bible and the hymn-book and that when they became prosperous their only interest was in land and more land. For them the intellectual life was a closed book. Here one finds the sources of the immigrant culture I have tried to picture.

I am not great for the glorification stuff, but if we must glorify the immigrants, let us give praise where praise is justifiable. Let the world know what the Swedes have contributed to the material upbuilding of this country. But do not flatter them, as the Swedish press is doing, for things they have not done, for qualities they do not possess.

I entertain great hope for these immigrants. These yokels, these boobs, will assert themselves some day, somehow. But not as Swedes, not as immigrants, but as Americans. I have faith in the American working class. It may appear that this class is not worthy of such faith. It has tolerated as leaders the narrow-minded Samuel Gompers and the sentimental Eugene Debs. But you can't always judge people by their leaders. I cannot better describe this American working class as I see it than by using the words of the Swedish-born editor of the *Weekly People* of New York, one of the most intelligent, well-read and able Swedish women in America. She wrote recently:

> The American working class . . . in numerous respects is the most intelligent in the world. It is widely read, though perhaps not well-read. It forms a marvellously effective and efficient industrial machine. It is alert, wide-awake, quick of comprehension, eager for economic and social advancement, and rather determined in its demands; at least it is strong in its desires. At present it accepts existing conditions, at least apparently so, because it still retains faith in American opportunity, and American political democracy. . . . Conditions have not ripened so as to startle the American working class out of its pretty dream. . . .

But conditions must ripen soon or late. When the time comes, the Swedish-Americans will, I am sure, in spite of their leadership, honorably do their part in building up a civilization wherein boobs and yokels will be kept down.

OKLAHOMA POETS

LOUIS TURNER-BARNES

Love

Love is a silly word to silly folk who go about, too weak to wonder: it is indeed a little thing to many.

Love is all the universe to those who seek a master: it has for an omen the full moon of Springtime. And he who doubts had best become a lover.

Love is a queer matter—with the moon as its augury. And Love may wane and leave blackened nights behind. Still the brave mourn not, nor come the wise to panic. For they have learned that the moon grows after waning. Love—the moon, its omen. But pray not overmuch to the moon.

Love is much, and little: some prefer the tiny, jeweled carvings; others would have a huge monolith. But you and I, my Heart, are not to be put aside with a tawdry lot of gimcracks.

Atheists

Atheists—I like forthright atheists.
Atheists, big ones:
Not the little ones that can't conceive of gods,
But the great ones who have witnessed
God-death.
Huge, honest giants of tragedy—
Lust and longing and search,
Forsaken in sorrow.
Atheists who might ha' been gods
An they stooped to trickery.
The sincerity of atheism
Is terrible;
But the hypocrisy atheistic—
A stench unbearable.
There are few who may be atheists;
Beyond hope, past doubt
Atheists.
I like them who are downright.

Atheists, true ones,
I like them.
Atheists, the kind that blow
Their brains out.

B. A. BOTKIN

Sanctuary

Though I remember songs and faces,
Blown to me in windy spaces,
Pricking out old patterns of pain,
Like stinging needle-points of rain;
Though in my throat my passions choke,
Heavy as fog and bitter as smoke;
Though a sudden light or breath torments me,
And yet it is only change contents me,
Because my need of love is greater
Than love itself, a burnt-out crater,
And no one person can satisfy
This hunger for endless life that is I:—
One pure inviolate region I know,
Where, like a leprous slough of snow,
My burdens slip from me entire,
Purged in elemental fire;
Where the scales have fallen from my sight,
And I see clearly in the night;
Where I am I, eternal, unchanged,
Restored to myself that was estranged;
Where love and hate no more can clutch me,
And no, not even you can touch me.
With head thrown high and shining face,
In a magic ring, a moonlit place,
On wings of time and space I stride,
With all eternity at my side,
In the sublime and beautiful, whole
And perfect loneliness of the soul.

ADELINE RUBIN

Nocturne

Water is cool at night
As the wind ruffles it,
And with little chuckles
Tumbles it
And smooths it
Down.
Calm, calm water
Refusing even to reflect a shadow.
The tree that bends above
Lets fall from its arms
A fat green leaf.
There is no sound.
The water does not move
And the little fat leaf
Clings placidly
To the sleeping water.
Quiet water.
Infinite!
Quiet!

You Who Are Gone

You who are gone
As far away as a thousand Aprils—
You, whom I can neither forget
Nor remember.
You came and laughed
And knelt,
Solved the stirring mystery of May
And taught me the ritual of weeping,—
You who have gone away,
Shall I teach others
As you have taught?

MAURINE HALLIBURTON McGEE

Songs

When I read tender little songs
Of love that never flowers
There is a song in my own heart
For all our stolen hours.

When I read happy little songs
Of love that blooms and stays,
There is a sob in my own heart
For all our lost, lost days.

The Poet to His Wife

Well,
What do you think of my cabin,
Its low-hung rafters,
Its fireplace?
What of the azure bowl
Brimming with daffodils
Bright as the sun in the window?

It bores you?
You think it too small?
Well,
Never mind,
It is only a dream.

ELIZABETH BALL

Mist

Out of this thin
Gray phantom of day,
What can be permanent
Anyway?

What can be certain
When mountains grow dim,
And the ancient sky vanishes,
Like a gray whim?

Out of this dim day
Nothing is true,
Excepting the certainty
Of me and you.

Screen

I never knew before
In all my twenty years
How strange the green of Spring can look
Flickering through tears.

I never knew till now
How strange it is to look
At poetry and never see
The verses in the book.

For verse will turn to black and white,
And trees to light and shade,
Glinting through the thin screen
Gray tears have made.

ANNE McCLURE

Roofs

GREENER than Arden Forest is my city square in Summer,
At the hour when the late sun sends a flood of gold
Pouring over the incredible green.

Floating above there are roofs,—
Red roofs, gray roofs, slate-blue and purple roofs;
Beneath them tired fathers sink relaxing into the biggest chairs;
Welcoming mothers brood over clamorous children, and over their men,
Resting from work.

Into the sky reach radio poles, more challenging than Ajax,—
Giant antennæ feeling for words
Through limitless blue ether.

But it is not the tired men nor brooding mothers,
Nor the exigent young that I see;
It is not even the curious radio interrogating Natal, South Africa;
It is the roofs, like rafts of many colors
Swimming in seas of green and gold,
Oblongs and soft triangles, over the trees.

MAURICE KELLY

Professeur

HERE he sits droning
On some forgotten truth;
Heedless of Springtime,
Intolerant of youth.

Here he sits dryly
Talking all day;
Woodenly sober
And slim as his pay.

Largo

LIKE a rundown clock he sits by the fire and listens,
He listens to the crackle of wood and the sibilant kettle;
To the hum of the untiring bees
And yet he does not hear them.
He is remembering life with all its ironic promise.
He is remembering corn and the children he fostered;
The acres of scarred loam humid with Springtime.
The crickets chafe, yet he is deaf to their dinning,
For his thoughts are chords:
Vague chords of music, muted and sombre,
Lost in a silence
Unruffled as time.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM

My Town

YOU wore your court-house like a jewel.
Your two gyp mills were white breasts thrusting up in the sun.
You were noisy then, and your tongue was a hundred hammers on frame houses.
There was an odor about you of fresh paint and fresh sweat, and you invited men with your "Welcome to Watonga" signs on the road.
Your rows of young trees were plucked eyebrows, and your rose bushes were red lips.
On the vacant lot where I used to play cowboy, your rich man made a big hole for the basement of the best house in the county.

But your rich man went broke, and I made a slide down the crumbling sides of the pit.
And the pit became a scar that you couldn't hide from the other men you wanted.
And your white mills sagged and grew brown like the breasts of an old woman.

And weeds grew up like hairs out of your nostrils.
You are not clean, my town; you are filthy.
Your streets that were smooth are pimpled and wrinkled.
Your court-house jewel is spattered where men have spat.
And you sit in the sand and leer at people going by.
You are my town—my dirty town—and I am going back to you sometime after I have loved a few other towns.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN

Pear-Blossoms

WHAT have you
More beautiful
Than this memory of mine?

On a Spring night
When the pear-trees bloomed—
Oh, loveliness! Oh, fragrance!—
I, with another,
Danced naked where their petals fell.

White of the pear-blossoms
White of the Spring mists
White of our dancing bodies.

Not he of the goats' horns
Nor he of the leopard-skin
Was ever so drunk with beauty
As we that night.

What have you
More beautiful
Than this memory of mine?

Half-Light

LOVING you
I have learned
That flesh and spirit are one,
But which
I know not.

MAY FRANK

Ancestors

I HAVE a great admiration
For my robust ancestors.

They dangled over Hell
With entire serenity
And unimpaired digestions.

Here I am,
Not at all disturbed about the hereafter,
But I must chew charcoal lozenges
To help me swallow Life!

My healthy ancestors had iron-sheathed nerves.
They walked calmly with a skittish God
Who took off freckle-faced, snub-nosed boys with pneumonia
For catching minnows on Sunday;
And drowned good old mothers who made the mistake
Of going on board a ship prankishly sunk
As the final trick in His game with a bunch of heretic card-players.

MAJOR PROPHETS OF HOLY KANSAS

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

MY FATHER needed an extra hand to help in the fields. So he sent me to the shack occupied by Harry and Jim Glade, a mile away.

"Neither of them is worth a damn," said my father, "but I must have somebody. Tell them I want one of them to come over right away and work for a week."

I was only eight, and could be spared for this kind of courier service. I knew the Glades. They had worked on our farm often. They were middle-aged bachelors, and they had made no great name for themselves as industrious laborers in the Kansas farming community in which we lived. They were a little cracked on religion, and often used to knock off in the heat of the day to pray in the shade of a tree.

As I approached the two-room house in which the bachelors lived, I heard a great fracas, with what I took to be cursing and fighting. But as I passed the window on the way to the door, I beheld a tableau that transfixed me with terror.

Harry, the elder of the "boys," was alone in the shack. He was half dressed, and was running and jumping about as though someone were pursuing him with firebrands. He stood upon the footboard of the bed and dived off, kicked over the chairs, jumped upon the table, knocked his head violently against the walls, and all the while he yelled immoderately: "Ho-ho-ho-help me Jesus! Glory to God! Jesus is mine!"

I was badly frightened, but proceeded to execute my commission. I rapped loudly. The din subsided, and Harry, sweating, puffing and looking a bit foolish, opened the door. He looked at me and grinned. He turned his gaze upon the floor and dug his long toenails into the pine wood, as he remarked gravely:

"I didn't hear you right away. I was filing a saw."

I did not reply, since, for the moment, I could find no words. Harry grinned again, looked over my head at the growing corn, and cleared his hoarse throat.

"I was filing a saw," he repeated. "Yeah. Filing a saw."

I delivered my brief speech and then ran most of the way home. I related to my parents what I had seen and heard. They laughed, but were not greatly interested.

"Oh, that's nothing!" they assured me. "Harry was just having religion. He is a little queer that way."

And so he was, as I was able to verify later. Harry came over that day and worked about as usual. He seemed not at all abashed when he appeared for meals and spoke to me. In the evening, after milking the cows, he did a great deal of loud praying and singing, but the other laborers paid no attention to him. They were mostly unsaved souls from other States. Harry was a native and a permanent resident, and had a certain religious status to maintain.

My parents did not attend any of the evangelical churches in the neighborhood, and so my education in the matter of the primitive religionists of the plains did not get under way until I was able to hear and see signs and portents at school and among the neighbors.

Once I had the privilege of witnessing an interesting phenomenon at a public sale

on a neighboring farm, when Old Man Hingham saw the Rock of Ages. Although he was looked upon as venerable, and was always called Old Man, this Hingham was not more than fifty years old at the time. He was known as a person of marked holiness and of extraordinary prowess with the ladies.

The Old Man was standing near the farmhouse, at the edge of a little crowd of farmers, when he began to gyrate energetically upon his left heel, turning his eyes toward heaven the while. He uttered peculiar guttural vociferations, occasionally varying them with a sort of clamorous clacking, somewhat like the noise made by a windmill with one paddle loose in a half gale.

There was talk of sending for a medical man, but as there was none within five miles, it was decided that a midwife might serve just as well. Mrs. Cooper, however, considered the case beyond her skill when she was summoned. A minister of the gospel therefore took full charge of it.

By this time Hingham was down on his belly in the mud, roaring like a young lion, and stridently announcing that he could see the Rock of Ages. The vision seemed to give him no end of thrills.

The minister prayed and got his right knee all muddy, but cannily kept his other one off the ground. It appeared that this was not a case for two-knee praying. At the end of an hour, when the interest of the crowd was beginning to be diverted to the auctioneer's stand, the Old Man gave over his exertions, and was carried to the porch, where he was recuperating nicely when his heavy, practical spouse arrived in response to an urgent summons.

"Why didn't anybody give him a little sody?" she queried, exhibiting some justifiable pique. "That always brings him around. He takes on that way whenever he sees the Rock of Ages, and I jest give him a little common sody and shake him right smart, and he gets all right. I don't know how it is, but sody takes the extry religion out of a person, I guess."

II

There was a holy palmer who used to trim grape-vines for my father, and from him I learned more about the volatile religosity that afflicted our quarter of the world. Hiram Fox had long, red whiskers, in which he used to secrete little scraps of paper bearing Bible texts, copied out when his profaner duties permitted. He was an expert trimmer of the vine, and such skill was rare in that valley, so my father used to put up with much nonsense from him. Frequently Fox was to be found during working hours, sitting in the shade of the Osage hedge, reading holy texts which he had extracted from the recesses of his intricate whiskers. Also, he used to disturb the establishment by singing supposedly sacred hymns at the top of his stridulous voice when he should have been at work.

My father made several barrels of good wine out of his grapes every Autumn, and he had a noble capacity for consuming this cheering fluid when it was properly aged. Fox was aware of this sinful practice, and used to descant fearsomely upon the efficacy of wine as a mocker.

"But why," said my father, when the pontifical pruner had denounced the juice of the grape with particular eloquence one evening, "do you trim vines for a living, making them produce more and better wine, if this stuff is such an awful mocker?"

Fox looked away from my father's questioning glance, rolled his eyes heavenward, and burst into a full-throated hymn of praise, beginning:

I'm right down glad,
I'm right down glad,
I'm right down glad
That I came this way,
For in the Lord I trusted,
And the devil's chains were busted,
And he got up and dusted
When he heard me pray!

The first line was chanted standing still, but in the second line Fox was swinging his arms and kicking awkwardly with his feet, and at the finish he was jumping about in an erratic manner, half dancing

and half floundering, somewhat as a seal might perform if the ice on which it rested were suddenly to become red hot in spots. The chantey ended with a whoop and a "Glory to God!"

"Go on and trim the vines!" said my father. And the patriarch did.

As I grew older and had opportunity to view the prairie scene somewhat critically, I found strange evidences of the ingrown religion that was perhaps the most distinguishing aspect of the civilization of the wheat-lands. I met many such devotees as the Glades, and I heard and saw many such holy prophets as Hiram Fox. My curiosity was aroused, and I began to make notes, comparisons and studies.

I attended some of the camp-meetings that abounded in the region during the Summer and early Autumn. The largest of them was held in a park on the outskirts of the nearest town. It attracted the best exhorting and shouting talent of the whole Kansas wheat country, than which there was no better or louder. It was at one of these sessions that one of our neighbors yelled herself to death.

Mrs. Dunn was known as a sanctified shouter of the United Brethren congregation. She had a large and troublesome family, which drove her to seek surcease from sorrow in religion. She was noted for her gift of tongues. Though she could talk fast enough, in all conscience, in ordinary English, she was blessed with the ability to chatter and gibber also in outlandish maunderings when under the influence of the Spirit, at camp-meetings and revivals. At her own church, while other claimants to sanctification would merely grovel on the floor at the mourner's bench, this gifted woman could run up and down the entire length of the church, stepping only on the backs of the pews. While thus performing, she was wont to let her black-and-gray hair down, so that it streamed out behind her as she ran over the tops of the pews, shouting and screaming and uttering the unintelligible cries that were said by the elect to denote a saintliness not of this world. Needless to say, Mrs. Dunn was always given undisputed right-of-way by the faithful when she set out for a goal over the pews.

She was fairly outshouting herself at the camp-meeting in Glenwood Park when she inadvertently burst an artery somewhere in her throat or lungs. It was considered no less than a miracle by the consecrated ministers and sanctified penitents that the good woman was at the moment screaming, "I want to go to Jesus!" Her request was granted with unprecedented promptness, as she bled to death within a very few minutes. The camp-meeting went on with renewed vigor, for the participants were greatly encouraged by this manifestation of divine approval.

The community life, such as it was, centered about the chapels for public worship, of which there were many, chiefly simple structures of pine, painted white.

"I'll meet you at the church-house," said the swain to his lady-love and the hog-buyer to his victim. Because of an inexplicable devotion to redundancy in language, the church edifice was almost never spoken of simply as a church by the natives. It was a church-house, just as a pane of glass was a window-light, an oven a bake-oven, a shovel a scoop-shovel, and drawers under-drawers,—that is, when mentioned at all. Back was (and is) in-back and under is in-under in the dialect of the Great Southwest. Possibly this is a digression from the discussion of prairie religion, but your psychologist and philologist may find the phenomena not unrelated.

Whenever two of the young gentry of the agricultural community quarreled to the extent of calling unforgivable names, the retort, in the time of my youth, was: "All right, I'll see you at the church-house!" This challenge portended a bloody time indeed. Each of the young bucks was accompanied by a gang of his adherents that night, or the following Sunday night, when the countryside gathered for divine service, and there was an ominous stirring of the congregation when the challenged

and the challenger, accompanied by the flower of the chivalry of the vicinage, stepped outside during the singing of the offertory. "In-back of the church-house" there was presently to be heard a mighty thwacking and thumping, as the principals knocked each other over, pounded heavily upon opposing chests, and uprooted the sturdiest molars with crashing blows of gnarled fists. It was considered effeminate to guard against offered blows, but manly to give in return a heavier shock than the one received. Sometimes the seconds and spectators mixed in the fight, and many heads were ruined by the impact of cottonwood clubs.

While the settling of scores was proceeding "in-back," there was that in progress under the wide-spreading trees, to the north of the church-house, which gave endless cause for worry to the mothers and guardians of morality. For the non-belligerent young folk tended to seek ease from penitence, after an hour or so of singing and shouting, in devotion to the mystic rites of Eros in the sacred grove beside the temple. Camp-meetings and revivals were followed by months of severe parental anxiety, spread over a wide area.

III

One of the revivalists of our neighborhood was called Uncle Jimmy. He had a wooden leg. He was short, dirty, unkempt, and constantly keyed to a state of religious frenzy that was far beyond the bounds of sanity. He conducted many revivals, or "big meetin's," as these sacred orgies were generally called. He was known as a mighty exhorter and a zealous saver of souls. He was altogether illiterate, but he pointed out that possibly Saint Peter, who, he understood, ranked very high in the early councils of the church, may also have been an inadequate scholar. And who was he, Uncle Jimmy, to presume to greater erudition than Saint Peter? The argument was generally accepted in that neighborhood as unanswerable.

When competing revivals were in progress within a few miles of each other, the sinners in the seats were given some rest while the ministers hurled the fiery bolts of condemnation at one another in their nightly sermons. And once there was a notable schism within the body of the Church Militant.

Uncle Jimmy did not like the Reverend Rich, who had been appointed to assist in pulling souls from the fire at this particular revival. Rich was a dude, to the extent of shaving his face and occasionally putting on a clean shirt. Uncle Jimmy did not forget to mention this circumstance in calling down damnation upon his co-worker over an academic point of doctrine. The matter at issue, I believe, was whether a person should go to hell if, in the process of total immersion, one hair of his head should inadvertently stick up above the flood, and thus remain dry. Each of the doctors of canon law promptly excommunicated the other, and one thing led to something else. Presently the faithful were scandalized by the sight of their spiritual shepherds hurling hunks of coal at one another, along with anathemas. Eventually the congregation took sides, and the heretical fellow with the clean shirt was ousted, together with his æsthetic followers, who were, as may be guessed, relatively few in number.

As a regular attendant at the district school, I used to hear matters of dogma exhaustively discussed by the pupils of all ages, and not infrequently by the teachers. Local ministers of the gospel were always welcome and respected visitors to the school, and they used to exhort us for hours on end to quit our sinful ways and cease to pursue learning instead of holiness. They urged us, one and all, to take up the sacred ministry without undue delay, so that the tribes who sat in darkness in Morocco, Vienna and Madrid might be visited by inspired Kansas missionaries, bearing the true light.

On one occasion our teacher, an ardent Prohibitionist and a person of some local

renown as a despiser and confuter of evolutionists, told us, in the course of a history lesson, how the Pope of Rome had, on no provocation at all, driven all the Puritans out of England and straight across the seas, pursuing them with his malevolent fury even to the rock-bound shores of Massachusetts. He explained that this Pontifex Maximus was a wily personage, much given to slashing the heads off respectable Americans, and he warned his pupils to beware of the hellish designs of the Roman power.

So deeply impressed were the young rustics by this lesson that they were no sooner dismissed for the noon recess than they set out to massacre Pete Wier, a tubercular boy of eleven or twelve years, on the ground that he was a protagonist of the terrible Pope. Pete explained that the suspicions was unfounded, and cursed the Bishop of Rome, with all his works and pomps, at the top of his shrill voice. He stated that his parents were not Catholics, but only Dunkards.

"Well, what's the diff'rence?" asked Harve Lonnard, rhetorically. "Drunkards or Kafflicks, we ain't partiklar! But we ain't goin' to have no kind of dagoes in this country if we kin help it. Now you got till I count to ten to get off this yere school-yard, an' then we all start to throwin' these-yere stones at yuh! We'll learn yuh to chop heads offen Americans, with yer old Pope an' all!"

Pete was chased all the way home by the gang that day, and, because he was not well to begin with, came near being martyred in this notable pogrom.

This red-hot variety of religious enthusiasm later flowered in the Ku Klux Klan, which now dominates the wheat belt with a fervid frenzy that is beyond the comprehension of the residents of the seaboard cities. The city-dweller, indeed, is apt to listen to stories of camp-meetings, exorcisms and fanatic sectarians with some spice of incredulity. He cannot imagine that whole populations live, day and night, from year to year, and from generation to generation, in mortal terror lest the Pope suddenly appear in their midst with his legions, and put all good citizens to the sword. Let him hearken, then, to a true story of today. It happened in a town of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, and but a few months ago. It is not a secret, but is known to thousands of people in that town.

Certain important citizens made representations to a local Federal official that a revolt against the Union was scheduled for an early date by the Catholics—that arms, heavy and light, were positively known to be in hiding in or under the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at that moment, and that these weapons were to be used by the formidable Knights of Columbus when Rome should give the word.

The Federal official, willing to justify himself in the eyes of these good citizens, called upon the Cathedral rector, a jolly Irishman who laughed incontinently at the story.

"The only way to fix this," he said, "is to make a search. I shall accompany you to the church, but I would like to have your promise that the search will be thorough."

It was done. The officer declined to crawl under the church, which has no basement, but only a space about three feet deep between the floor and the ground. He called in his informers, much to their dismay, for they had expected to remain unknown in case there were no credit to be had from the exposure of the Knights. It was a raw, windy, cold, rainy day. The officer compelled one of the informers to crawl through a hole in the foundation and squirm about on his belly, among toads and cobwebs and in darkness, for an hour, so that all the ground might be covered. The patriots went away covered with chagrin, and one of them was rather well covered with dirt besides. Further inquiry developed that some patriotic spy had heard a priest speak of "the Canon of the Mass" on a recent Sunday; hence the foreboding of armed conflict.

IV

All the folk who plant and reap the breadcrops are swayed by a perennial and all-absorbing interest in religion, or, more exactly, in mysticism and magic. Ancient taboos are potent in the prairie towns.

Emotional religion, indeed, follows the wheat. It has always been so. The Mississippi valley now supplies both breadstuffs and holy jumpers for the whole world. In other times the alluvial plains of the Nile and the Euphrates sent forth dogmas and messiahs in the same way. Wherever the bread grain is grown, there the prophets dwell and the sacrificial smoke arises.

The reasons for this circumstance are not far to seek. The business of growing wheat is a lonely and a seasonal occupation, and is seldom or never well rewarded. The wheat farmer works hard a few weeks of the year, planting his crop and harvesting it. The rest of the time he sits in the shade of a tree and scans the heavens for evidence of divine interest in his affairs. Will it rain? Will it hail? Will the wind blow or the locust come swarming down upon the green fields? Such incessant wondering and worrying and fretting would overturn even a first-rate mind. Is it any wonder that it tends to make the ignorant wheat farmer susceptible to inflammable religion?

Watching and waiting, frequently disappointed and never well paid for his work, he becomes morose. He has few or none to whom he may impart his thoughts. The strain on the emotions is tremendous. If, during the anxious season, he could indulge in a few exhilarating love affairs, or get radiantly intoxicated, or attend two or three spicy burlesque shows, the strain would be relieved, and there would be no need for camp-meetings, tarring and feathering parties, or the communal whipping of "bad" women—tied to trees and stripped for the sadistic delight of the emotionally hungry guardians of rural morals. But the *mores* of the wheat region put a taboo upon hilarity, so something else that is pyrotechnic and vibrant must be supplied. What more fertile field could be desired by the magician and the alchemist in need of volatile fluid to light up the world in the name of God?

Peeps behind the scenes of the cosmic comedy and mystery are vouchsafed to many worthy souls in the semi-arid agricultural areas. Despite the dust raised by the never-ceasing wind, there is much clear-seeing and far-looking done by the eye of the inspired soul. Among the persons thus favored with an intimate view of the world beyond, I distinctly remember a young girl, Beulah Woolson. She was fifteen or sixteen years old, below the average in intelligence, and presumably very ill of body. She died and went right to heaven, where she met a great many shining and tiresome souls, and then she returned to Kansas and her mortal body, as a good Kansan should do.

Beulah was visited by a newspaper reporter who had very little writing ability, but was blessed with some imagination and tireless energy. This young man supplied the cues, and Beulah added the local color from the land of bliss which she had so auspiciously visited. Between the two of them, they kept the world informed of the state of affairs beyond the Jordan for several weeks, and Beulah became a celebrity. Unfortunately, fame is a tempter, and Beulah did something she shouldn't have done after having tasted the joys of Paradise, and thenceforward the young seer was supplanted on the front page by political news from Washington.

There was, in my youth, a bearded prophet who burst upon the startled view of a jaded prairie civilization somewhere in Oklahoma. He called himself Adam God, and he wore no clothes at all, except upon urgent request of the constabulary. He preferred his disciples similarly unclothed. Beyond this, his doctrines were of no great import, and seldom reached the public ear. But multitudes flocked to the train of Adam God, and persecutors also appeared when needed.

In a light spring wagon, drawn by a bony team of Indian ponies, Adam God started off across the plains toward the North-East. His fame preceded him. The country newspapers contained many articles about him. Disciples arose in every lonely hamlet and praised the Creator in the name of Adam God. Thus many persons of dull wits and repressed desires were furnished with supernatural sanction for tossing away their unbecoming overalls and Mother Hubbard wrappers and cavorting about in the public squares in what they fondly believed to be their most pleasing aspects. It was a very dry Summer, and the customary exordiums and rogations had failed to wring any water out of the glassy skies. There was worry abroad in the land lest another crop failure bring on a reign of confusion. Here was a chance to placate heaven, possibly bring on a heavy rain, and startle the neighbors, all by the pleasing rites prescribed by Adam God, giving rein to a common trait of long-inhibited exhibitionism.

It was my good fortune to be present, along with a great mass of citizenry, young and old, when Adam God, leading a goodly caravan of disciples, debouched on one of the principal highway intersections of our town. As the faithful piled out of the wagons and began to assemble around their bewhiskered leader and disrobe, many of us noted that the company included quite a personable ballet of husky farm girls, lured from the drudgery of cow-milking by the dazzling prospect of a front-row part in this sanctified Broadway revue. The rush of citizens for favorable standing-room became a riot, and there was a prospect that no Saturday afternoon business whatever would be done by the local merchants. The constable therefore intervened, and the picturesque soul-savers were forced to entrain and move on at once. There was no room for more disciples in the caravan, so we sadly accepted the drab world about us, and Adam God led his still-hopeful flock on to further and greater glory.

A week later the cavalcade reached Kansas City, where the gallant police unlimbered their side-arms and opened fire upon the innocents, killing a little girl. Adam God, by a strange quirk of justice, was held for inciting the riot and causing the death dealt by the policeman's gun, and was found guilty of murder. Only last Summer he completed his sentence in the Missouri prison, and he has not yet revived the interesting sect which once gave him so much prestige among the plainsmen.

Thus, by the accident of an inept ruffian's shooting, ended a cult of nakedness which, in the regular course of affairs, might by now have swept all before it in the Central Valley, and rolled across the continent to the very foot of the throne of Bishop Manning Himself. For, while erratic ceremonials begin on the sun-baked plains, they do not always end there.

V

It is, indeed, as plain as history that the most garish ebenezer, raised in the wheat fields in the name of God, has an excellent chance of extending its blessings to the cities if it be properly supported and advertised by frenzied devotees during its first years of trial. Prohibition was a religious tenet with the Kansas folk among whom I was reared. At the rural school I was forced, along with other unfortunate urchins, to sing grotesque hymns against rum, long before I had mastered the alphabet. The whole school, consisting of sixty boys and girls, ranging from five to twenty years of age, was led by a pudgy candidate for sheriff in the rendition of this inspiring aria:

O neighbors, have you seen old Rummy,
With a scowl upon his face?
I saw him on the street this morning,
And he's going to leave the place!
He's going to leave the place!
He's going to leave the place!
Old Rummy's going to pack his baggage,
For it's getting mighty warm!

Such melodies, together with "At the Cross" and "They Crucified Him," were, in fact, the only form of musical expression

permitted to us during a good many dreary school years. The school carried on through the week the work set for it by the rip-snorting men of the cloth who held forth from the prairie pulpits on Sunday. Prohibition was as much a part of the religion of these people as was infant damnation and anti-popery. Well-informed publicists no longer underestimate the potential force of a holy ecstasy that starts in the wheat lands.

The war for prohibiting joy is gaining in strength in proportion as the prosperity and well-being of the wheat-growers decline. Only a few days before the writing of this article began the town of Pittsburg, Kansas, fined members of a vaudeville road show for violating the local law against dancing the Charleston, according to news dispatches widely published. As the editor, in former days, of a Kansas newspaper I succeeded in having kindergartens established in some of the public schools of our town, only to find that a town row of magnificent proportions had been stirred up by the Puritan wing of the evangelical clergy because it was reported that the kindergarten babies were being taught to execute certain steps called folk dancing. The State superintendent of education, about the same time, issued an edict banning from matriculation as credited students in State colleges the pupils of any high school which failed to suppress smoking among its faculty members. Tobacco is regarded as almost as bad as evolution in the wheat-growing country.

One of the picturesque prophets of the West recently was committed to a hospital for the mentally afflicted in Chicago. But in Kansas he was not only considered sane, but was accorded the highest honors as a front-rank pillar of the church and of civilization. When he ventured abroad, however, the judges of the lunacy courts failed to appreciate his good qualities. William Workman was head of a prosperous business in one of the larger Kansas towns, and leader and organizer of a group of State boosters that has carried the tidings of the glories of Kansas wheat and sunshine across the continent. He was also a rabid religionist, and spent his own money freely in support of worthy efforts to Christianize the heathen in New York and New Zealand.

This zealous apostle went on a tour of the country, at his own expense, taking along with him a sort of traveling circus and an enormous quantity of wheat, done up in tiny bags that bore the legend: "Kansas Grows the Best Wheat in the World." These bags were given to Mr. Coolidge, and to Tom and Dick and Harry. At Omaha, when the wheat-distributing party arrived, the American Legion was holding a high alcoholic carnival. The sight of this spectacle so enraged Workman that he temporarily suspended giving away wheat and set out to teach the Legion and Omaha a lesson in religion and morals. He bought out a wax-works, admitted the multitude free, and himself stood outside on the sidewalk, lecturing upon the Crucifixion. The Omaha police listened and were suspicious of the prophet's sanity. When they heard him denounce themselves and the Legion, they knew positively he was crazy. So they beat him up, tied his hands and feet, and took him to a hospital on an insanity complaint.

When Workman got out of Omaha he hastened home and continued to conduct his prosperous business and his evangelical projects. His fellow-citizens were so indignant at the Omaha population that there seemed to be imminent danger of a new outbreak of border warfare. But while reprisals against the Nebraska sinners were being considered, Workman went to Chicago, renewed his wheat-and-Calvary campaign, and, as a grand gesture of immolation, cut the figure of a cross upon the façade of his own body, with great loss of blood. Then Chicago, heedless of possible retaliation by the Kansans, locked him up tight and took away his knife and wheat-bags.

Now, this man is sane in Kansas, but insane anywhere else. If he ever gets back

to his own country, he will be received at the Union Dépôt by a citizens' committee with a brass band. If they can only keep him from stepping over the State line, he will always remain a leading citizen, a respected booster, and a prophet of the revealed religion of the Holy Land of Kansas.

It is widely held among doctors of theology that a certain amount of crying in the wilderness is good for the wilderness and not at all bad for the crier. But there has been rather a plethora of crying in Holy Kansas. The thing has become chronic. Some new John or Jonah is always in full blast, and it's getting difficult for the inhabitants to sleep of nights. The three foremost bearers of the Tidings who have entered the State from outside and gone away prouder and richer are the Rev. Billy Sunday, Gipsy Smith, and Aimée Semple McPherson. Each of these has left an indelible mark of sanctity upon the life of Kansas. And at least a thousand imitators have been busy trying to make their marks ever since. So the Kansans can hardly avoid getting all marked up.

Sunday and the Gipsy converted thousands and established the popular habit of opening everything with public prayer. They now open school board meetings, Klan tar parties, council sessions and new streets with loud and lusty praying. It is difficult to open a bank account or a can of tomatoes in public without somebody's offering fifteen minutes of explanation to the Lord of All, and this is generally done in front of a microphone. The contempt that the average good churchman feels for an unsaved and uninterested outsider is like unto the contempt that the good barber feels for a safety razor.

Mrs. McPherson added faith healing to her show. She also caused rain to fall or refrain from falling, as desired, and was almost smothered under the shower of blessings and cash offerings that the enlightened citizenry bestowed upon her. Since her invasion of Kansas, hardly any evangelist has ventured to set up his tent or his tabernacle on Kansas soil without advertising a healing department and taking an intelligent interest in the regulation of the weather, especially precipitation. It is a notoriously difficult field for United States weather forecasters, because the government men stubbornly refuse to tap the revival tents for advance information.

The damnation of catabaptists and the healing of the sick now go hand-in-hand throughout the central plains region. There is not much use setting up as a saver of souls if you cannot cure the measles and ring-worm with prayer and exorcism. Recently a wash-woman in a Kansas town found washing rather tiresome and unprofitable. She beheld a vision while sudsing the socks. She announced through the news columns of the local papers that she could heal the sick and ailing by means of "animal reflections," and she quickly became a first-rate sensation, with hordes of believers waiting about her door until it should please her to stir the waters. She told her penitents that she saw in a trance what kind of animals they severally resembled, and this information was thought to carry anodyne and healing as the Spring wind carries the scent of flowers. The town is agog over the antics of this new prophetess, who will be mistress of a string of steam laundries and a handsome temple if she has one-half the commercial skill of Mrs. McPherson.

Thus there is a belt of saved souls extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the environs of Hibbing, Minnesota, and varying in width from one hundred to nine hundred miles. In the frontal center of this milk-white girdle of our country is a resplendent jewel which sends out rays of Holy Thinking that reach from pole to pole and from Wichita to Weehawken. This jewel is Holy Kansas. There are also, alas, a few dark stains upon the baldric: Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis. But the forces of morality are at work with strong cleaning fluids, and in the fullness of time the Wheat Belt will be made immaculate.

DIPLOMAT

BY STERLING UPSHUR

Mr. Percival Blaine-Smith is a rising young American diplomat. His qualifications are deemed by his friends to be so precisely all that is necessary and proper in a diplomat of career that they have not been surprised by his rapid rise in the confidence of both his colleagues and his superiors. As *chargé d'affaires ad interim* he has already served as the foremost American gentleman in at least one foreign land. His promotion to minister, and later to ambassador, seems a certainty. Indeed, the one conceivable contingency which might postpone this merited preferment would be the election of a Democratic President—one bent anew to the herculean task of saving the world for democracy, with deserving Democrats as his agents.

Percy's friends go so far as to say that he is a born diplomat. "Did you notice how at the tea this afternoon he found time to give a word and a smile to absolutely everyone, even that ogre of an old baroness?" I did notice it. He moved among the guests as one straight from an Eighteenth Century salon. His poise and grace seemed a century and an ocean's breadth from Main Street. And why not? Percy, in fact, is a gentleman of the third generation. His grandfather, Jonathan Edwards Smith, while still young, sold the family farm and opened a general store in what is now the suburbs of one of the great New Jersey cities. Grandfather Smith so shrewdly administered the ten talents thus turned over that in the course of the decades he built up one of the largest department-stores in the State. Percy's father, falling heir to the store shortly after leaving Harvard, sold it and adopted once for all the vocation of bond-clipping. He settled temporarily in Boston, where he met and wed an heiress related very remotely to a cousin of the late James G. Blaine. At the lady's request, but nothing loath, Percy's father adopted her patronymic in hyphen; whence Blaine-Smith. The matriarchal form which the union assumed accounts for its subsequent ascendency in the polite society of our incomparable Republic.

Percival was born in Paris and spoke the language of his French nurse before he spoke the vernacular of his native wilds. His first real schooling was had in England, where he acquired a dialect with which he is still deeply scarred. Then, returning home, he entered Exeter Academy, and then went to Harvard, where he spent four years on the Gold Coast. A well-known Senator, mostly from Newport, oiled his way, on his graduation, into the Department of State, a destination decreed by Fate herself.

At college Percy never went in for athletics, nor for the glee club. He did not go out for the debating team, nor even for the chess team. Least of all was he a grind. Percy never went in or out for anything, but they did put him on the Senior Prom committee. An English youth of his exalted class would have been proficient at both cricket and rowing, and would have carried away from the academic halls at least a smattering of the humanities. But to Percy all distinction other than social standing is banal; hence he has always regarded birth into his high estate of Back Bay exclusiveness as achievement enough

for one lifetime. He has never, indeed, been interested in achievement, or in anyone interested in achievement. This, in an American, is to be of blue blood—and our bluest bloods gravitate naturally toward the Diplomatic Service.

His record in that service reads like a romance—and looks like an itinerary. Consulting the Register of the Department of State, I find the following:

> Blaine-Smith, Percival Adams. Born Paris, Feb. 17, 1889. Ed. Exeter Academy; Harvard, B.A., 1912. Appointed Third Class Diplomatic Secretary June 2, 1913, and assigned to Embassy, Valparaiso. American Legation, Lisbon, 1915–6. Peking, 1917. Promoted to Second Class Diplomatic Secretary and transferred to Tegucigalpa August 6, 1919. *Chargé d'affaires ad interim* at that post March 3 to September 18, 1921. Assigned to duty at the Department, 1922. London, 1923–4. Promoted to First Class Diplomatic Secretary and appointed Counsellor of the Legation at Warsaw, January 6, 1925.

Thus one learns that Percy has served the American Republic in seven different capitals on the four principal continents. His friends tell me that he has found occasion to visit, while on leave of absence or *en route* to his posts, much of the rest of the planet. He has seen the blue Danube and the yellow Yang-tse, the Palatine Hill and the Acropolis, the Andes and the Alps, the cathedral towns of Germany and the temple towns of Japan. Travel makes the broad man.

In the brevity and wide dispersal of his assignments there has been nothing unusual. His record only offers a fair illustration of a traditional policy of the Department of State. How and why that policy originated is immaterial. The point is that so long as the travel allotment of the department remains bounteous, the personnel officers will continue to plot diverting itineraries. But the peripatetic character of the young diplomat's training does not prevent his becoming profound in the affairs of the country to which he is accredited. You cannot prevent what would not happen.

Percy has served in the department, where instructions are framed, and in our diplomatic missions abroad, where they are supposed to be executed. On the moving carriage of the typewriter he has beheld American diplomatic policy in the making. He has read treaties in manuscript, just as they were transcribed from their foreign prototypes. At the department he has witnessed the obstructionist feuds between bureau-chiefs; and, at station he has observed the local tactics of superior officers in their skirmish for social advancement in the corps and for personal kudos back in Washington. Percy, you may be sure, knows his book, and in all its pretty deckle.

What he learned best at Washington was the ethics and metaphysics of procrastination. From his birth, almost, he had been intuitively sensitive to the nuances of that science. His year in Washington saw his intuition sanctified by precedent and preachment. A cardinal axiom of the bureaucrat is that there is no human problem which will not cease to be a problem with the passage of time—often of relatively little time. Another principle is that an unfortunate decision, if made after a seemly lapse of time, escapes the charge of rashness. When some blustering fellow, whose interests the department ostensibly served, complained that in his particular affair Percy's delay was an evil and destructive thing, what was easier than to silence him? Percy's desk basket, wherein reposed the documentation of the affair, contained other (imaginary) documents so weighty as to reduce it to microscopic insignificance. Did this blustering individual thereupon complain to Percy's superiors? If so, Percy was as secure against molestation from above as the uppermost angel on the highest cloud in Paradise. His bureau-chief was harmoniously attuned to his own vibrations and rode the same cloud. And all Secretaries of State have been so uniformly busy with important matters, such as speech-making, that no Secretary has ever found time to administer and discipline his department, or even to find the right kind of Simon Legree to do it for him.

II

At Valparaiso, Lisbon and Peking, Percy was in reality a code clerk—that is, in everything save appearance. Let us look in upon him of an evening at Peking. While at dinner with the Third Secretary of the Portuguese Legation, he had been summoned by a uniformed messenger from the chancery, bearer of the news that three long cablegrams from the department have arrived within the hour.

Percy is sitting at his desk in an out-of-the-way nook of the chancery, the Delco light glistening on his white waistcoat and whiter tie. Thus, in full dress and with gold pencil in hand, he is copying selected quotations from the old purple code book. He admits that he is no good at decoding, and even an expert would grant that this particular cablegram is a bearcat—a whole flock of bearcats. The three long cablegrams—now grown to five—are all sections of one mammoth cablegram giving, word for word, the address of the Secretary of State at Williamstown, wherein he has outlined the entire foreign policy of the United States. And there is only one code book in the chancery!

Percy is just finishing Section 1 when the American Minister drops in, late in the evening, to ascertain what cataclysm, or series of cataclysms, has stricken our diplomatic relations in the Far East. He reads Section 1 from Percy's scribblings. Half of the section is devoted to a detailed description of the rôle of the United States as the uniquely pacifist nation and to the Secretary's personal regret at the spendthrifty habits of the great god Mars. The Secretary has turned his statesmanly gaze toward Latin America and begun a formal restatement of the Monroe Doctrine, when he is rudely interrupted by the close of Section 1.

"Was this instruction relayed from the Embassy at Tokio?" asks the Minister.

Percy studies the hieroglyphics on the incoming yellow sheets and reports that the entire cablegram, in all its sections, has come directly from Washington. The Minister ponders a moment:

"Then it must be urgent. Why, this damned cable cost the government around $10,000. There must be something in it for us. Find out what Secretary Blank says about the Far East. I'll sit up. When you are done, bring it up to me."

At one-thirty in the morning, Percy takes his pad of notes upstairs to the living quarters of His Excellency. The note, true enough, has not reached the end of the Secretary's remarks upon Far Eastern affairs, but enough has been decoded to make clear their broad scope and slight depth. In two long paragraphs the Secretary congratulates Japan upon its great progress, expresses his sympathy for the great sister republic in her painful travail, and proclaims himself a firm adherent of the Open Door.

The Minister is a shirt-sleeve diplomat, politically appointed. He grunts his disgust and then bursts into blasphemy. He calls the Secretary of State a participial fathead and a what-price-glory old gasbag.

Percy only sighs.

In the Argentine and in Norway the same practical joke is being played upon our sweating young diplomats at the same moment. It has been perpetrated nearly every year, regardless of who has occupied the White House. Mirabeau flattered his uncle by clamoring for pauses in the latter's words of wisdom, that he might jot them down. Flattery so inexpensive would leave an American Secretary of State quite cold. It has been a long, long time since the king's shoes cost two shillings.

There are theories of diplomacy, several of them, but Percy is no theorist. He is even less theoretical than practical. He has never read a book on diplomacy—its theory, history and procedure—and he sees no need of doing so. To him diplomacy is simply—well, a career. If there is any individuality in American diplomacy, or a trend toward one, he has not observed it. That its past may have been glorious and its present insipid has never occurred

to him. It has not been revealed to him that the essential end of American diplomacy is to cultivate good relations with all nations, or that it is not, or that it is and it isn't. He has no gift of epithet and he does not generalize: he would hesitate to say that our diplomacy is materialistic, that it is not, or whether it should be. He has only a vague idea of what is termed dollar diplomacy, but he gathers that it is in bad repute. Business men seek him out on occasion, but it might be better if they used the tradesmen's entrance. In a flash of humor he once confessed to me that these merchants rather spoil his show.

Percy admires the word: Jones, now *chargé* in Graustarkia, doesn't play cards; "he feels it would be bad for his show." "We put on the very best show we could at my last post. The chief was a career man, and he forbade the American stenographers in the chancery wearing spats. They really ought to be worn only by officers, you know." "Show," you learn, relates to the official dignity and social brilliance of the personnel of a particular mission.

Percy's rhetoric, by the way, is the one thing about him that does not reflect his superiority complex. He knows that he cannot achieve the informal grace of a British diplomatic note; so he turns to the easier Johnsonese prescribed by the department. Of the latter one sample, reasonably authentic, will suffice:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

G. H. Blake, Esquire, December 28, 192–.
2000 Broad St.,
New York, N. Y.

CONFIDENTIAL

Sir:

The Department has to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 28 wherein it is represented that the Royal Italian Government has refused to issue transit permits for a shipment of cuckoo clocks which, you allege, you ordered from Geneva, Switzerland, for the Christmas trade and in which petition is filed for the intervention of this Government through the American Embassy at Rome.

You are apprized that the Department has been pleased to comply with this petition and is issuing telegraphic instructions to the American Legation at Berne directing that diplomatic mission to investigate the situation, in its discretion to make diplomatic representations to the Helvetian authorities, to report by cable without delay, and in general to lend all aid and assistance consistent with its official duties. You are apprized, also, confidentially, that according to press despatches published in the Washington *Times* of November 6, it is rumored that apparently the Royal Italian Government has recently unofficially intimated the existence of a disposition on its part to reconsider its alleged policy of not encouraging transit shipments of cuckoo clocks from a certain contiguous nation, on a basis of complete and mutual reciprocity in the matter of macaroni. In view of the fact that such a development has arisen, it is suggested that possibly the situation of which complaint is made is no longer operative.

In supplying this information the Department desires expressly to stipulate that it can assume absolutely no financial responsibility whatsoever.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
For the Secretary
P. J. BILLINGS
Twelfth Assistant Secretary.

III

It will be inferred that Percy's duties are performed, when they *are* performed, with the nonchalance of a high ritual. From post to post he squanders his substance entertaining the local smart set and his colleagues in the *corps diplomatique*. To cultivate a foreign smart set is to cultivate good international relations. Foreign political movements are learned from ladies at tea-parties. Intricate and difficult negotiations are furthered at diplomatic balls; even novelists know this.

At the utmost Percy averages four hours a day in the chancery, and his application there is such as to shorten his real servitude by half. His principal preoccupation during these hours is with his appearance and manner, which must ever be the appearance and manner of a diplomat. The appearance must be that of a recidivist seducer in the movies, or at least of a very natty floor-walker. It is the manner, however, that counts. No mandarin with curly fingernails could be more particular. He is the soul of *politesse*. To be stern and insistent with the Foreign Office, in a case of injustice and discrimination against Americans, is to exhibit aggressiveness. To ply

the Foreign Office with demands for action, in an urgent case, is to be importunate. To respond to the Foreign Office with elaborate briefs, in a complex case, is to be contentious. To bite the department itself out of one of its loony musings, in any case whatsoever, is to be obstreperous. The true diplomat never bites anyone but chancery clerks.

In some of its manifestations the diplomatic manner must be trying at times even to Percy's friends. For example, about three years ago—in the year of our Lord 1923—Percy and I were two of five men, all Americans, lounging about a dinner table in London, after the ladies had left for the drawing-room. Our conversation chanced to focus on the Panama Canal as an achievement of some credit to our nation. One present observed that Roosevelt's nefarious dealings in bringing about the secession of Panama forced our diplomacy, for once, down to the European level. Percy looked positively startled for a moment; somewhere he had heard something like that before. Then he smiled as if about to take a dangerous toy away from a child. "Ah," he said, a little above a whisper, to let us know that a diplomat was present, "that is a thing we'd better not discuss, don't you think? It might cause a bad impression if it should become known—among foreigners, I mean."

Suppose you now call upon Percy at his latest post, wherever that is, and confront him with a piece of diplomatic business in which you are so unhappy as to be interested. After you have been announced he keeps you waiting upon him for a respectable ten minutes. As you enter he is just putting away, on his cluttered desk, a recent copy of *Town Topics*. You are inspired with the notion that so dapper a fellow neither toils in the dust of the archives nor spins in any violent rustling of current correspondence. You suspect, and are about to learn, that with Percy judgment and discretion are synonyms, infallibly interchangeable. When the conversation thickens—as soon it must—you sense an acquired knack for saying one thing and meaning, or concealing, another. He breathes an innuendo or two. You wonder what the deep hush is all about. Your affair seems to you quite clear and anything in the world but confidential; you say so. Percy ventures to intimate, however, that he is inclined not entirely to concur. He points out that giving you aid with it would involve, at once, the recognition of the Soviets and the suppression of the British Empire. Having shrouded it thus in high policy, he labels your documents confidential and in time refers them to the department, to rest in peace.

If your affair is urgent you are, in military parlance, S. O. L. But be philosophical. And as you count up your losses, be literary: reflect and rejoice in your discovery that Ibsen left at least some imbecilities undramatized. On a different foreign strand Percy had another client like you. This was an optimistic American citizen who had cashed up $100,000 for an option on a loan and construction contract; but the option would lapse should he fail to obtain the requisite assent of the American government within ten days. The $100,000 went, it is said, to a Czecho-Slovak, and the construction contract to a Swede. Some day you may meet your companion in misery and hold an execration-fest. As for Percy, he is quite willing to meet you both, for he is conscious of no blame. Should you venture a criticism, he will resent it and violently bounce a safety match on his desk in masculine rage.

IV

Percy's friends, I fear, are mistaken. Through his dazzling biography runs the humble allegory of a round peg in a square hole. He is as well suited for our modern diplomacy as a clipper ship is for the trans-atlantic passenger trade. He is too romantic—and too slow.

When the capitals of Europe were swank with the trappings of monarchy, our Percys were precious cucumbers. No other

young men could so creditably uphold American prestige at the Grand Duke's ball. But times have changed. A cobbler has been President of Germany, and there is a frowning blacksmith at Rome. With their ilk the new cabinets are filled. The price of swallow-tails seems high to those who have never owned them, and invitations may be refused if not labeled "informal." The new officials of Europe have their virtues and their faults; but Percy understands neither, for he is a one-class man, and hence unacquainted with their lusty counterparts at home. In his dealings with them he fails for want of bold candor, of rugged impulse. They know not how to take the Percy phenomena. His polished manner, however natural, seems now haughty, now affected and now condescending. Nor, beholding the aristocrat, do they grovel; figuratively, at least, their halberds still drip with the blood of late aristocrats. They would prefer to talk with a Babbitt. Eventually they will.

In the good old days, one or two Percys in a given chancery did not make their incompetence felt. A month's volume of diplomatic business could be disposed of with a gesture. Our foreign trade moved by sail, in driblets, on a pay-as-you-go basis. But now we are the greatest nation of creditors, of contractors and of tourists that history has known. In every thousand or so of tourists, one loses his passport or lands in a dago hoosegow; and he cries aloud to the chancery. Every construction contract requires diplomatic support and pressure. Every foreign loan requires investigation. The diplomatic cases arising from our enormous foreign trade are thus myriad and multiform. Today, all our diplomatic missions, even the tiny ones in Liberia and Albania, are deluged by correspondence and badgered by callers. All have become tourist headquarters, law offices, business establishments, bureaux of general information. All need go-getting, forward-looking, high-power staffs. Soon or late they will have them. All these antic strongholds of the defenceless Percy are failing even now. Hail to Babbitt the Conqueror!

EDITORIAL

OF GOVERNMENT, at least in democratic states, it may be said briefly that it is an agency engaged wholesale, and as a matter of solemn duty, in the performance of acts which all self-respecting individuals refrain from as a matter of common decency. The American newspapers supply examples every day, chiefly issuing out of Federal tribunals, judicial and administrative. The whole process of the Federal law, indeed, becomes a process of oppression. Its catch-polls are not policemen, in any rational and ordinary sense, but simply sneaks and scoundrels with their eyes glued eternally to knot-holes. Imagine a man of ordinary decency discovering his son reading an account of the late proceedings against Lady Cathcart. Would his exposition of the case take the form of patriotic hallelujahs, or would he caution the boy that such things are not done by gentlemen? No wonder the teaching of patriotism is being handed over to virgin schoolma'ms, who know of honor only as an anatomical matter. The business becomes too difficult for men who must face their fellow-men daily, and therewith the ancient prejudices of the race. Those prejudices, for unnumbered centuries, have run against the man who mouths the frailties of a fair one in the market-place. But the commission of Uncle Sam, it appears, repeals that obligation of elemental honor. One sworn to uphold the Constitution becomes straightway a licentiate in swinishness, with a mandate to examine the female guests of the nation publicly, and to denounce all who are not *virgo intacta*. This mandate covers not only the lowly snoopers told off to guard the ports, but also magnificoes of ministerial rank. The Cabinet of a great Christian nation meets behind locked doors to perform a business which, if done by an honest Elk, would bring his board of governors together to kick him out.

If such obscenities were rare one might set them down to moral profit and loss, and so try to forget them. But they happen every day. If a Karolyi case is not on the front pages, then a Whitney case is there. And day in and day out the newspapers are filled with the muckeries of Prohibition agents, and their attendant district attorneys and spies. The whole trend of legislation, and with it of jurisprudence, runs toward such ideas of dignity and decency as prevail in remote and forlorn country villages, among the human debris of Puritanism. A court of justice, once a place where the state intervened to curb the savagery of the strong, is now an arena of savagery both cruel and cynical. The notion seems to be that any device of deceit or brutality is fair, so long as it helps to fill the jails. The government, through its authorized agents, sets itself deliberately to lure men into so-called crime, and then punishes them mercilessly for succumbing. Is there such a thing as a *contrat social?* Then certainly it is getting heavy blows in this great Republic. For if it is not based upon the expectation that one citizen will treat another with common decency, it is based upon nothing more than a shadow—and that expectation is fast becoming vain among us. The natural confidence that every man should have in his fellows—that they will not hit below the belt, that they will not abuse his natural trust, that he may rely upon them, in a given situation, to act according to the principles of fair-play prevailing immemorially among civilized men—this confidence, when it touches American officialdom, has no longer any basis in fact. The government,

under the Volstead Act, is a spy and a snitcher, just as, under the Alien Property Act, it is a common thief, and under the Immigration Act a blackguard.

Obviously, such things cannot go on without having profound effects upon the general American character. A government, though it may be worse than the average man it governs, is still made up of just such average men. If, by some process of legal decay, it is set to revolting acts, then the consequence must be that, in the long run, they will become less revolting. How the business has worked in other lands has been displayed with much snuffling by specialists in Americanism; unfortunately, they seem to show no interest in the phenomena when it is repeated at home. I have spoken of the father with a son ripe for instruction in the traditional decencies. Unfecund myself, I can only imagine his difficulties, but it must be obvious that they are serious. How is he to interpret such an inescapable transaction as the Cathcart uproar? Is it his duty to tell his son that gentlemen set their dogs upon loose women? Or is it his duty to say that the United States is not a gentleman?

II

Such doings, it seems to me, flow quite naturally out of the democratic theory. It holds, *imprimis*, that cads make just as good governors as civilized and self-respecting men, and it holds, *secundo*, that the notions of propriety and decency held by the mob are good enough for the state, and ought, in fact, to have the force of law. Thus it becomes increasingly difficult to be a good American, as the thing is officially defined, and remain what all the other peoples of the world regard as a good citizen—that is, one who views the acts and ideas of his fellows with a tolerant and charitable eye, and wishes them to be free and happy. The whole tendency of American law, in this day, is to put down happiness wherever it is encountered, and the *mores* of the land march with the law. The doctrine seems to be that it is the highest duty of the citizen to police his fellows. What they naturally want to do is precisely what they must be kept from doing. To this business a large and increasing class of professional snouters and smellers addresses itself. How many noses it can muster, God only knows, but the number must be immensely large. In the single State of Ohio, with the Anti-Saloon League in the saddle, there are certainly at least five thousand, and every prowling village deacon and petty urban blackmailer is free to join the force as a volunteer. And in more civilized regions, where public opinion, even in the mob, runs against such putridities, the Federal government supplies the scoundrels.

This antagonism between democratic Puritanism and common decency is inherent in the nature of the two things, and leads to conflicts in all so-called "free" countries, but it is only in the United States that it has reached the stage of open and continuous war, with Puritanism sweeping the field and common decency in flight. Thus life in the Republic grows increasingly uncomfortable to men of the more urbane and seemly sort, and, despite the great material prosperity of the country, the general stock of happiness probably diminishes. For the thing that makes us enjoy the society of our fellows is not admiration of their inner virtues but delight in their outward manners. It is not enough that they are headed for heaven, and will sit upon the right hand of God through all eternity; it is also necessary that they be polite, generous, and, above all, reliable. We must have confidence in them in order to get any pleasure out of associating with them. We must be sure that they will not do unto us as we should refuse, even for a celestial reward, to do unto them. It is the tragedy of the Puritan that he can never inspire this confidence in his fellow-men. He is by nature a pedant in ethics, and hence he is by nature a mucker. With the best of intentions he

cannot rid himself of the belief that it is his duty to save us from our follies—*i.e.*, from all the non-puritanical acts and whimsies that make life charming. His duty to let us be happy takes second, third or fourth place. A Puritan cannot be tolerant—and with tolerance goes magnanimity. The late Dr. Woodrow Wilson was a typical Puritan: of the better sort, perhaps, for he at least toyed with the ambition to appear as a gentleman, but nevertheless a true Puritan. Magnanimity was simply beyond him. Confronted, on his death-bed, with the case of poor old Debs, all his instincts compelled him to keep Debs in jail. I daresay that, as a purely logical matter, he saw clearly that the old fellow ought to be turned loose; certainly he must have known that Washington would not have hesitated, or Lincoln. But Calvinism triumphed as his intellectual faculties decayed. In the full bloom of health, with a plug hat on his head, he aped the gentry of his wistful adoration very cleverly, but lying in bed, stripped like Thackeray's Louis XIV, he reverted to his congenital Puritanism, which is to say, to bounderism.

III

It is shocking to reflect that Wilson, if he could be brought back from Paradise today and restored to the throne, would seem relatively urbane, and even a bit aristocratic. In such matters the tendency is obviously for the bad to grow worse. The limber jenkins, Lansing, now completely forgotten, at least had the manners of an educated man; his successor, Kellogg, as the Karolyi case reveals him, seems to be simply a boor out of the cow country. Of his colleagues it is unnecessary to speak in detail. One is a Bible class leader. Another is the hero of the Cathcart affair. A third is a retired distiller sworn to Law Enforcement. A late member of the college, retired by Dr. Coolidge only under tremendous pressure, is awaiting trial on a charge of felony. In the department assigned to yet another there has just come to an end a scheme to punish a United States Senator, guilty of exposing corruption, by railroading him to prison—a scheme precisely on all fours with those carried on daily by the Anti-Saloon League and the Italian Black Hand. The head of this department is a village attorney, promoted at one stroke from the cross-roads grocery-store to the Cabinet.

Such are the grand seigneurs of the nation—the custodians of its dignity and honor. They speak for it to the world. They set the tone of the national life at home. Is there any widespread murmuring against them? I wish I could report that there was, but I see no sign of it. Instead, there seems to be only a resigned sort of feeling that nothing can be done about it—that the swinishness of government lies in the very nature of things, and so cannot be changed. Even the popular discontent with Prohibition is not a discontent with its sneaking and knavishness—its wholesale turning loose of licensed blacklegs and blackmailers, its degradation of the judiciary, its corruption of Congress, its disingenuous invasion of the Bill of Rights. What is complained of is simply the fact that Scotch is dubious and costs too much. As bootlegging grows more efficient, I suppose, even that complaint will sink to a whisper, perhaps in the form of a snigger. Of any forthright grappling with the underlying indecency there is little show. It would be difficult, in most American communities, to get signers for even the most academic protest against it. The American, played upon for years by a stream of jackass legislation, takes refuge in frank skulking. He first dodges the laws, and then he dodges the duty of protesting against them. His life becomes a process of sneaking through back-alleys, watching over one shoulder for the cop and over the other for his neighbor. Thus a-tremble (and with a weather eye open for Bolsheviks, atheists and loose women), he serves the high oath that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. H. L. M.

NORTH CAROLINA

BY NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Valley to Hillock

THE "valley of humiliation between two mountains of pride" is no more. The valley is now a sizable hillock and any suggestion of a plausible cause for humiliation is instantly and hotly resented. North Carolina's transformation from one of the poorest and most dejected States in the Union to a rich and lusty commonwealth has been brought about by an educational and industrial process which began about twenty-five years ago, and which, for the last ten years, has been rapid and striking. The North Carolinian, like the citizen of every other Southern State, is eager to tell you that his State is now the most up-and-coming in the South; the difference is that the North Carolinian will show you some impressive figures to support his claim. These figures relate to cotton and tobacco production, to manufactures, to good roads, to increasing land values, and to the State's expenditures for education. But the best part of its progress can be shown only indirectly on paper. After a long sleep North Carolina is awake at last.

The outcome of the Civil War developed there, as in the other States of the Confederacy, an intense hypersensitiveness, an unadmitted consciousness of inferiority, an attitude which expressed itself in scorn of the victors and blind defense of everything Southern and especially everything North Carolinian. Not until the end of the last century did a few North Carolinians come to the conclusion that the best defense against this uncomfortable feeling of inferiority was more action and less talk. The most prominent of these were the educators, Aycock, McIver and Alderman. About the same time the State began to get on its feet industrially with the help of such men as the Dukes, the Reynoldses, the Cannons, the Carrs and the Holts.

The cause of the fact that, once it was started, it developed more rapidly than the other States of the Confederacy, is to be sought mainly in the character of its population. Whatever civilization the New South may now have is the civilization of its middle class. Appomattox meant a complete bouleversement of the Southern social order. Much more important in its development than the emancipation of the Negroes was the freedom that the demolition of the old régime brought to the bourgeoisie. Prior to the Civil War, that class had been in singularly poor shape, uneducated, poverty-stricken, insignificant, leaderless. But in North Carolina, by good luck, it had been relatively sturdier than elsewhere, for ante-bellum North Carolina had been largely a State of small farmers and merchants. Its aristocracy was less proud than that of either Virginia or South Carolina. Its class barriers were less rigid. There were few great estates, even in the aristocratic East. So, when the South degenerated into a democracy, North Carolina, to a large extent, was already degenerate, and its middle class rose faster than in the other parts of the South. In North Carolina, too, it was befriended by the rich natural resources of a State exuberantly described by its present Governor as "a land like that promised Israel." The conquest of this Canaan by the bourgeoisie is now practically complete.

II

A Divided Neighborhood

Whether because of this ancient weakness of class barriers, or because of the homogeneity of a population proudly proclaimed to be "the purest Anglo-Saxons in America," or because of an ingrowing social consciousness resulting from long, defensive isolation, or merely because of natural folksiness, I do not know, but for any or all of these reasons North Carolina is a neighborhood before it is a State. We North Carolinians all know personally a large number of our fellow-countrymen, from the mountains to the sea. Traveling from Currituck to Cherokee (the North Carolina equivalent of from Dan to Beersheba) one meets acquaintances and friends. This wide and neighborly acquaintance is not peculiar to a few people; it is characteristic of all North Carolinians. And it is not a cold, casual acquaintance we have with each other; it is a more or less intimate one. It includes knowledge of married ladies' maiden names and former suitors, and of family skeletons not too well hidden. It is pleasantly conducive to informality and gossip. Probably no equal area in the known world has produced so many autochthonous anecdotes of a humorous nature as North Carolina.

But this neighborhood which calls itself a State is divided into three sections, the respective populations of which regard the others with a certain coolness. If you come to North Carolina, do not make the mistake of praising the Piedmont region too enthusiastically to a dweller on the coastal plain, nor the mountains to a dweller in the Piedmont. Your praise will be accepted with moderate grace as reflecting credit upon the State as a whole, but you will be speedily set right as to the comparative merits of the sections. So strong is the feeling between the East and the West that it is an unwritten law that the two must alternate in furnishing the Democratic candidate for Governor, which, since the black Republican régime in the '90's, has meant the next Governor of the State.

In the East are most of North Carolina's remnants of the old days. Here, before the Civil War, were the largest plantations, the majority of the slaves, the most cultured and leisurely life. Migration from Virginia helped to settle this section. Here are still a few old towns with the air of a gentler past and a mild scorn of progress, where, among brightly blossoming crêpe myrtles, one may find amenity and charm.

Industrial progress in North Carolina is primarily of the Piedmont. Cotton and tobacco factories dot this section, and from it comes most of the new noise. The Piedmont is the natural habitat of the North Carolina Babbitt. Over it the boosters swarm. But from the point of view of charm, the Piedmont is the State's most barren region. It is loud-mouthed and bustling, and only too much like a displaced section of the Middle West. Its aim is to become indistinguishable from Michigan. God willing, that high aspiration will probably be attained within the next ten years.

In the fastnesses of the mountains are the crude but stalwart Anglo-Saxons who supply Hatcher Hughes and Lula Vollmer with material for folk drama and who keep the Carolina Playmakers in existence. A horde of thriving hotel-keepers and realtors inhabit the more accessible hill country, profiting mightily from the Florida gold rush and whooping up a land boom all their own.

III

Sporting Event

Kentucky may have its Derby for the pleasure and profit of the bloods, but North Carolina has its Baptist State Convention. For years past this annual gathering of the faithful has been by far the liveliest sporting event in the commonwealth. The entry backed by the civilized

minority is Dr. William Louis Poteat, president of the Baptist denominational college at Wake Forest. For twenty-odd years Dr. Poteat has been professor of biology at this institution. A learned scientist, he has, of course, accepted and taught the theory of evolution, thus poisoning the minds of many Christian youths and branding himself as in league with Beelzebub. For years, to country boys fresh from the backwoods, he explained the record of the rocks without disturbing the foundations of his college or decreasing its income from the Baptist brethren. But since the late Mr. Bryan's crusade for Genesis, there has been considerable nosing around in his vicinity. The first discoveries were very alarming. To be sure, Dr. Poteat was an avowed Christian. To be sure, the graduates of the college were not in stampede from the Baptist corral. But Darwin's monkey books were read, and no one there had called down heaven's curse upon them. Something had to be done. So the Fundamentalists set out to get the Doctor's scalp.

With the approach of the first Baptist State Convention after the anti-Poteat faction was mobilized, the betting in the State grew spirited on the Doctor's chances of survival. Taking his opponents by surprise with characteristic adroitness, he made a speech to the convention in which all mention of evolution was carefully avoided, but in which a good deal was said about the high dignity and verity of the Christian religion. The out-manœuvred Fundamentalists lapsed into seething silence. For the time being Dr. Poteat had disarmed them with that one blow.

But by the time the 1925 convention met there had been a new anti-evolution agitation in the State. The Dayton farce had acquainted thousands of the bucolic in North Carolina, as elsewhere, with the fact that heresy was abroad in the land. Several county Baptist associations passed hot resolutions against the Wake Forest inferno, and subscriptions began to fall off. Unfortunately, when the convention came Dr. Poteat left his defense in the hands of his friends, who turned out to be much less astute than he. They hesitated to carry the fight to the floor, and the anti-evolutionists seized the opportunity to effect a change in the method of appointing trustees of the college, which eventually will give them control. Meanwhile, Dr. Poteat will be retired automatically next year because of his age.

Nevertheless, at present, Wake Forest College, small, unsightly and otherwise undistinguished, remains as green an oasis of liberal thought as can be found in the Bible Belt. Eventually, of course, the armies of the Lord will fall upon it and reduce it to aridity. But for a time it flourishes because of the courage and intelligence of one man. He would be distinguished anywhere, but where he is, he is a miracle.

IV

The Perfect Climate

Because North Carolina, according to its boosters, has "The Perfect Climate," Asa Candler has been materially assisted in making a fortune from coca cola, a beverage concocted primarily to keep the Southern Anglo-Saxons alive through the Summer months. These months number five in North Carolina. In May a blanket of heat falls upon the State, stifling it until October. The old economic order in the South had at least this to recommend it: it was suited to the climate. It gave the superior Nordic the opportunity to sit in the shade and fan himself and left labor to the Ethiopian. But the new bourgeoisie, eager to be up and coming, suffer horribly.

October brings relief, and "The Perfect Climate" begins to have a suggestion of accuracy. In North Carolina Autumn is not curt nor brisk nor flamboyant. She comes to us gently and in tender mood, bringing haze and balm. There is about her a soft languor. Christmas has passed before we know that it is Winter, and even then Winter is mild, with much sunny, open

weather. It is this circumstance which led Mr. Leonard Tufts to buy land in the North Carolina sand hills at fifty cents an acre to make a tourist playground. This Pinehurst community is still regarded by the natives as Yankeefied and foreign. The pride of the sand hill folk is not in polo, but in their thousands of acres of peach trees, which in Spring turn a former wilderness into a cloud of lovely bloom.

The mountains around Asheville, Hendersonville and Blowing Rock also have their tourists in Summer and Autumn, and all the year round their T. B. victims in search of health.

V

Morte-Main

The dead hand of Southern Democracy has lain for years on politics in North Carolina, and paralysis has ensued,—paralysis, that is, of all real political vigor and unprejudiced statesmanship. But the empty sound and fury continue. As the North Carolinian must be a professing Christian, preferably of the more violently evangelical variety, if he would not be gored from the herd, so he must be a Democrat, as were his Confederate forebears. The Republican party is held to be disreputable, full of niggers, descendants of deserters to the Union, carpet-baggers and scalawags. Allying one's self with these "Radicals" is simply not done.

It is strange that a game in which the dice are always loaded and the outcome seldom, if ever, in doubt should engage the enthusiastic attention of the populace. But politics, next to revivals, is the North Carolinian's chief diversion, though the only hope of anything even approaching a sporting contest is within the ranks of the Democratic party itself. Even here the upsets of the advance dope are few and far between. The party is controlled by the Simmons machine, of which the shrewd senior Senator from North Carolina is the brains. Rarely can an independent candidate dislodge it from control. The Governors of the State, it is said, are chosen by the machine from twelve to sixteen years in advance.

The possible nomination of the wet and Romish Al Smith for the Presidency in 1928 is now the subject of much loud and defiant comment by the Protestant evangelists and other vehement drys of the State. But even the evangelists, under the Democratic compulsion neurosis of years, will eat their brave words and vote for the Papacy and the little brown jug if Al is actually nominated. He will carry North Carolina and all the other Southern States with the same ease with which Satan, with a Democratic label, could carry them.

VI

Rural

A light breeze steals through the pines surrounding a dilapidated, two room farmhouse. A woman carrying water from a well across a yard as bare as a board stops to let the breeze fan her sweating face. She is dog-tired. The sweltering August day began for her at sunrise, and this first breath of evening is a welcome promise of relief. Putting down her bucket, she sinks on the door-step, pushing back her straggling hair. She is a woman whose youth has been prematurely worn away. She wears an ill-fitting cotton dress of a color made indistinguishable by much rough washing. A black gum snuff-brush droops from her mouth. At seventeen she married a tenant farmer and has paid for it with eight children and twelve years of drudgery. The latest baby, fretful from the heat, is mewling on the floor beside the sagging door. From farm to farm the family has moved, their household goods carried by hand. Sometimes they have made a crop, oftener they have failed. But good crop or bad, there has never been money for more than the barest support of life.

The woman looks up at the pines. Pretty, those pines, she thinks,—pretty

when they are black against an orange Winter sunset, pretty, glistening green in the clear, soft sunlight on Fall mornings, and with stars glittering through their branches, when, too exhausted to think or talk, she sits on the step at night after the children are asleep. When the pines whisper in the wind they speak to her mysteriously. She has never quite caught their meaning, but their whispering makes her wonder whether life was meant to be so hopeless and so hard. A fragment of a Gospel hymn comes to her mind:

> On the other side of Jordan,
> In the sweet fields of Eden,
> Where the tree of life is blooming,
> There is rest for me.

Rest,—but on the other side. Mighty little rest on this one. Maybe after you die things will be evened up. The preachers say they will,—no marrying nor giving in marriage, but golden streets and jewels and shining white robes for those who are washed in the blood of the Lamb. She was washed in the blood at thirteen. The memory of her conversion comes to her sharply. She came through at the biggest revival in the county, a shy, homely little girl, hysterical from the moaning and shouting of an hysterical crowd.

She will go to the revival next month at Shiloh Church in the grove up the road. She'll take the little children and leave Ed to mind the big ones. She remembers the last revival at Shiloh. How the preacher thundered! What a picture of hell with its eternal torment he painted, of heaven with its riches and its everlasting rest! No wonder the sinners trembled and wept, and the redeemed leaped and shouted for joy! In preparation for the coming revival the trees along the country roads have crudely painted sign-boards nailed to them: "Heaven or Hell for Eternity," "Ye Must Be Born Again," "Christ Died for Us."

She finds her religion in the blessed Book. She cannot read, but the preachers have told her. It shows you the way to the sweet fields, and to the tree of life, and to rest. Only the Book shows the way.

VII

Two Universities

The center of intellectual activity in North Carolina at present is—as no doubt it should be—the State university. The university has profited largely by the recent increase in State expenditures for education, and its expansion, physically and intellectually, has been marked. It shows a vigorous spirit of criticism in local affairs—one of the surest and most encouraging signs that the old Southern defense-mechanism is breaking down. The leading exponent of this new spirit is Gerald W. Johnson, director of the School of Journalism and author of numerous critical papers. It is expressed, too, in the magazine, *Social Forces*, edited by Howard W. Odum, director of the School of Public Welfare. Its expression with respect to certain religious ideas popularly regarded as sacrosanct has seriously disturbed several of the State ministerial associations, and they have adopted resolutions denouncing the magazine, and indirectly the university, as a godless public menace. In the anti-evolution fight in the General Assembly of 1925, President Harry W. Chase, of the university, alone of the presidents of the State's four higher educational institutions, appeared at the committee hearing in suave and civilized protest against the bill. Naturally enough—President Chase having been born in Massachusetts—the Fundamentalists cried out upon him as "a damned Yankee who's ruinin' our boys." Only once in recent years has the university betrayed its liberal leadership. A few months ago when it proposed to make a study of the textile industry in North Carolina, the cotton manufacturers spoke to it sharply, and the study was swiftly abandoned without protest.

Follow one of North Carolina's new good roads for thirteen miles eastward from Chapel Hill, the seat of the university, and you reach that other university that tobacco built and is now building

anew. Stupendous plans have been drawn for the expenditure of Buck Duke's eighty millions; they are to bring light of truth into many a Methodist home. The attitude of the State university toward Duke is polite but skittish. Representatives of the former may publicly give thanks to God for an ally in the war upon ignorance in the State, but nobody is fooled. Duke is too near and much too rich for the University of North Carolina to be very happy about it. Already the proposed medical school at Duke seems to have frustrated the plans of the State institution to extend its two-year medical course to four. One looks for little display of brotherly love hereafter.

VIII

The Bored Capital

North Carolina is a State of small towns. R. J. Reynolds' Winston-Salem, with a population of about fifty thousand, is its metropolis. With the new progress the question of relative population has become a burning one, and there is frantic effort on the part of several towns to drag within their corporate limits the largest number of outlying Negroes and factory workers.

The capital, however, with its thirty thousand souls, is only slightly affected by this laudable endeavor. Raleigh, a trifle bored by the new noise in North Carolina, still manages somehow to preserve a vestige of its individuality in spite of the rapid process of standardization going on elsewhere in the State. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of its go-getting Chamber of Commerce, it gives little indication of wishing to ape the Middle West. The capital is the despair of boosters. Deaf, for the most part, to the current hosannas, it continues to be attractively leisurely.

Architecturally, North Carolina has little to boast of, but the inhabitants may reasonably take pride in the State Capitol. Pure Doric, it is a building simple and dignified. Sunlight warms its old stone to mellow tints. It is one of the few lovely things in North Carolina—a specimen of almost startling good taste in a State where good taste is not conspicuous. There have been attempts to change and enlarge it, but, marvelously enough, public intelligence has preserved it.

IX

Historical Note

On May 20, 1775, so runs the legend, a company of North Carolina patriots assembled at the county seat of Mecklenburg, and, more than thirteen months prior to the Declaration of Independence by the thirteen colonies, declared themselves independent of Great Britain. The original Mecklenburg document is said to have been burned, but about twenty-five years later it was rewritten from memory by one of the surviving signers, then an old man. His phraseology bears an odd resemblance to that of the Philadelphia declaration. On the strength of this old gentleman's memory, the date, May 20, 1775, was forthwith inscribed upon the North Carolina State flag.

According to verifiable history, a number of North Carolina colonists did assemble at the county seat of Mecklenburg on May 31, 1775, and passed resolutions of defiance of Great Britain. These resolves were bold enough, but not as sweeping nor as grandiloquent as the declaration supposed to have been adopted eleven days previous. The transactions of May 31 were recorded in newspapers of the period, which had carried no mention of the declaration of May 20.

Controversy concerning these two dates has divided families and estranged friends and kinsmen. Several of the most reputable North Carolina historians vehemently deny the authenticity of the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of May 20. The evidence, indeed, is sufficient to convince anyone of intelligence that nothing whatever of significance occurred on that date.

Yet the State flag bears the proud, if meaningless, inscription, and excursionists from the surrounding country come to Raleigh and gaze with awe upon the tablet to the patriots. Rather than surrender eleven days of priority to the Philadelphia declaration, the Legislature refused to allow a history of North Carolina by one of the State's ablest historians to be taught in the public-schools.

X

The Witch-Fry

Not since the Act of Secession was passed in 1861 had such a crowd stormed up the stairs of the Capitol. It packed the galleries of the House of Representatives and boiled over into the lobbies and the aisles. It had come to cheer or hiss what the two opposing camps respectively considered the greatest clown-show ever put on the boards in North Carolina and the last stand of Christian civilization in the commonwealth. A spare, tight-lipped country editor had come to Raleigh to represent his county for one high purpose alone. He had come to save the youth of the State from hell. Oppressed by the magnitude of that mission, he paced solemnly around the legislative chamber. Occasionally he conferred gravely with a gentleman whose demeanor suggested the ministerial. At the very least, he could be nothing less than the inspired superintendent of a flourishing Sunday-school. The two were the author of the 1925 bill discouraging the teaching of evolution in State-controlled schools and colleges, and the anti-evolution floor-leader in the House. Over in a far corner of the chamber a large alumnus of the State university twirled his watch-chain, made a pretty speech to the prettiest woman in his vicinity, looked wearily at the crusaders, and laughed. Members of the anti-evolution cohorts came to the leaders for last minute commands. About them all was a striking similarity of facial expression, a certain tightness and grimness of mouth, a zealous and fiery gleam in the eye, what, for want of a better term, might be called the Bryan look. In the words of a local newspaper man, they bore an unholy resemblance to the cheer-leaders at a witch-fry.

More people jammed themselves into the Capitol. It was a tense, belligerent mob. One felt that at any moment the rafters might ring with a loud hallelujah or a fervent amen. The limping Confederate veteran who for years has acted as sergeant-at-arms of the House was powerless to clear the aisles of spectators. The Speaker slammed down his gavel and declared that because of the disorder of the crowd debate was impossible without a riot ensuing, and the House was adjourned.

The crowd, a little smaller and somewhat less obstinate, reassembled the next morning and the debate, so called, got under way. For hours it dragged on, with the anti-evolutionists doing most of the talking. They condemned a brand of evolutionary science unrecognizable by any scientist present. They called upon the Lord to bless their heroic labors, and sat down, glowing with holy zeal, but temporarily winded.

The large alumnus of the university rose, briefly reviewed the unsuccessful attempts to suppress freedom of thought in the past, resented on behalf of his institution the current attempt in North Carolina, warmed to his subject, put the anti-evolutionists on the spit, and closed with considerable eloquence. Plainly disconcerted, the author of the bill shambled down in front of the Speaker's desk. He had had no idea, he explained, that his opponents felt so strongly on the subject. The bill failed by twenty-one votes.

Though defeated by the 1925 General Assembly, Fundamentalism is far from a dead issue in North Carolina. The 1925 Assembly was elected before the agitation became violent, and before the triumph of Michael and his angels in Tennessee. In the election of members for the 1927 session, the war upon evolution will undoubtedly be a factor.

XI

Law and Order

"There is no comparison between Negro life in North Carolina and in Georgia," an educated Negro woman who had lived in both States told me. "The conditions are so much better in North Carolina, the white people so much more friendly." But, like the rest of the South, North Carolina also has its Negro problem. If there is anything especially characteristic in the State's attempt to solve it, it is perhaps the fact that it is approached, certainly by the leading people of the State, with good will. Negroes in North Carolina, as elsewhere in the South, still suffer from many injustices, but lynchings are rare. When three cases of rape of white women were committed at short intervals by Negroes near Asheville last year, there was no lynching. Twenty members of a mob which tried to take one of the Negroes from jail were arrested and fifteen of these were sentenced to the State Prison or the county chain gang. Petitions for executive clemency for the members of this mob were refused. One accused Negro who succeeded in proving an alibi was acquitted by a white jury despite a white woman's positive identification of him as her assailant. North Carolina has bureaux for Negro education and welfare which are doing excellent work.

It may be that desire for fairness to the Negro is part of a new social conscience which has awakened recently in North Carolina. The jurist who is the most active representative of this is Judge N. A. Sinclair of the Superior Court. His summary dealing with the members of a Ku Klux mob which had mutilated a young Jew and his continued protest from the bench against the flogging of prisoners illustrate his attitude. Judge Sinclair has been the most consistent opponent of the Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina. Several times, in instructing a grand jury, he has denounced the order roundly and with admirable courage. The Klan is now of no great influence in the State, although it helped to elect the present Governor.

XII

Exhibitionism

A virulent form of exhibitionism has accompanied North Carolina's progress. So remarkable has it seemed to the State's inhabitants to find themselves at last something other than the butt of ridicule, to be actually getting somewhere industrially and educationally, that the inflated chests, naturally, have eased themselves by expirations of very hot air.

North Carolina, the boosters tell us, can claim more superlatives than any other State in the Union. It has the highest mountain east of the Mississippi, the most dangerous cape on the Atlantic coast, the bones of the first white child born on the American continent, the longest bridge over navigable water in the world, the purest Anglo-Saxons in America, the largest denim and hosiery mills on earth, the oldest State university in the United States, the planet's largest cucumber market. North Carolina mills manufacture every inch of cloth used in B.V.D.'s. The Hindenburg Line was broken by North Carolina troops, worthy scions of those Confederate warriors who were first at Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and last at Appomattox. The newspapers of the State have united to turn North Carolina into a boosters' paradise. Talk to the average North Carolinian for five consecutive minutes, and if at the end of that time he is not extolling the glories of his homeland, you may be sure that he is not in health. The State's motto, "Esse Quam Videri," has become a joke.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

LAW ENFORCEMENT note from the Alabama back country in the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun:*

> The other day a man eighty-four years of age was tried, convicted and sentenced to serve six months in the coal mines at Weiger, near Birmingham, and in addition, fined $500, for violating the Prohibition law in Hale county. This old man was a Confederate soldier, having served under General Joseph E. Johnston.

ANOTHER from the Birmingham correspondent of the New York *World:*

> The Ku Klux Klan set out to-day to close all Chinese restaurants in this city. Its campaign evidently has the full approval of law enforcement officials. Search-warrants for liquor were issued by the Court of Misdemeanors to W. W. Israel, Cyclops of the Klan. Twenty robed Kluxers swooped down on three Chinese places. Fifty diners were searched and the raids netted a small flask of whiskey taken from the hip pocket of a college student. The raiders carried pistols. Their spokesman, clad in full regalia of the Klan, served the warrants on the Chinese proprietors. As he and his men searched the diners he told them: "Finish your meals and get out and stop patronizing these Chink joints unless you are looking for serious trouble. There are plenty of good 100% American cafés in town."

ARIZONA

BUSINESS advertisement in the *Arizona Daily Star*, of Tucson:

SPECIAL SERVICES
TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
REV. WALTER B. GREENWAY, D. D.
of Bethany Temple, Philadelphia, Will Deliver
a Series of Addresses
Public Cordially Invited

We give both "*Special*" and regular Laundry *Services*. Send the family bundle here.

TUCSON STEAM LAUNDRY
Look For Our White Autos

Phone 587 P. E. Howell, Manager

CALIFORNIA

COMFORTING words from the *Baptist Fundamentalist*, published at Sacramento:

> The last days truly are here. The devil knows his time is short, and he is gathering his forces for the last stand. But the God that thundereth is in heaven, and looking on. Only by His mercy are these Bible-denying evolutionists permitted to live. He could with one stroke of His power put them out of commission, but that is not His way. He lets them hang themselves.

SPECIMEN of musical criticism from the eminent Los Angeles *Record:*

> Miss Warren, whose voice shows an excellent musical training, *sang* Mozart's D minor *concerto* with a restraint and delicacy of expression which entranced the audience.

WANT AD in the pious Los Angeles *Times:*

> WANTED—A light complexioned colored man who can make good during next four months, can secure a job to travel for two years all over world, looking after party of ladies. Exceptional good pay. Must be single, not over 35 years old, good dresser and over average size, one who understands working around ladies. Answering full details and your telephone number. Address O, box 577, TIMES BRANCH.

UNITED PRESS dispatch from Santa Rosa, in the Realtor Belt:

> "A season of prayer to open the eyes of Luther Burbank to the irreparable injury done to the cause of religion by his utterances" was called here today by Mrs. Mary Patchett, president of the W. C. T. U. Burbank recently admitted he was an "infidel." Mrs. Patchett invited "all women and mothers and all who believe in the efficacy of prayer to join together in a season of prayer for Mr. Burbank, that his eyes may be opened and that our youth may not be led astray from the religion of their fathers."

CONNECTICUT

FROM *Marriage Bells*, published by the Eastern Agency, Bridgeport:

> 8586. Who will save me? I am in the grip of romance, my only weakness; take pity on me, with eyes toward Heaven I pray for my mate; will give my life's devotion to a girl under 135 pounds who will save my health and future from a living hell. Am struggling one more year for a professional career; am 29, 5-7, of nice appearance.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SPECIMEN of the rhetorical style of the Hon. Ellison DuRant Smith, A.B., Senator from the great State of South Carolina:

> I want to ask him as a professional man, one whose profession deals with medicine, as a doctor.

CONTRIBUTION to the American language by the Hon. W. A. Ayres, of Kansas, in a debate in the House of Representatives (*Congressional Record*, Vol. 67, No. 48, p. 3441, col. 2):

> I wish to say this committee—that is, the Appropriations Committee—up to date has so far *outeconomized* Mr. Coolidge that there is no comparison to be drawn.

THE Hon. Tom Connally, A.B., LL.B., of Texas, in the same debate:

> It will *not* take *but* a minute.

FLORIDA

THE perils of God's anointed in the Bible Belt, as depicted by the Rev. Dr. Arthur I. Brown, of the Bible Crusaders of America:

> We have engaged a most enthusiastic colporteur who is one of the most energetic workers we have seen. In preparation for a meeting in a town about fifteen miles distant from Orlando, we sent him on ahead with a supply of *Crusader Champions* and chimpanzee placards. He was in the act of gathering a crowd on the street, when a citizen saw the picture of the ape-like ancestor on the card, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that the speaker was trying to prove some blood relationship with this animal. Quick as a flash, he leaped at our willing colporteur, aiming a well-directed blow to the point of the chin. He missed landing on the exact spot but, nevertheless, our man felt the impact of the fire-eating Creationist. It was some time before the tangle was straightened out, and the moral which our good man has learned is to make it plain at the outset of his remarks that he is "anti," and then keep himself at a safe distance from suspicious individuals!

GEORGIA

FAILURE of a desperate attempt to save souls in Macon:

> Because the First Baptist Church was not getting enough conversions in a revival being conducted by the pastor, Dr. William Russell Owen, the congregation started an all-night prayer service at eight o'clock last night. The flock had dwindled to thirty-five at midnight and a few minutes later the service was declared at an end.

ILLINOIS

CARD enclosed by Mr. Hearst's efficiency expert in the pay envelopes of employés of the Chicago *Herald and Examiner:*

> If you don't think the *Herald and Examiner* is the best newspaper in Chicago, this is not your money.

FROM the eminent Chicago *Tribune:*

> At one of the rehearsals for Miss Marget Shaw's wedding today to Dean Stanchfield Arnold it was noticed that the stairway in the Shaw place at Lake Geneva where the ceremony is to take place, and down which the bridal party is to walk, consisted of thirteen steps. In order that not the slightest omen of bad luck might attend his daughter's nuptials, Mr. Shaw immediately ordered that another step be constructed.

HIGH, juicy, affecting words of the Hon. George H. Ross, past president of Kiwanis International, in the distinguished *Kiwanis Magazine:*

> Kiwanis owes much to those fearless leaders who in the early days had the courage of their convictions. They were men of vision; they saw the need and with strength of character befitting the times rose up and, like the patriarchs of old, stood before the sepulchre of dead hopes and sounded the call to life. Upon the ashes of burnt-out souls was lavished earth's best oil. On manhood's solid earth they sought light from sources older than the day, and on the morn of nobler day hoped to certify to earth a new imperial race. In the minds and on the lips of those modern crusaders was the hope that the days of exquisite trifles, lifeless creeds and short-lived service had passed and that the true spirit of Service—the soul's inheritance—of divine investiture and longer tenure, would set aflame the hearts of men.

INDIANA

A CHALLENGE printed in a recent issue of the *Writer*, organ of the cornfed literati:

> In order to test my ability as a poet I am making a challenge to any publisher in the United States to submit a subject that I am unable to write a good lively poem about. By accepting this challenge publishers are not placing themselves under any obligations to accept any of my work. I expect to have these poems compiled and published in book form.
>
> MARTHA ABSHIRE.
>
> Roann, Indiana.

KANSAS

INTELLECTUAL activities of the ladies of Cherokee, as reported by the *Sentinel* of that flourishing town:

The Culture Club of Monmouth met on the sixteenth at the home of Mattie Boore, with Mayme Kennedy and Helen Calhoun assisting hostesses. Twenty-seven members were present and exchanged towels.

KENTUCKY

THE Hon. Noel Gaines, of Frankfort, as reported by the Associated Press:

Professors who teach that the human race has monkeys with tails for ancestors should be hanged.

MARYLAND

How the Federal *Polizei* guard the approaches to the throne, as reported by the Baltimore *Evening Sunpaper:*

Hattie Stewart, a Negress, held at the Western Police Station for observation on orders of Secret Service agents, yesterday was released following an examination by Capt. Charles E. Wright, chief of the Baltimore division. The Negress, according to Captain Wright, mailed to President Coolidge several crude drawings and paintings which evidently puzzled the guards whose duty it is to protect the President. The pictures, Captain Wright said, were sent here for investigation. "The woman explained," Captain Wright said, "that the pictures sent to the President represented revelations made to her in dreams, which she endeavored to portray on canvas and cardboard. She evidently is deeply religious and was very much frightened when apprehended by the police and government inspectors."

THE fashionable life in Free State finishing-schools, as described by a gasping reporter for the eminent Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

Hints of the exclusiveness of St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, were contained in a story which was current in Baltimore some years ago. At that time it was reported that $10,000 in bills, which had been sent to a pupil by her father in New York for pin money, had been lost.

FROM the advertising columns of the Cumberland *Daily News:*

$1 DOLLAR DAY AT THE COURT HOUSE $1

In keeping with the Dollar Day Community Event Here

LLOYD L. SHAFFER

Clerk of the Court

—Announces That—

All persons from Allegany County applying for

MARRIAGE LICENSES TODAY

WILL PAY ONE DOLLAR ONLY

Reduced from $2.00—Today, to Allegany County Couples, $1.00

MASSACHUSETTS

CONTRIBUTION to the history of the Great War, by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Lash Marsh, president of Boston University:

It was the spirit of Service which raised the war to a glorious plane and resulted in the victory of the Allies.

MINNESOTA

MIRACLE in Rochester, as reported by the *Post-Bulletin* of that town:

The Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Oliphant will return from Frankfort, Ind., on Wednesday, after attending the funeral of the former.

NEWS item in the Dover *Independent:*

C. F. Cady has returned from where he has been for some time.

NEBRASKA

THE eminent Scotts Bluff *Star-Herald* makes the *amende honorable:*

The *Star-Herald* made one of its numerous mistakes in our Sunday issue. Our capable Cedar Valley correspondent sent in a fine lot of items, one of which told of a very pleasant reception, at which Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Duff were hostesses. Our linotypes have become so used to recording that Mrs. So and So entertained at bridge that although our correspondent wrote very plainly that charades were played, our linotype just naturally made it cards. We beg the ladies' pardon, and will try to do better in the future.

PROGRESS of the war upon the devil in Omaha, as revealed by the *Film Daily*, of New York:

A separate balcony for each sex will be one of the features at the new theater to be built at Twenty-ninth and Leavenworth streets by the Nebraska Theaters Corp.

NEW JERSEY

FUNERAL orgies in the rising town of West New York, Hudson county:

Following his deathbed wishes, the funeral of Christian Weiss, who kept a hotel in West New York, was attended by firemen in red shirts, schuetzen corps in gay uniforms and two brass bands, which played continuously to the moment of interment such selections as "The Comedy King," "Dusky Dudes," "El Capitan" and "The Bride-Elect" marches, with a dirge at the hearse and another at the grave. Crowds from West New York, Union Hill and Weehawken filled the streets.

NEW YORK

LAW ENFORCEMENT note from the eminent *Times:*

> The destruction of seized liquor has taken the proportions of a serious business, necessitating consideration of costs, according to Captain Frederick E. Kerby of the Customs Service. Application has been made to the Prohibition department for a rock-crusher as a mechanical means of saving time and labor. With three assistants and fifteen laborers, Captain Kerby said he had never been able to destroy more than 850 cases of whisky or 10,000 bottles of beer a day, whereas with a rock-crusher he could destroy at least 1,000 cases of liquor a day at a cost of only 4 cents a case. Throwing the bottles made the men's arms too stiff for effective work the following day. To try to destroy champagne with a hammer is like handling hand grenades. A lot of the bottled beer also explodes with accompanying casualties.

PROGRESS of Moral Legislation in the Empire State, as described by the Albany agent of the Associated Press:

> The bill before the Assembly would make it unlawful to carry even cap pistols or candy imitations of real guns, for, its sponsor explained, these have many times been responsible for submission of persons to holdup men. Under the terms of the measure, an amendment to the criminal law would make it a misdemeanor for any person above the specified age to carry or have in its possession "any simulation of a pistol, revolver, or any article intended to be used in simulation thereof."

NORTH CAROLINA

THE rise of an aristocracy among the defenders of 100% Americanism, as revealed by a dispatch from Durham:

> According to reports being circulated here the Ku Klux Klan has added a new wrinkle to its activities and are now giving distinguished service crosses to members of the hooded order of the reconstruction days. In keeping with this new custom, it is reported that two Durham citizens were recipients of this honor recently. The medal, as explained, by the honorable klansman making the award, is of no intrinsic value "but the sentiment attached to it and the heart throbs that go with it are as measureless as the sands of the sea."

OHIO

HYMENEAL orgies among the Cincinnati *haute noblesse*, as described by the swooning society editor of the celebrated *Enquirer:*

> Mr. Burton Closson was the leader of the groomsmen, and he divided the guests upon the epistle and the gospel sides of the church with fine impartiality. Mr. James Morgan Hutton, Jr., and Mr. William Griess added to their other duties that of placing the snowy ribbons down the central aisle, where these silken moorings formed a frail barrier between the guests and the bridal party as it passed. Mr. Reginald Barnard and Mr. Richard Mellon, of Pittsburgh, a nephew of Secretary Mellon, led the way, followed by Mr. Closson, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Griess, Mr. Jesse Sweetser, of New York, who, as all the world knows, is the amateur golf champion of the United States; Mr. Bakewell Shaffer and Mr. Douglas Robbins, of Middletown, an uncle of the bride, who was a welcoming host for the guests from his own city as they arrived. All these men are accustomed to the niceties of life and their smartness and poise helped maintain the dignity and glamour of the service. They wore gardenias in the coat lapels of their afternoon dress, the gray gloves and spats, which completed their costumes, not to mention their top hats, worn at various rakish angles on the way from the church to the club, being the dernier cri of good form.

CONTRIBUTION to the science of eugenics by the Salvation Army of Cincinnati:

> The Army obtained a temporary injunction to prevent erection of a motion-picture theater adjoining the Catherine Booth Home for Girls, on the ground that music emanating from the theater would implant jazz emotions in babies born at the home.

OKLAHOMA

How the thing is done in the region where all men are he, as described in a dispatch from the up-and-coming town of Picher:

> A 40,000-gallon distillery has been unearthed in an old lead mine here, two hundred and fifty feet underground. Four wooden vats, each with a capacity of 10,000 gallons, were found in an upper drift of the mine, and four huge copper stills were found in another drift fifty feet lower. Electric pumps to force the finished product into a cooling tank in the upper drift were found in the lower drift. There was a secret connection with a city water line and a secret entrance through a private garage to the mine shaft, where an electrical hoist was used to reach the mine chambers.

OREGON

PROGRESS of the art and mystery of sin in the Scottish Rite Belt, as reported by the *Central Oregon Press*, published at Bend:

> Owen Thompson, known here as L. D. Bacher and charged with violation of the Mann Act, was taken to Portland to face the Federal grand jury. The woman with whom he has been living, Mrs. L. D. Bacher, was also taken along. She is being held as a material witness against him. Thompson, according to officers, after stealing L. D. Bacher's wife and unborn child, also stole his identity and name.

PENNSYLVANIA

BLANK distributed to rural Christians by Prohibition Administrator Baird, of the Pittsburgh district:

Address P. O. Box 538, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Indicate by checkmark.)

Manufacture.... Sale.... Transportation.... Storage.... Cutting.... Possession.... Solicitation.... Saloon....

Restaurant... Store... Drug Store... Dwelling House.... Hotel.... Garage.... Outhouse .... Barn....

Name of Violator .....
Located at No..... Street.... Town.....
Remarks .....

COMMENT upon the above by the distinguished Pittsburgh *Sun:*

Do we carry a grudge against Neighbor Brown? Do we think that maybe he may have a bottle of elderberry wine in his cellar? Check "dwelling house." Check "possession." Write in Neighbor Brown's name and address. Mail the coupon. Mr. Baird's trusty agents will do the rest! And need we sign the form? Does Mr. Baird ask us to give our name as an evidence of good faith? Read: "You will be protected in coöperation with the Federal Government by using the form. . . . Mail the form from some other post-office than your own, if you so desire." A malicious heart and a two-cent stamp are all that are required to set a pack of Federal inquisitors upon the house of any man.

How the emancipation of women is adding to the dignity of justice, as revealed by a Pittsburgh dispatch:

Mrs. Lulu Mosby, a clubwoman, and active in politics, said she battled all night to swing a jury to the acquittal of four Clairton policemen accused of felonious assault. She won acquittals for three, but the jury reported inability to agree on the fourth. Seven men and five women comprised the jury.

While the argument was at its height, Mrs. Mosby said, one woman sat on the lap of a male juror and smoked a cigarette while talking of matters far from the case under discussion. Epithets which would have been out of place in a saloon flew as her opponents sought to swerve her convictions, Mrs. Mosby said.

"Parodies of popular songs and of off-color street ditties, with my name as the butt of their ridicule, became the weapon of some jurors," she said. "Others made slurring remarks and composed jingles reflecting on me. One man looked at me and at the street, four stories below, and remarked: "'That would be a long drop for you.'"

RHODE ISLAND

LAW ENFORCEMENT news from Woonsocket, in the Providence *Bulletin:*

Saloon keepers of Woonsocket were instructed by policemen to close up their saloons on Saturday night and not to open them until Monday morning.

SOUTH CAROLINA

EXULTANT gloat in *Blease's Weekly:*

Senator Blease's biography shows him to be a member of the following fraternal organizations: Improved Order of Red Men, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Loyal Order of Moose, Knights of Pythias, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and Woodmen of the World. In three of these bodies he has had the honor of holding the following high stations: He has been a Past Chancellor Commander in the Knights of Pythias; Dictator of the Loyal Order of Moose; Great Sachem and Great Representative of the Improved Order of Red Men; and Grand Master, Grand Patriarch and Grand Representative of Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge to the Sovereign Grand Lodge in the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. These honors in fraternal organizations have been held by no other South Carolinian.

SOCIOLOGICAL news item from Orangeburg:

Love powders, said to possess potent powers in match-making, are the basis of a brisk trade among the colored element of Orangeburg. Druggists catering to this trade are said to be doing a heavy business. Reluctant and unresponsive maidens of the dusky race are said to yield very readily to the powers of these powders. The powders are said to be most effective when sprinkled over the head of the object of affection. When this cannot be accomplished, a generous portion placed beneath the door of her room is said to work the magic charm which delivers her into the wooing arms of her yearning suitor.

TENNESSEE

SERMON subject at a Methodist basilica in Knoxville:

PUTTING GOD TO BED

NEWS item omitted by Tennessee boosters from the go-getter stuff they send out to lure tourists into the Baptist Holy Land:

All gasoline filling stations of the Standard Oil Company in the State of Tennessee will be closed on Sunday in conformity with a blue law enacted 123 years ago, representatives of the company announced today. This decision followed a ruling by the State Supreme Court that the old blue law is still effective. Nashville had enacted an ordinance prohibiting the sale of gasoline within the city limits on Sunday. After

a number of filling stations were established just outside the city limits George W. Carter, a Nashville constable, instituted action against one of the proprietors under the law of 1803, which has now been upheld.

TEXAS

MANIFESTO issued to a candid world by the Hon. E. M. Edwards, of Georgetown:

Bishop Jas. E. Dickey, Presiding Over Central Texas Conference, Of Methodist Church South at Waxahachie, Refused this day to Take or Hear Detail of Complaint, Neither did the Bishop appoint any Committee to investigate this matter, GIVEN BY WRITER, and THAT WRITER, A RESIDENT OF GEORGETOWN, THINKS IS BORDERING ON THE WORST FORM OF INFIDELITY, OR AT LEAST HERESY. Is civilization itself not being attacked, as well as Christianity?

On Sunday, July 26, 1925, Sunday 10 A.M. at Sunday School, in the Methodist Church South, at Georgetown, Texas, the teacher of the Men's Bible Class, a Mr. Claude Howard, and who is also a teacher in the Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas, made the following remarks, to wit:

This is a day of FREE THOUGHT, LIBERALISM, NEW THOUGHT, etc., "and that it is not necessary, in my judgment that one belong to any church whatsoever to go to Heaven," stating further he had all respect for Sun Worshipers, or any other so called heathen god worshipers, and that he saw no reason why that all worshipers of every kind should not be saved.

I kept shaking my head at Mr. Howard telling him that I could not agree with him and it was at this time that I asked him if he were not a Universalist himself? Whereupon he replied, that "I am often called a Universalist," never at any time denying that he was a Universalist; then it was that Mr. Howard asked Rev Renfro his opinion along this line. Rev. Renfro replying that I heartily indorse all you have said and will change my former subject and preach along this thought at 8 P. M. During this night sermon I took down the following remarks, to wit:

"I DON'T THINK IT AT ALL NECESSARY FOR ANY ONE TO BELONG TO ANY CHURCH TO BE SAVED" (He said this in spite of Christs words, "He that Believeth and is Baptized shall be saved",)

"It is not Necessary to KEEP ANY PARTICULAR DAY AS A DAY OF REST OR SABBATH DAY. JUST KEEP ANY ONE THAT IS THE MOST CONVENIENT TO KEEP. BUT DON'T BE SO CAREFUL TO KEEP IT SO STRICT AS OUR PURITAN FATHERS DID" (Yet the Bible set a certain day, and said "Remember the SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY")

"I DO NOT SAY THAT A PERSON IS NOT A CHRISTIAN WHO ATTENDS THE DANCE", (We are told that John the Baptist lost his head because of the dance). When he had finished his sermon, I went to him and asked him if he meant it like he said; but he turned aside and refused to discuss it further with me.

On Sunday Nov 1st, 1925, Rev Renfro in his sermon said this is a day of "NEW THOUGHT."

The Presiding Elder being out of town, and I did not know what else to do I wrote the above facts to Bishop Dickey, at Waco, but with no reply, and at same time I sent a copy of these Charges to the Presiding Elder, whom I have always known to love; but afterwards the Presiding Elder met me on the street and volunteered the conversation, talking very unkind to me for making the above complaints.

In the first part of 1925, Rev. Renfro had a Rev. Marvin J. Culberth, from a city further North, to assist him in a meeting at Georgetown, Rev. Culberth speaking at the church at 7 P. M. and at the Southwestern at 10 A. M.

It was one or the other of these places that Rev. Culberth spoke of wanting to do away with the WHITE MAN'S PRIMARY IN THE SOUTH ALSO THE JIM CROW LAWS, which keep the whites and negroes separate, thus teaching, as I see it, social equality between the negroes and whites. When Rev. Culberth had made his last talk at the church, it was then that the President of the Southwestern University and the Rev. Renfro, arose with a paper of indorsement that they read to the church, of Rev. Culberth's preaching, giving paper to Rev. Culberth.

As stated the Bishop this day refused to take the above complaint. May we not pray that God will give us more MARTIN LUTHERS to nail up more truths protesting against such actions as the Bishop has taken in this case.

I am very kindly yours for old time Southern Methodism and to fight all untruthful evolution, or Modernism, or any other form of infidelity.

E. M. EDWARDS,
Georgetown, Texas.

VIRGINIA

THE Rev. Dr. J. Luther Sieber, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church of Roanoke, as reported by the *Times* of the same town:

David was the first Boy Scout.

WEST VIRGINIA

RISE of a new world's champion among the feudists, as reported in a dispatch by the electric telegraph from Morgantown:

After a practice session last week during which he devoured two cheese sandwiches, six pork chops, one large loaf of Italian bread, a dish of lettuce salad and another loaf of bread, Louis Tsirigotis, owner of a lunch wagon, has announced he will go after the world's eating record some time this week. His tentative menu includes twelve pounds of fish, four loaves of bread, five cups of coffee and two dozen eggs. Police officers will referee the contest.

THE BLUE SPRUCE

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

SWAN SWANSON was rolling his thick red sweater over his hips when he saw Lars Olson drive past his house on his way to the ski tournament. Lars Olson was standing on the floor of his sleigh, with his feet far apart, and the reins loose in his hand. His long skiis, propped against the driver's seat, were like yellow saplings against the sky. He wore his orange stocking cap with the tassel swinging by a twisted cord, and he also had on his great orange sweater, although Swan Swanson could see only the collar of it rising out of his fur coat. It was a coon skin coat, yellow and white and brown, and Lars Olson had bought it just a year ago with the prize money he had won at the tournament.

His horses flattened their ears and stretched their necks as his whip cracked with a sharp sound like river ice breaking in the spring, and they skimmed the road with their fat bellies. Their little harness bells jingled. Lars Olson slued past without once looking towards Swan Swanson's house, although it stood in its clearing only two rods from the road.

Swan Swanson laughed at that. He sat down on the log he had squared the Winter before with his axe, close to the stove, and pulled his socks over his big feet—four pair of socks, diminishing in length from first to last, so that the tops of the exterior pair were four stripes under the knees of his red mackinaw trousers. He grunted as he tugged at his rubber pac boots. Then, standing up, he worked himself into his red mackinaw coat and pulled his red stocking cap well over his bulging ears and under his sweater collar at the back, so that nothing of him could be seen except his blue eyes and his little pink nose and his yellow mustache. Finally he took his double yarn mittens from the shelf and his skiis from the corner by the door, and stepped out into the snow.

The day was cold and clear and perfectly silent. There were no clouds to drop fresh snow on the ski slide, no hazy thaw to melt its hard-packed surface. The very air seemed frozen. It pricked Swan Swanson's nostrils, as he bent over his skiis, so that big drops gathered on the tip of his nose. It drew tears to his eyes, and it rang in his ears like a hundred clanging bells. He stamped his skiis on the snow. Yesterday the sun had been warm enough to melt the surface the least little bit, and the night had refrozen it in a thin, glassy sheet, slightly pebbled, which cracked and crumbled under the skiis, and exposed the snow underneath, loose and light and granular, like sugar.

He plunged his pole in the snow, and pushed himself forward. The red-tipped points of his skiis, upturned, ran ahead of him between the trees. His pole made deep, slanting holes in the drifts. He crossed the old logging road down which Lars Olson had driven and struck out, across country, through the burned timber. All around him were the silver corpses of pine trees killed by the forest fires. They looked like gigantic steel pins stuck in a white cushion. Sometimes Swan Swanson had to duck under a corpse which had fallen and been caught in the arms of its dead neighbor; sometimes he had to vault, skiis swinging awkwardly, over a protruding limb or a barbed wire fence; sometimes he climbed a hill with staggered

skiis pointing outward; sometimes he had to turn sidewise and cut steps for himself in the steep side of a snow bank. When he could, he coasted; when he couldn't, he glided, and he could stop himself almost instantly by a little jump and a swing to either side.

II

Swan Swanson came, after a while, to the top of a hill, and he halted for a minute and looked down, because he could see from there, as from nowhere else within miles, the broad, cold surface of Lake Superior. Today it was on fire with the cold. The steam was rolling up from it like smoke. The white ice rimmed the shore. Streaks of white floated on the blue. Swan Swanson laughed. He liked the cold. The tighter the mercury hugged itself in the bulb of his thermometer, the louder he laughed.

Between him and the lake lay the town, through which he had to pass on his way to the tournament. From above it was a great white field, broken only by the stove pipes and the black smoke which rose like pillars, straight up to the sky. Swan Swanson yelped, and lunged forward, and swooped down upon the town like a hawk.

Usually the town, in Winter, was buried and silent. Only an occasional load of logs, or a boy with a muffler and a sled, or a woman wrapped in shawls and bending to meet the wind could be seen. And the houses, on ordinary days, were like toys lost in the snow, buttressed, as they were, with the drifts, half way to the tops of the windows, capped with snow on their roofs, and cut off from the sun by the thick frost which lined their windows.

But today was tournament day, and the snow had been shoveled away from the doorways, and the yellow pine doors in the storm sheds of the Bee Hive Store and the barber shop and the Svenska café banged pleasantly as the lumberjacks and farmers and timber cruisers marched in and out. In front of the post-office sleighs were waiting, while their drivers stamped their feet and flapped their arms and blew their noses with their fingers into the drifts. Swedes and Norwegians and Finns, laughing and jabbering, were crowding into the sleighs and digging their feet into the straw which lay in the bottom, and drawing the quilts on which they sat over their shoulders, and tucking the bear-skin robes under their knees. These were mostly the women and children and old folks. The men preferred their skiis. A few even preferred to tramp laboriously on snow-shoes. The snow was etched with the long double grooves of the ski tracks and the criss-cross of the webbing of the snow-shoes.

At the Grand Hotel, Swan Swanson, who was gliding through the smooth snow at the roadside, passed Lars Olson's sleigh. His horses were pawing and whinnying and jangling their bells, and sweating steam all over their bodies. They had frost on their flanks and icicles on their chins and red paper rosettes on their harnesses. Swan Swanson shook his fist at them and laughed. For Lars Olson was boasting, no doubt, by the red-hot stove in the hotel, and flapping the skirt of his coon-skin coat, and telling how Swan Swanson, in the tournament last year, had landed on a little blue spruce tree and had rolled heels over head down the hillside. Swan Swanson, he would say, guffawing, whose two first jumps had been longer than anyone else's, had been so sure he would win with the third . . . and instead, he had rolled heels over head down the hill. Ha! Ha! Ha! And Lars Olson, who had jumped almost as far, and had landed on his feet, had won, and had bought his coon-skin coat. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Laughing, Swan Swanson left the road at the edge of town, and struck out, once more, through the woods. Not dead woods, this time, but second growth, green and brown and sappy. The spruces and firs were squatting in the snow, touching the top of it with their lowest branches. The pines, Jack and white and Norway, held the skirts of their boughs much higher, and some of them were humped about the

shoulders, like women wading in a river, looking down solicitously at their long, rough legs. Around the base of every tree was a depression, where the heat of the living wood had melted the snow, and the shadows, there and everywhere, were lavender. Where there were no shadows, there was the bleak, bluish waste of snow, which glinted with tiny points of red and violet and yellow. The patches of glare ice on the frozen streams, across which Swan Swanson leaped on his skiis, were as blue as the sky.

Yelping and grimacing and singing, he climbed three hills and coasted into three valleys. He unbuttoned his mackinaw, and pulled the mittens from his big red hands. His white breath was hot on his chin. He stretched out his collar to cool his sweating neck. At the top of the fourth hill he swerved back to the road, because he could see ahead of him the wooden scaffolding, yellow with the sun shining on it, and the ski slide, like a long white scroll on the next and highest hill. The club-house lay buried at its foot . . . a few tiers of logs and a smoking stove-pipe in the snow. Everywhere the people stood in groups, like patterns of bright color on a screen. And as he stooped for his final coast, he heard, behind him in the road, the little jingling bells of Lars Olson's team, and saw the tassel of his orange cap rise over the crest of the hill. Swan Swanson wrinkled his face in a laugh.

III

Swan Swanson drew the first place. There were thirty-three of them, stamping and laughing, and joking. He fastened his number to the chest of his red sweater, and threw down his mackinaw coat and his double yarn mittens. He flapped his arms and stamped his feet and climbed the ladder which rose from the hilltop to the peak of the slide. The country below him was as white and as smooth as a frosted cake, and the evergreens were like candles, ready for the match.

Swan Swanson stood on the platform at the top, and shoved his toes into the straps of his skiis and slipped the thong well over his heel. The wooden slide, padded with evergreen boughs and covered with a layer of snow, packed and firm, was a precipice at his feet. In a minute, now, Swan Swanson would slide down that sheer descent to the take-off half way down the hill, and he would shoot out into space from that take-off like a ball from a cannon, and if he were lucky, he would land on his feet somewhere near the blue spruce which was planted like a warning in the snow. Swan Swanson felt the muscles ripple in his legs and arms and torso. He laughed.

There he stood at the top with his great arms folded on his chest. There was a bugle call. He heard its echoes in the valley. Then he crouched and glided forward and plunged down the steep and slippery slide. The air was a whistle in his ears. The trees were a streak before his eyes.

He straightened when he reached the take-off. He flung out his arms like wings, and like wings they bore him through the air. He seemed to be soaring over the tops of the little firs. The wind was a hurricane on his face and chest. He looked for the little blue spruce, and he saw it, at last, far ahead, on his left. If he had been a hawk, he could have reached it with two flaps of his wings. If the slide had been steeper . . . if his start had been faster. . . . But the ground was eager for his feet; it drew him down like a magnet. The little blue spruce was still three yards ahead of him when he landed with a tremendous whack in the snow. His knees bent, and straightened again. Yelping, he coasted triumphantly to the bottom of the hill, and waved his arms, and laughed at the crowd.

Swan Swanson did not immediately climb back to the hilltop. Instead he stood, as near as he dared, to the little blue spruce. He stripped a handful of its juicy needles and chewed them as he waited. His eyes narrowed to a little slit when he saw an orange sweater and an orange cap at the top of the slide. Lars Olson, who had been first last year, was now twenty-first. He

was a Baltimore oriole with long, yellow toes. Yet he crouched like a cat, and like a cat he jumped, claws spread, and like a cat he landed on his feet not two yards behind the blue spruce. He grinned at Swan Swanson as he passed.

Swan Swanson snapped a bough from the tree. He stuck a piece of it through the stitches of his sweater. He glared and frowned and spat in the snow and mumbled in Swedish as he climbed with his long skiis over his shoulder past the crowd to the top of the hill.

The bugle notes, this second time, were clear and true and very cold. Swan Swanson crouched even lower than Lars Olson; he leaped even higher; he landed within four feet of the blue spruce. His laugh echoed in the valley as he veered to the left at the bottom of the hill.

A second time Swan Swanson waited by the blue spruce until he saw the orange streak of Lars Olson's body on the sky. He saw the grooves in the under side of Lars Olson's skiis. Lars Olson seemed to keep himself aloft with the flapping of his long orange arms. He seemed to draw his knees up, so that his skiis cleared the snow. While he floated and soared, Swan Swanson chewed the ends of his yellow moustache.

The skiis whacked on the snow. If Lars Olson had been ten feet to the left, he would have landed on the blue spruce. As it was, his second jump exceeded Swan Swanson's by more than a yard . . . provided, of course, he could keep his balance. Otherwise, Swan Swanson knew, as he bent to watch, that Olson might as well not have jumped at all.

Lars Olson struggled to right himself. He twisted and wriggled and pawed the air. He snorted and sputtered. He swore. He lurched, and caught himself; lurched again, and caught himself . . . and he toppled, at last, still struggling, into a drift. He rolled over down the bank. His skiis spun like pinwheels on the Fourth of July.

Swan Swanson laughed until he doubled up. He thumped his knees and his broad red chest. He danced in the snow. He shook the snow from the boughs of the little blue spruce. Like a giant, now, he strode up the snow banks. His hearty laugh bounded down the hillside. His long skiis were like feathers on his wide shoulder.

He could now hardly wait for the bugle call. He looked, as he hurtled down, for the green-blue cone of the spruce. He flapped his great red arms and drew up his long yellow feet. And he saw, as he soared, the tip of the blue spruce under his hand.

He was jolted by the shock of his landing. The red tips of his skiis tried to meet and cross and throw him to the ground. He struggled to hold them straight. He doubled up and twisted half way around and pawed the air. He grunted and moaned and swore. He lurched, and caught himself; and lurched again, and caught himself again. He had no idea where he was, or how much farther he had to go when he heard the cheers of the crowd. They were shouting: "Swan! Swan! Hi Swan!" Still gesticulating like a clown, Swan Swanson swerved into a snow bank at the foot of the hill, and stood upright, with his arms outspread. He laughed, because around the corner of the log house, he saw Lars Olson hitching his team to his sleigh.

Swan Swanson, heavy with doughnuts and coffee and little Swedish cakes, set out for home on his red-tipped skiis. He could feel the weight of the gold pieces in his mackinaw pocket. He chose the road because of the crowd. He pulled his cap over his eyebrows and rolled his sweater collar up to his moustache. Every time a sleigh passed him with jingling bells and laughter and singing, he yelped and waved his thick arm. It was dark. The sun had gone down under the snow at the edge of the sky. The lavender shadows had deepened to purple, and the white snow was a luminous gray. A little moon rolled like a wheel of ice along the tree tops whose shadows ribbed the road.

Swan Swanson cleared his throat. Lustily he sang, as the sleighs slued past him: "Mondägen är en frivillig dag." His yodel echoed from a hundred snowy hills.

THE FATHERS AT WORK AND PLAY

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

> The proudest heritage of this country is that all through its history there has run, like a golden thread, a deeply religious strain. It would seem that our great leaders in the past have sensed the sublime truth which Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus phrased so strikingly when he said: "Statesmanship is seeing where Almighty God is going and then getting things out of His way."
>
> H. F. Atwood, *in* "Keep God in American History."

The venality of present-day party politics in the United States, even under such idealistic leaders as Dr. Wilson and Mr. Coolidge, would scarcely be denied by the most ethereal publicist, but it is usually assumed that this is a phase of human debasement which has come to us as a symptom of the national decay that has gone on since the golden age of the Fathers. The Fathers are conventionally held not only to have been above party, but even to have been ignorant of the very fact of party life. To substantiate this view simple-minded folk point to the establishment of the Electoral College by the Constitutional Convention; it is taken as proof of the assumption of the Fathers that the new government would be entirely free from the bias of parties. Further evidence is frequently drawn from such statements as that of Jefferson, that he would rather go to hell without a party than to heaven bound down by party obligations, and that of Marshall, that "nothing more debases or pollutes the human mind than party." It is argued that the Fathers believed that there would never be any degrading intervention of factions in the new Republic, and that they expected its political life to be based upon pure rationality and the utmost unselfishness.

But this beautiful idyll is quickly punctured, once we come to consult the actual facts. We find that there were well-developed party divisions in the Colonial period. Long before the close of the Eighteenth Century, indeed, party machinery had begun to exhibit an elaborate development, and party leaders had perfected a technique of control which would have put to shame such masters as Tom Platt or Matthew Quay. I quote no less an authority than John Adams:

> You say our divisions began with Federalism and anti-Federalism? Alas! They began with human nature; they have existed in America from its first plantation. In every colony, divisions always prevailed. In New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Massachusetts, and all the rest, a court and country party has always contended.

Adams thus described the highly spiritual and sanctified atmosphere pervading the political activities of the pre-Revolutionary saints and patriots of Boston:

> Boston, February. This day learned that the Caucus Club meets, at certain times, in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of the Boston Regulars. He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in his garret which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other. There they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator, who puts questions to the vote regularly; and selectmen, assessors, collectors, wardens, firewards, and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town. Uncle Fairfield, Story, Ruddock, Adams, Cooper and a *rudis indigestaque moles* of others are members. They send committees to wait on the merchant's club, and to propose and join in the choice of men and measures. Captain Cunningham says they have often solicited him to go to those caucuses, they have assured him benefits in his business, etc.

The effectiveness of party methods before the Revolution is admirably illustrated by the liquor bill of one George

Washington, a candidate for the Virginia House of Burgesses in Frederick county in 1758:

40 gallons of Rum Punch @ 3/6 pr. galn.	7	0	0
15 gallons of Wine @ 10/ pr. galn.	7	10	0
Dinner for your Friends	3	0	0
13½ gallons of Wine @ 10/	6	15	
3½ pts. of Brandy @ 1/3		4	4½
13 galls. Beer @ 1/3		16	3
8 qts. Cyder Royl @ 1/6	0	12	0
30 gallns. of strong beer @ 8d pr. gall.		1	0
1 hhd. & 1 Barrell of Punch, consisting of 26 gals. best Barbadoes rum @ 5/	6	10	0
12 lbs. S. Refd. Sugar @ 1/6		18	9
10 Bowls of Punch @ 2/6 each	1	5	0
9 half pints of rum @ 7½d each		5	7½
1 pint of wine		1	6

Washington won an overwhelming victory, though he had been defeated in the previous election. He wrote to his bootlegger that he hoped everybody had all they wanted to drink and that there had been no discrimination.

The early party alignments were more clearly demarcated and the technique of party machinery much extended during the conflicts over the policies of Alexander Hamilton in Washington's first administration, over the policy of Washington himself with respect to the French Revolution, and over the Alien and Sedition Laws. By 1800 the Republican party had been developed by Jefferson with a thoroughness and astuteness not surpassed by any political leader since, if one takes into consideration the difficulties of the time with respect to travel and communication. Parallel with this development of a national machine went the growth of machines in the several States, where the sordidness of the methods employed soon far excelled that of those developed in the national arena. The dodges associated with the names of Clinton, Burr, Giles, Gerry and others are certainly sufficient to indicate the truth of this. It is further illuminating to remember that these primeval examples of political depravity and corruption were not the products of democracy. They were rather the outgrowth of the activities of about as narrow and select a political aristocracy as has ever attempted to operate party government among us. Professor McMaster, in the following paragraphs, summarizes these distressing facts:

> Whoever reads the current magazines and newspapers, whoever listens to the oratory of the pulpit and the after-dinner speeches of political reformers, is well aware of the existence of a widespread belief that politicians and legislators and public men are more corrupt today than they were in the time of our ancestors, and that the cause of our political debasement is a free and unrestricted ballot. This, most happily, is a pure delusion. A very little study of long-forgotten politics will suffice to show that in filibustering and gerrymandering, in stealing governorships and legislatures, in using force at the polls, in colonising and in distributing patronage to whom patronage is due, in all the frauds and tricks that go to make up the worst form of practical politics, the men who founded our State and national governments were always our equals, and often our masters. Yet they lived in times when universal suffrage did not exist, and when the franchise was everywhere guarded by property and religious qualifications of the strictest kind.
>
> From the standpoint of those who, in our day, disapprove of universal suffrage, this ought to have been a time of great political purity. The voters were taxpayers, Christians, and owners of property. The office-holders were men of substance, while the qualifications for holding office increased with the dignity of the place. Yet it was, in truth, a period of great political depravity.

McMaster in this chapter, significantly entitled, "The Political Depravity of the Fathers," from his book, "With the Fathers," goes on to give numerous examples of typical party technique and methods at the close of the Eighteenth Century, including such well-known devices as filibustering, gerrymandering, the steam-roller, and the throwing out of legitimate votes through the influence of the dominant party. Even scandal-mongering was not infrequent, a notorious example being the spreading of news about Hamilton's affair with Mrs. Reynolds by James Monroe, later President of the United States, of whom it was asserted in the high school text on American history used by the writer that if "his soul had been turned wrong-side out not a single spot could have been discovered upon it." Thus, if idealistic youth is to seek for political purity in our annals, it must go back to a period before the settlement of America by the white man.

II

In the noble brochure by Mr. Atwood quoted at the outset of this paper we are given the impression that the men of the generation which brought into being the Constitution were as peerless in their private piety as in their political chastity. Indeed, it is the prevailing view that the Fathers, if they had survived into our own time, would be found locking arms with the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton today, and would have clamored for permission to line up with the late Mr. Bryan in the recent prosecution of the infidel Scopes.

It is, however, a lamentable and disheartening fact that the majority of eminent Americans in the generation of the Fathers were not professing Christians. Their generation was distinctly less religious than that of Ingersoll, which came a century later. Indeed, the views of Ingersoll would have caused no disturbance whatever among the intellectual classes in the days of George Washington. The distinguished Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, said in a sermon on Ingersoll that "his ideas were very largely those of Voltaire, of Gibbon, of Hume, of Thomas Paine, of Thomas Jefferson, of Benjamin Franklin, and of a good many others of our prominent Revolutionary heroes." The Rev. Dr. Wilson, in a sermon published in the Albany *Daily Advertiser* in 1831, pointed in dismay to the fact that most of the Founders were "infidels," and that, of the first seven Presidents, not one had ever professed his belief in Christianity. The good Doctor protested thus:

> When the war was over and the victory over our enemies won, and the blessings and happiness of liberty and peace were secured, the Constitution was framed and God was neglected. He was not merely forgotten. He was absolutely voted out of the Constitution. The proceedings, as published by Thompson, the secretary, and the history of the day, show that the question was gravely debated whether God should be in the Constitution or not, and after a solemn debate He was deliberately voted out of it. . . . There is not only in the theory of our government no recognition of God's laws and sovereignty, but its practical operation, its administration, has been conformable to its theory. Those who have been called to administer the government have not been men making any public profession of Christianity. . . . Washington was a man of valor and wisdom. But he was not a professing Christian.

The late Col. Roosevelt, in one of his more facetious and gracious moments, referred to Thomas Paine, who had rendered most notable services in promoting the independence of the Republic, as a "dirty little atheist." If so, then most of the Fathers—certainly Franklin, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—were likewise "dirty little atheists," for they all shared the beliefs of Paine, as did most of the other intellectuals of the time. All were rationalists. The Deists had come into existence about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, when their principles were formulated by Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The Deists held that there was a universal religion natural or common to all men in all times and places. This "natural religion" was based fundamentally upon the dictates and concepts of human reason, as opposed to the faith and credulity of the orthodox Christian of 1776 or 1926. The fundamental tenets of Deism were: (1) belief in a supernatural being or Deity; (2) this Deity should be worshipped by man; (3) the chief purpose of worship is to promote human virtue; and (4) the nature of the life after death will be determined by the type of life led by the individual upon earth. The Deists believed that these views and doctrines had been in differing degrees of development evident among all branches of the human race since the period of creation. They did not derive them in any sense from the Jews nor did they believe the Bible to be a specially revealed or inspired book. As far as Christianity possessed any validity, the Deists held that this was solely because the teachings of Jesus squared fairly well with the fundamental principles of Deism and not in any sense because it was derived from a supposedly sacred book. It will thus be seen that Deism was a religion of thorough-going rationalists, and differed widely from modern orthodoxy, either Catholic or Prot-

estant. It was identical with the opinions of those liberal theologians who are now being assailed so vigorously by the Fundamentalists. Among the great men of the Eighteenth Century who espoused Deism were Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Adam Smith and Tom Paine. Deism tended to identify God and nature, and to look upon nature in a somewhat mechanistic way. Thus it must be apparent that the Deists were in no sense atheists, but they have always appeared so to orthodox Christians. It is true, however, that the more enlightened among them regarded such religious views as those now held by Dr. Stratton with the utmost contempt.

When we examine the religious ideas of the leading Fathers we find that nearly all of them were Deists or Unitarians. It is well known that in his youth Benjamin Franklin was a thorough-going Deist, but because he proposed that prayers be said in the Constitution Convention of 1787 many have contended that in later life he became a pious Christian. It is probable that his proposal of prayers had a purely political and diplomatic objective, and was made with his tongue in his cheek. At any rate, at the age of eighty-four he formulated his religious beliefs for President Ezra Stiles of Yale College. It will be seen from the following citations from his creed that he was still a thorough-going Deist:

> I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe. That He governs it by His providence. That He ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render Him is doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. . . . As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of Whom you particularly desire, I think His system of morals and His religion, as He left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to His Divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making His doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme Being takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in His government of the world with any peculiar marks of His displeasure.

As Sydney George Fisher has well expressed it, "Franklin's belief at the close of his life was Deism, which was the same faith that he had professed when a boy. From boyish Deism he had passed to youthful negation, and from negation returned to Deism again."

George Washington is usually represented as having been a pious and devout communicant of the Episcopal Church, but both Bishop William White and the Rev. James Abercrombie, pastors of the churches which he attended, denied that he ever received communion. Washington was in the habit of leaving the church before the communion, and Dr. Abercrombie once preached a sermon at him, emphasizing the danger of persons in high places setting a bad example. Thereafter he never attended church on Communion Sunday. Dr. Abercrombie states categorically that Washington was unquestionably a Deist. Theodore Parker says of his religion:

> He had much of the principle, little of the sentiments of religion. He was more moral than pious. In early life a certain respect for ecclesiastical forms made him vestryman at two churches. This respect for outward forms with ministers and reporters for newspapers very often passes for the substance of religion. It does not appear that Washington took a deep and spontaneous delight in religious emotions more than in poetry, in works of art, or in the beauties of nature. . . . Silence is a figure of speech, and in the latter years of his life I suppose his theological opinions were those of John Adams, Dr. Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson, only he was not a speculative man, and did not care to publish them to the world.

Essentially the same judgment is rendered by Dr. Minot J. Savage:

> Those best qualified to testify tell us that he was decidedly liberal in his theology in his mature manhood; and we know he was not shocked by the teachings of Thomas Paine. That he trusted in God, believed in a Providence that in some large way guided human destiny, is, doubtless, true; but that he was an evangelical Christian is almost certainly not true.

In negotiating a treaty with Tripoli regarding a settlement of the piracy nuisance late in his second administration, Washington's agent assured the Mohammedans that the "government of the United States

is not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion." In 1896, an effort was made to insert in the Constitution a Christian Amendment, which would specifically include the name of Jesus. A speaker for the amendment deplored Washington's "atheistic" proclivities and pointed to "the desperate condition of his army in the Jerseys, when the great commander, instead of ordering the Bible to be read to his regiments, ordered Tom Paine's 'Crisis' read aloud to his barefoot soldiers." Whatever the degree of Washington's piety, the versatility, variety, resonance and cogency of his profanity aroused the awe and admiration of a generation whose general level of achievement in this branch of æsthetics was not to be sneezed at.

John Adams was originally trained for the ministry, but his independence and originality of thought led him to the conviction that he could not possibly find intellectual or professional satisfaction in that trade. Specifically, he was a Unitarian, as was his son, John Quincy Adams. Adams sent the above-mentioned Tripolitan treaty to the Senate with his approval.

Of all the Fathers the most outspoken in regard to religious beliefs was Jefferson. He has been diversely claimed as a Unitarian and a Deist. Above all considerations of religion Jefferson placed the dominion of reason, and wrote thus to his nephew while the latter was attending school:

> Fix Reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because, if there be one, He must more approve the homage of reason than of blindfolded fear. . . . Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If it end in a belief that there is no God, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you feel in its exercise and in the love of others which it will procure for you.

Jefferson's views about the Bible are well brought out in the following paragraph:

> Read the Bible as you would Livy or Tacitus. For example, in the book of Joshua we are told the sun stood still for several hours. Were we to read that fact in Livy or Tacitus we should class it with their showers of blood, the speaking of their statues, beasts, etc. But it is said that the writer of that book was inspired. Examine, therefore, candidly, what evidence there is of his having been inspired. The pretension is entitled to your inquiry, because millions believe it. On the other hand, you are astronomer enough to know how contrary it is to the law of nature.

The opinions of Jefferson in regard to the New Testament emerge from the following representative quotations:

> Keep in your eye the opposite pretensions: First, of those who say He [Jesus] was begotten by God, born of a virgin, suspended and reversed the laws of Nature at will, and ascended bodily into heaven; and second, of those who say He was a man of illegitimate birth, of a benevolent heart, enthusiastic mind, who set out without pretensions to divinity, ended in believing them, and was punished capitally for sedition by being gibbeted, according to the Roman law, which punished the first commission of that offence by whipping, and the second by exile or death in furca. . . .
>
> The day will come when the mystical generation of Jesus, by the Supreme Being as His father, in the womb of a virgin, will be classed with the fable of the generation of Minerva in the brain of Jupiter. . . .
>
> Among the sayings and discourses imputed to Him by His biographers, I find many passages of fine imagination, correct morality, and of the most lovely benevolence; and others, again, of so much ignorance, of so much absurdity, so much untruth and imposture, as to pronounce it impossible that such contradictions should have proceeded from the same being. I separate, therefore, the gold from the dross, restore to Him the former, and leave the latter to the stupidity of some and the roguery of others of His disciples.

Following out the suggestion in the last paragraph, Jefferson actually compiled an expurgated edition of the New Testament, endeavoring to emphasize the moral teachings of Jesus. This has recently been republished, both in the King James version which Jefferson used and the modernized Weymouth version. Jefferson possessed the natural hatred of the rationalist and freethinker for the savagery of the early Jews and their concept of God. He denominates the Old Testament God "a Being of terrific character—cruel, vindictive, capricious and unjust." The orthodox patriarchal Jews he describes as "a bloody race, as cruel and remorseless as the Being whom they represented as the family God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, and the local God of Israel." Jefferson had little use for clergymen. He spoke of them thus:

> In every country and in every age the priest has been hostile to liberty; he is always in alliance with the despot, abetting his abuses in return for protection to his own. . . .
>
> The serious enemies are the priests of the different religious sects, to whose spells on the human mind its improvement is ominous. . . .
>
> The Presbyterian clergy are the loudest, the most intolerant of all sects; the most tyrannical and ambitious, ready at the word of the lawgiver, if such a word could now be obtained, to put their torch to the pile, and to rekindle in this virgin hemisphere the flame in which their oracle, Calvin, consumed the poor Servetus, because he could not subscribe to the proposition of Calvin, that magistrates have a right to exterminate all heretics to the Calvinistic creed! They pant to re-establish by law that Holy Inquisition which they can now only infuse into public opinion.

Even in his own age Jefferson was regarded as an infidel, and in the election of 1800 his political enemies capitalized this charge of atheism as one of the leading points against his fitness to be President of the United States. He was viciously attacked on this ground in such pamphlets as J. M. Mason's "Voice of Warning to Christians in the Ensuing Election."

Of the remaining Presidents in the first generation of the Republic, both Madison and Monroe were in general accord with their philosophic and political master, Jefferson. Madison's famous "Memorial and Remonstrance Against Religious Assessments" in Virginia is one of the most notable philippics ever hurled against the dangers and oppression inherent in any form of connection between church and state. It was also, incidentally, a noble plea for religious freedom. The two outstanding Fathers who did not hold the office of President, Hamilton and Marshall, were both notable free-thinkers. It was Hamilton who took the lead in opposing Franklin's proposition to have prayers in the Constitutional Convention in 1787, and Marshall was an outspoken Unitarian. Therefore, it is overwhelmingly apparent that our contemporary Fundamentalists can get slight satisfaction and comfort out of the writings of the Fathers, unless they possess the heroic and divinely-guided powers of exegesis exhibited by our friend Mr. Atwood.

III

The conventional view of the Fathers' attitude towards social life represents the patristic generation as one which spent all of its time, aside from its whole-hearted and laborious devotion to the affairs of state, in Bible-reading and in the perusal of Bunyan's "Pilgrims' Progress" and Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest." It would probably be regarded as sacrilege to suggest that the Fathers and their contemporaries were addicted to the devilish practices of dancing, drinking, gambling, and what are conventionally looked upon as even worse vices. Only recently the distinguished man of letters, Mr. Rupert Hughes, barely escaped with his scalp from the irate and embattled Sons and Daughters of the Revolution for suggesting that the Fathers were in sundry respects corporeal and human. The men's Bible class of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church of Huntington, West Virginia, recently denounced dancing as "a thing and practice that will reach to the highest pinnacle known to man and pluck the brightest jewels in all the land and drag them down to degradation and shame and finally to a devil's hell. Dancing is in opposition to the church of God." Yet Paul Leicester Ford tells us in the following paragraphs of Washington's astonishing fondness for terpsichorean dissipation:

> During the Revolution, he killed many a weary hour of Winter quarters by dancing. When the camp spent a day rejoicing over the French alliance, "the celebration," according to Thacher, "was concluded by a splendid ball opened by his Excellency, General Washington, having for his partner the lady of General Knox." Greene describes how "we had a little dance at my quarters a few evenings past. His Excellency and Mrs. Greene danced upwards of three hours without once sitting down." Knox, too, tells of "a most genteel entertainment given by self and officers" at which Washington danced. And at Newport, when Rochambeau gave a ball, by request it was opened by Washington. The dance selected by his partner was "A Successful Campaign," then in high favor, and the French officers took the instruments from the musicians and played while he danced the first figure. . . .
>
> While in Winter quarters he subscribed four hundred dollars (paper money, equal to eleven

dollars in gold) to get up a series of balls, of which Greene wrote, "We have opened an assembly in camp. From this apparent ease, I suppose it is thought we must be in happy circumstances. I wish it was so, but, alas, it is not. Our provisions are in a manner, gone. We have not a ton of hay at command, nor magazine to draw from. Money is extremely scarce and worth little when we get it. We have been so poor in camp for a fortnight, that we could not forward the public dispatches, for want of cash to support the expresses." At the farewell ball given at Annapolis, when the commander-in-chief resigned his command, Tilton relates that "the General danced in every set, that all the ladies might have the pleasure of dancing with him; or as it has since been expressed, 'get a touch of him'."

It is well known that Franklin missed few socio-amatory opportunities during his various missions to Paris. Alexander Hamilton was much addicted to the "deplorable vice" of attending the theatre and concerts. The generation of the Fathers was by modern standards an age of heavy drinkers. James Madison was the only one of them who could claim to be even approximately an abstainer. Franklin and Washington are particularly known as connoisseurs of good liquor. Washington conducted an excellent distillery on his Mt. Vernon plantation, clearing around $1,500 a year on the sale of his liquor. Most of the Fathers were also very fond of card-playing, though none is known to have achieved the remarkable distinction and prowess as a gambler possessed by Henry Clay in the next generation. Washington was particularly fond of cards. He bought packs by the dozen, and he frequently played for no inconsiderable stakes.

When we come to the blushful and difficult matter of the moral life of the Fathers, evidence appears at once that they lived in a period before the American *mores* had been improved by the noble efforts of such men as Anthony Comstock. I have frequently discussed this delicate question with the more notable American authorities on the figures of the time, and though these historians are both admirers of that age and opposed to scandal mongering, they have almost uniformly agreed that it was, when judged by contemporary moral standards, very wicked.

IV

The scanty and scattering material collected above gives us a much more intelligible and convincing view of the Fathers than can be obtained from the conventional folk-lore. Out of their own mouths they prove themselves to have been corporeal human beings and capable and keen-minded men. Their feet were planted solidly on the ground of factual reality, entirely divorced from the metaphysical and transcendental gush and nonsense with which subsequent generations have surrounded them. They were free and fearless in their expressions of opinion, and uniformly opposed to the arbitrary restriction of the intellect. They were also civilized gentlemen, and not the contemptible goose-steppers who now infest our halls of legislation and dance to the music of Wayne B. Wheeler and the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Medicine

SOUR MILK

By Nicholas Kopeloff

Man's first drink is milk. Moreover, it remains a staple article of his diet throughout his life. "The perfect food," from time immemorial, has been subjected to much ingenious modification to tickle diverse palates. Souring it was one of the earliest and simplest methods to be employed extensively. Long before bacteriology was heard of the tribes of Asia, Africa and Europe utilized its principles by souring milk through exposure to the atmosphere. The air-borne germs, all-unrecognized, thus produced such soda-fountain delicacies as koumiss, matzoon, yogurt and the like. These beverages, originated by chance, were later prepared by design, simply by transferring portions of the soured milk to fresh sweet milk.

The good health and long life of the Bulgarian peasants have been generally attributed to their custom of drinking yogurt, or milk soured by the germ known today as *Lactobacillus bulgaricus*. The late Elie Metchnikoff was for bulgarizing us all. This, he thought would be a panacea for all human ills, and so prolong life. His underlying theory was simple, namely, that the large intestine harbors myriads of harmful bacteria and that they cause putrefaction. He proposed to replace them by beneficial bacteria, and for this purpose large numbers of *Lactobacillus bulgaricus*, grown in milk, were employed. The theory was plausible but it did not work. Metchnikoff's name lent it prestige, but in the end it was seen to lack experimental support. In order to transform the intestinal bacteria from a harmful to a beneficial type, it is obviously essential that the desirable bacteria introduced for that purpose remain alive and active in the intestine. Investigation has shown that such is not the case when *L. bulgaricus* is ingested. Its failure to survive dealt a death blow to the Metchnikoff scheme.

Out of the ashes rose the phoenix. Bacteriologists name it *Lactobacillus acidophilus*. It is a twin brother to *L. bulgaricus*, identical in appearance and similar in many of its characteristics. Under the microscope both *L. acidophilus* and *L. bulgaricus* appear as fairly large rods. In reality they measure only about 1–10,000 of an inch in length. On solid media they form colonies that look like specks of wool. They coagulate milk, fermenting the sugar present into lactic acid, which makes the milk sour.

But there is one all-important difference between the two bacteria: *L. acidophilus* survives in the human intestine and *L. bulgaricus* does not. When present in sufficient numbers *L. acidophilus* is actually capable of inducing the bacterial transformation that Metchnikoff dreamed of. It is thus of value in the treatment of constipation. That constipation is a common condition everyone knows. The number of patent and household remedies for its alleviation is legion. Many are habit-forming and therefore vicious; few, if any, are wholly satisfactory. The medical treatment of constipation is tedious, and the cure, to most patients, is worse than the disease. But acidophilus milk now offers a happy solution to the problem, as has been shown by the records of many subjects under treatment.

To cite a single representative case: a woman who was a slave to cathartics, under observation for 103 days, functioned normally (that is, without medication)

but eleven times in that period, or an average of once in ten days. Given acidophilus milk for twenty-eight days she functioned thirteen times, or an average of once in two days. After discontinuing treatment she functioned normally 282 times in 440 days. an average of about two in three days. Furthermore, 84% of the bacteria recoverable from her intestinal tract proved to be *L. acidophilus*. The fact accounted for the benefit she had obtained.

Results even more favorable than those just described might be enumerated, as well as cases less amenable. In the main, the response to treatment with acidophilus milk is most satisfactory. The question is at once raised: is its continual use required? Individual variation makes this difficult to answer. However, following close observation before, during and after treatment, it has been found that the decided improvement obtained during treatment persists in 80% of the patients. *L. acidophilus* may be recovered from subjects long after treatment has been discontinued, showing that a real implantation of the organism in the intestine has been achieved. Fully as striking results are obtained in diarrhea as in constipation. This may appear paradoxical, but it is to be remembered that harmful bacteria in the intestinal tract are frequently the cause of diarrhea.

Acidophilus milk is much like ordinary buttermilk in appearance, taste, and consistency. It is prepared by inoculating thoroughly sterilized milk with an active culture of *L. acidophilus* and incubating it at about 95° Fahrenheit for thirty-six hours. To obtain the best results in the shortest space of time it is advisable to drink a quart a day. This quantity may be divided in any manner most convenient. It may seem an unusually large dose, but since milk is "the perfect food" a certain interference with the normal appetite is not to be deplored. Compensation may be found in the fact that the usual diet need not be changed. It is, however, well to reduce the amount of animal proteins—flesh, fish or fowl—to a minimum. In stubborn cases acidophilus milk may be given by enema as well as by mouth to speed up implantation. No harmful effects are to be feared but a certain degree of flatulence must be anticipated during the first few days.

Milk sugar (lactose) is a valuable adjunct in *L. acidophilus* therapy since it favors the development of the organism in the intestine. Milk sugar should be added directly to the acidophilus milk at the rate of one-fourth to three-fourths of a pound to the quart. After regularity is achieved, usually in about two weeks, the amount of acidophilus milk and milk sugar may be reduced by personal experiment to the minimum necessary to maintain adequate function. In diarrhea, however, milk sugar should not be employed.

Acidophilus milk therapy obviously depends upon the successful implantation of large numbers of living organisms. A few *L. acidophilus* in the intestine can accomplish little, a great many are of real benefit. In the experimental investigations each quart of acidophilus milk contained 400,000,000,000 living *L. acidophilus* at the time of administration. When the count dropped below 100,000,000,000 the therapeutic value decreased more than proportionately. The causal relationship, therefore, between large numbers of organisms and successful therapy is firmly established.

Any one who recommends *L. acidophilus* treatment to the public is placed in an embarrassing position because of the defective quality of the commercial preparations now on the market. As I have said, the important consideration is the number of living organisms. No commercial preparation of *L. acidophilus* that has come to my notice (and I have examined most of those advertised) contains an adequate number of living *L. acidophilus*. All the tablets I have examined are worthless, for they contain so few organisms that one would have to take twenty tons of them to get the same strength present in a quart of milk prepared as described above. Most of the liquid cultures contain broth, pineapple

juice or other pleasant fluids and are thus agreeable to the palate, but, it has been estimated that one would have to drink from seven to eight gallons daily to actually achieve satisfactory results. Sometimes the media themselves are of therapeutic value, as when the organisms are suspended in mineral oil or agar. But *L. acidophilus* are not numerous in these products.

There remain for consideration a limited number of acidophilus milk preparations which actually do contain living organisms. But well calculated and appealing advertisements cannot compensate for inferior numbers. It is a matter of simple arithmetic to see that it would take eight quarts of acidophilus milk containing 50,000,000,000 organisms a quart to equal one quart containing 400,000,000,000. Who would, or could, drink eight quarts of sour milk a day? This is not to say that favorable results may not be obtained by the use of acidophilus milk of low count. But it does mean that the chances of any individual benefiting from it are decidedly inferior to those of one who receives milk of satisfactory numerical content.

The reasons why the commercial exploitation of *L. acidophilus* has failed to approach a high standard are not difficult to explain. First, the culture of *L. acidophilus* offers technical difficulties, particularly as to its keeping quality. Unless the consumer obtains the product promptly the organisms die off. Secondly, as the count is increased the acidity becomes higher and the product is consequently less palatable. Thirdly, the medical profession and the public have not appreciated the necessity of having larger numbers of living organisms than are generally present in such preparations. This, of course, requires education, which does not proceed at any too rapid a pace.

Music

THE BAND

By John Redfield

The wind band is gradually assuming a position of commanding importance as a musical organization. It has, however, not yet attained to the dignity of the symphony orchestra—chiefly because it is about two hundred years the younger organization, because composers of the first rank do not write for it, and because its present instrumentation is less effective than that of the orchestra.

If we agree to regard the orchestra as beginning with Montaverde, then it has been in existence for about three hundred years. The band, on the other hand, is certainly less than a hundred years old. Its foundation is the wind bass—the tuba. Just as there could be no orchestra until there was a string bass, so there could be no wind band without the wind bass. The tuba brought it into existence. True, there were trombones three hundred years ago, with a compass as low as that of the tuba, and they could have become the foundation of the band, but for some reason they did not. And no other instrument of those days was adequate as a bass.

In the last analysis it was the invention of the valve, by Clagget, Blümel and Stolzel, 1788–1827, that brought about the wind band. First applied to the horn and trumpet, the valve was by 1828 adapted to the larger brass instruments, including the tuba. But it remained little more than a curiosity until the mechanical genius of Antoine Sax popularized the whole family of valve brasses, from the soprano to the contrabass. Thus, more immediately, Sax —and Wieprecht—were the founders of the wind band; and which contributed more to its development is not easy to say. Wieprecht was a civilian bandmaster of Prussia who by 1828 had interested the Prussians in his idea to such an extent that he was able to conduct in Berlin a band concert participated in by thirty-two army bands with twelve hundred players! In 1845 the French military bands were

reorganized along these new lines, and by the middle of the century the military bands of Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia and England had followed. Since 1850 there has been but little change in the military bands of Europe.

The greatest development in band music has been in connection with civilian bands. In America nearly every town of a thousand inhabitants has at least one such band, usually of an amateur character, and in England amateur bands are even more numerous. The two counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire are said to have over 4,000 such bands, with 60,000 bandsmen. Meanwhile, the professional concert band, in America, has become an established institution. The first of these was the Patrick S. Gilmore band of a generation ago. The Sousa and Goldman bands are well known contemporary examples of the type. Not only is the professional concert band indigenous to America; it is quite certain to reach here its highest development, for the multiplicity of military bands in Europe operates there to its disadvantage.

In compass and technique the band and orchestra are approximately equal. The band is undoubtedly capable of greater volume than the orchestra, but the strings of the orchestra may possibly be able to play more softly than the band. It is probably within the facts to say that the band has the greater *fortissimo*, the orchestra the greater *pianissimo*, and that the dynamic range of the two ensembles is about equal, with a possible advantage in favor of the band.

In point of tone-color the orchestra has the greater possibilities, the band the greater probabilities. To secure proper tonal-balance in the orchestra the woodwinds should be about half as many as the strings, and the brasses about two-thirds the number of woodwinds. The division of an orchestra of one hundred and fourteen into sixty strings, thirty woodwinds, twenty brasses and four percussion would provide these ratios and make for good balance. The thirty woodwinds should consist of eight flutes, ten clarinets, eight double-reeds and four saxophones. An orchestra with such a woodwind section would be nearly ideal both from the standpoint of balance and from that of variety of tone-color. In point of tone-color it would be superior to any possible instrumentation of the band because of the latter's lack of strings. These are the possibilities of the orchestra, but not the probabilities. The orchestra is probably too firmly fixed in the string tradition for any such radical change to occur in the reasonably near future, no matter how desirable it may be.

But the instrumentation of the band is in a plastic state, its tradition is yet to form, and so the composer is still at liberty to follow the leadings of his artistic instincts. The greatest defect of the wind band as at present constituted is its ineffective instrumentation. It is as lacking in balance as would be an orchestra with brass and first and second violins only. The theory is that the strings of the orchestra should be replaced in the band by clarinets. And the parts which in an orchestra would be assigned to the first and second violins are now, indeed, given to B flat clarinets. But that there are in the orchestra such instruments as violas, 'cellos and string basses seems to be entirely forgotten in the instrumentation of the wind band.

What should be done, of course, is to include alto, bass and contrabass clarinets in the band in about the same numbers, compared to the B flat clarinets, as the violas, 'cellos and string basses bear to the violins of the orchestra. The clarinet choir should constitute the framework and foundation of the band, and should be as well balanced between its soprano, alto, tenor, bass and contrabass voices as is the string choir of the orchestra. Without this balance there can be no symphony wind band; with it there can. Such an instrumentation of the clarinet choir would be about as follows: four E flat clarinets, twelve first B flat clarinets, twelve second B flat clarinets, eight bassett-horns in F (or alto clari-

ets in E flat), eight bass clarinets in B at, and six contrabass clarinets in E flat. his would be fifty clarinets—about equal o the number of strings in a first class rchestra.

But clarinets and brass would not constitute a balanced band any more than trings and brass form a balanced orchestra. Flutes, double-reeds and saxophones re also necessary. The flutes should be ight in number as in the orchestra, two autists doubling on piccolos, two on high utes and two on low, to form a double ute quartette when desired. Since the band ses instruments in flat signatures, the utes for the band should be pitched in igh D flat and A flat, D flat, and low A at, instead of in high C and G, C, and ow G, as in the orchestra. It might be upposed at first thought that eight flutes would be lost among so many clarinets. But when it is considered that the flutes n a *tutti* passage would play in unison, nd usually an octave above the clarinets, t will be agreed that eight are enough.

Of the double-reeds there is need of fourteen: two first oboes, two second oboes, wo English horns, two heckelphones, two irst bassoons, two second bassoons, and wo contrabass sarrussophones in E flat. Again such a comparatively small number of double-reeds might seem inadequate to balance fifty clarinets. But the piercing one-quality of the double-reeds is quite capable of making their presence known. As one writer on instrumentation phrases t, "nothing should be written for the oboe that is not intended to be heard."

Of saxophones there should be a double quartette: two sopranos, two altos, two tenors, and two baritones. The saxophones do not play high on the band keyboard like the flutes, nor do they have a piercing tone-quality like the double-reeds; but their voices have such sonority that eight of them will be found to be quite enough.

The soprano brass instruments should be six in number: two trumpets, two cornets and two flügel horns. Just as the brilliant voiced trumpets are needed as sopranos for the trombones, so the flügel horns are necessary to supply the mellow high voice for the French horns, euphoniums and tubas. The brass sopranos all playing in unison would form a composite tone-quality approximately the same as that of the cornet —neither excessively brilliant nor unduly mellow. The players of the soprano brasses should double on all three of the brass sopranos so that, as occasion demanded, all six players could be concentrated on trumpets, cornets or flügel horns. There should be four French horns, four trombones, two euphoniums, two E flat bass tubas, two BB flat bass tubas and two BB flat bass trombones, making twenty-four brasses in all. The BB flat bass trombones are necessary to supply a contrabass for the brilliant voiced trumpets and trombones. With four players for percussion this would constitute a band of one hundred and eight members. From every point of view this organization would equal the present symphony orchestra as a musical instrument, and would surpass it in point of volume of tone and variety of tone-color. In a word it would be the superior of the symphony orchestra as at present constituted.

But the symphony band should appeal to the composer not only because when properly instrumentated it is superior to the orchestra as a musical instrument, but for another reason which addresses itself to the composer's needs with peculiar intimacy and force. One of the greatest obstacles the symphonic composer has to overcome is that of getting his compositions produced. The supply of musical literature for the orchestra is so immense and so rich that the composer with a new work is subjected to a competition that is keen to the point of unfairness. For a place on the programme he must bid against the world's greatest geniuses writing for the past two hundred years along the same lines as himself. If he is to be heard he must displace from the programme a number by one of these giants. It is a battle in which victory is not to the strong, but to the strongly intrenched. Unless he is able

to measure swords with the greatest of them, not on a fair field but assailing them in their strongholds, he is eliminated as one of the unfit.

But if a composer writes for the band instead of for the orchestra the competition which he encounters in securing a hearing is precisely *nil*. There are no great compositions for the band. Except for transcriptions of orchestral compositions the wind band would be reduced to the playing of quicksteps. Compositions of the slightest merit written directly for the symphony band would secure an immediate and eager hearing. Conductors of concert bands would, with the greatest avidity, seize upon anything offered them by a competent composer. Moreover, composer and conductor alike would be contributing materially to the sum total of the world's happiness and to our general "respite from the cussedness of things."

Poetry

THE PLIGHT OF THE POET

By Babette Deutsch

On a certain September evening in the year 1925 several poets were sitting in a downtown attic, complaining together of the decline of poetry. They were fat and lean, young and in middle life, with achievements behind them and ahead, and none of them in any respect to be confused with another. But they agreed on one point: poetry in America is not what it used to be. Had it, indeed, in the old phrase, ever been? Well, yes, there was a season when American poets weren't tilting top-hats over their brows in the preferred isolation of London. Time was when verse was flowering from North of Boston to the country of the corn-huskers, covering the slabs of the sun-burnt West with beauty, and springing up out of the very mud of the stockyards. And yet—and yet—Could a renaissance that was so short-lived make the poet feel himself part of the prosperous American scene? And what is the matter with poetry, anyway? Why, only ten years ago, was the reading of verse so common? Why, today, don't people read it? And why do other people still feel the compulsion to go on writing it?

It may be that the poetic revival which began about 1914 was assisted by the war. The emotional releases of that period may well have made for a more responsive audience. It may have been because poetry itself was more alive. Masters and Frost were using the poetic medium for straightforward and often dramatic tales. Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay were turning, as Wordsworth and Coleridge had sought to do in a previous century, away from the sterilities of the King's English toward the plain potent speech of the vulgus. But our post-war civilization seems to allow almost as little room for poetry in this country as there is for peace and good-will in a world made safe for democracy. It was recently pointed out by one of our fiction writers, that if a man must choose between the exhilaration to be obtained from a quart of liquor and that more uncertainly arrived at via the futilitarian school of novelists, the man will be inclined to spend the price of the novel on gin. If this is true for the narrative form of literature, what shall be said of verse? There are those who can get drunk on it, but they are so few as to be discounted, and besides, being nearly always poets themselves, they are not in a position to buy poetry in large quantities.

The bootlegger's patron finds escape in the bootlegger's offering; the movie fan finds it in the spreading custard pie; innocent youth finds it by chasing the pigskin; ladies of leisure find it in the confections of the Michael Arlen school. As contrasted with these means of liberation, poetry is utterly negligible. The reality which the poet wants to seize and snare in his words is not something that enables the reader to forget himself, but rather a reality which makes the reader struggle like an-

other pigmy David with a Goliath of the spirit. Poetry, in fine, is not a release at all, but a discipline. It demands a certain knowledge of and interest in technique which the readers of fiction and even of social criticism can dispense with. It is apt to demand a familiarity with many ages and cultures—a familiarity for which the tired realtor or efficiency expert or dress manufacturer has found no need.

The poet, seeing his product as an unwanted commodity, would, if he were a reasonable creature, turn his talents elsewhere. And sometimes he does. But, like the musician, the scientist and the philosopher, he is impelled by a force as powerful as the great primary hungers—for love, for meat, and for applause. His tragedy is summed up in these words written in a private letter by a contemporary American poet: "For more than a month I have not been able to find time to write anything, and you know how heavy that is to a writer who feels all of youth lost to keep an animal." Here is the animal, crying to be fed and warmed and housed. Here is the poet, who cannot rest from wanting to set down the bit of reality that he has been able to seize. And there is the public, asking that the animal step onto the treadmill and make the ducats flow a little faster. If he will only do that, he can, when he is old and unfit for a real man's job, lie down and rest and give the writer a chance. As though anything less than a whole lifetime, so perilously short, were sufficient for an honest artist. One thinks of Housman's familiar lyric:

> Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
> Is hung with bloom along the bough,
> And stands about the woodland ride
> Wearing white for Eastertide.
>
> Now, of my threescore years and ten,
> Twenty will not come again,
> And take from seventy springs a score,
> It only leaves me fifty more.
>
> And since to look at things in bloom
> Fifty springs are little room,
> About the woodland I will go
> To see the cherry hung with snow.

"Fifty springs are little room" to look at cherry-boughs in bloom but how much less room are they to set down, with that inevitability and that intensity which will make them live forever, the poet's glimpse of those boughs! Or, for that matter, his glimpse of the lean ugly boys who shout and leap where the sun lies like yellow oil on the city-sullied waters. Or any other sharply seen and vividly felt thing. Of course, it is not as though the general disliked cherry-boughs. Nearly everyone enjoys Spring, and the white woods, and the sudden assault of fresh odors, and the color of sky and blossom. But who, save the negligent and negligible poet, has time for such things? Certainly not the man of affairs. Scarcely, even, the writer of fiction, who must be off down Main Street, and buttonholing Babbitt, before that good fellow disappears in his flying roadster. And people who have no leisure are apt, not unnaturally, to resent the mooning ways of men who hold aloof from life, just to look at trees and peer into their own minds. Why should the poet be allowed to waste his time? Doesn't his time belong to the commonalty, too? To a rare degree, the maker of verses shares the odium that attaches to all who seek to create imponderable values.

The question arises as to whether the poet's difficulty is one peculiar to this American environment. Is he better off in France, in Germany, in England, in Italy? It is hard to say truly, but I am inclined to believe, from the remarks of the few poets whom I met in Europe, that the situation differs very little there from what it is here. Continentals do move at a slower tempo and European poets are therefore allowed more leisure—which is in effect more working-time, more of the actual substance of life—than their fellows in America. Then, too, there seems to be, by and large, a wider public for poetry in Europe than here; and the better apparatus for book distribution allows the poet to get at his audience more easily. But on the whole, the poet in Europe faces much the

same problem of life versus livelihood, of work versus a job, which the poet in the United States comes up against every year.

And even if this were not so, even if it were easier and pleasanter for a poet—as it is now for some American poets—to live abroad than to live at home, what solution of their difficulties would they find there? The fumy cafés of Montparnasse and Charlottenburg, the glamorous Chelsea waterfront, the bright banks of the sallow Arno, haunted as these are by splendid ghosts and provocative, breathing men and women, can only divert the American poet from his real task and his real adventure. It is, all over again, the strange case of Emily Dickinson versus Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The one was a scholar and a gentleman of parts—especially foreign parts; the other was a woman who died in the very town where she was born, the little university town of Amherst, and scarcely so much as looked over her garden wall to see her next door neighbor. Which was the poet? Which was, to narrow the question even more, the American poet?

Because poetry has to do with fundamental things, with things seen under the species of eternity, it does not mean that it must not be severely local. The poet's province may be as far as his eye can see, but if he is constantly shifting his ground, he will have no spot to call his own. Dante was an exile and a wanderer, but he remained profoundly versed in the affairs of his home town. Shakespeare managed to visit Rome and Athens and such exotic regions as Bohemia and Arcadia by digging deeply into the London and the Stratford that, so far as we know, were almost his sole places of residence during the fifty-two years of his life. And in our time, Robert Frost turning up the loam of New Hampshire, Edna Millay tasting the salt on the Maine coast, or that astonishing newcomer, Robinson Jeffers, watching the gulls wheel over Point Lobos—in our own time these are poets who take their strength, like Antæus, from the earth that mothered them.

In the old days, when poetry was not a thing apart from life, but the very glory of a nation's heroes, the very body of a nation's history—in those days the poet had to know his own world as a city editor today knows his. And later, when it was not the thing sung but the thing written that mattered, the poets who wrote for us as well as for their contemporaries were those who wrote in the language of the kitchen and the street. Chaucer and Dante, writing in the vulgar tongue, must of necessity have been learned in it, must of necessity have cocked their ears for the voices of their own time, even while they turned their eyes inward toward the spirit that ruled their own breasts. Will the American poet ever achieve his stature until he has learned to do likewise?

It is not easy going. The American poet must stick, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, to this country that wants none of him. He must know his America, his New England, his California, his Tennessee, and make his poetry out of that, while Tennessee and California and New England are all quietly turning their backs on him. He must be able—oh, sorest task of all!—to write for all time by remaining true to his own age, to be at once common and exalted, to be salt and to be sweet, to speak with the tongues of men and utter the wisdom of angels. And like every artist, he must submit to pity and condescension and scorn, from people whom he pities, and, what is quite as hard to bear—the admiration of fools. It is no simple affair—this being a poet in America. But it must have its curious rewards—or how is it that there are so many of them?

GENERAL ALEXANDER BRADLEY

BY EDWARD A. WIECK

An eight-foot crayon portrait of the man looms through the smoke of the miners' local union hall at Mt. Olive, Illinois. Above his smooth-shaven face, full mouth, straight nose and big black eyes perches the shiniest of plug hats. He wears a stiff collar, a black bow tie. An abundant boutonnière adorns the lapel of his Prince Albert coat. The hand that rests jauntily on his left hip is covered with rings. There's a glimpse of a broad belt buckle. His right hand stretches out to the handle of a huge, partially furled umbrella. A fading laurel-wreath above the picture has the words, "Our Hero," marching in gold across it.

All this brilliant apparel is a symbol to the older men among the Illinois coal-diggers of their most famous victory over the mine owners; the plug hat of the General is their helmet of Navarre.

II

It was in July of 1897 that Alexander Bradley, then a gangling youth of twenty-eight, popped up out of a mine near the little town of Mt. Olive to write his name in labor history alongside those of Mother Jones, the fantastic General Coxey, and West Virginia's General Blizzard. Bradley had achieved some local fame as an agitator before the coal strike of that year, but it was the March of the High Hat that put him on the front page of the papers and made his name a hissing or a hurrah according to the economic sympathies of the reader. After his one homeric deed he drifted off the scene, for the routine work of the union made no appeal to his fiery soul, and today the younger generation of miners knows but little of his fame. But while he was on the move, the General stepped out wide, free and handsome, and the tale thereof makes a thundering American saga.

The Bradleys were an English family of miners who settled in the Illinois coal-field in 1873. When young Alex was nine years old he was picking slate in Devil's Hole, a mine near Collinsville. In a rambling pamphlet, "The History of the Strike of 1897," the General tells of his first lessons in unionism. Someone gave the boy an almanac in which were two pictures that held his big black eyes. The first showed two chicks standing on the shore of a pond pulling at a worm. This bore the caption, "United We Stand." In the second picture, "Divided We Fall," the chicks had pulled the worm in two—and fallen headlong into the water. That gave the boy the clue to the whispered conferences between his father and the other older miners up on the wooded hills behind the mine, or back of the stove in the Bradley shack. The organization they were forever muttering about meant a united stand for the fat worm of wages. Or, as he put it a bit more floridly in his history, he "stored up in his soul a bitter hatred of the oppressor and a great longing for the time when the miner should stand up and face the mine-owner and insist on fair treatment and a wage sufficient to permit him to live like a human being."

The rebel in him sent him, during the Summer months of slack work, away from the drabness of the coal camp to the colorful jungles of the open road. With other

youngsters he came to know the fascinations of Hinky Dink's place in Chicago's Clark street and the big schooners and free lunches of Tom Allen's saloon in Market street, St. Louis. He came to know, too, golden hours along the lazy Wabash or the Kaw or in the shadow of the railroad water-tanks. Cold weather sent him and some of his comrades back to the empty life of the mining-camp, but others, hardened bums by now, went to the penitentiaries, and still others to sudden death beneath car-wheels. Always through this way-faring life and afterwards in the mine there ran a red thread of revolt against the working conditions and wages of the unorganized miners.

Then came the Hungry Nineties and General Coxey and his march on Washington. Clark street and Market street buzzed with the news. The jungles had word of it through greasy newspapers wrapped around hand-outs, and the broadcasting of the hobo wireless. Of a sudden all hobodom was on the move. The youngsters took the blinds or decked the fast mails, the older men went on the slower drags, but all headed in the same direction, the army's line of march. Young Bradley was one of the first of General Coxey's recruits and one of the last of his Old Guard. He was among the handful driven off the grass in front of the Capitol at Washington when the army's goal was reached.

On his return to Mt. Olive he was dubbed "Coxey" and the nickname pleased him. Now he came out openly for the union. He taught the miners the philosophy he had picked up on the road to Washington through the medium of this swinging ballad:

For might was right when Caesar bled upon the stones of Rome,
And might was right when Joshua led his men o'er Jordan's foam,
And might was right when German troops poured down through Paris gay,
'Twas the logic of the ancient world, 'tis the gospel of today.

You must prove your right by deeds of might, of splendor and renown,
If you would march through flames of hell to dash opponents down,
If need be, die on scaffold high, in morning's mist of gray,
For liberty or death is still the logic of today.

Bellowed by lusty-lunged coal-diggers assembled in some lonely clearing, this song had a most rousing effect. Bradley, waving his long arms from a stump top, enjoyed himself tremendously. A change of a line or two to bring in some local strike or mine tragedy might disturb the meter but never the leader.

III

The opportunity for putting this Nietzschean philosophy to the test came with the call from the headquarters of the United Mine Workers of America for a nation-wide strike of coal-miners to begin on July 4, 1897. The national union was largely a paper organization. Of the more than 35,000 miners in Illinois at that time, less than four hundred were actual members of it. The call was an appeal rather than a command, but thousands joined in the strike during the course of the Summer.

The more militant of the miners in and around Mt. Olive gathered on July 4 in a nearby wood, and swore allegiance to the U. M. W. of A. But the attendance was ominously small,—only about ten percent of the miners of the section were there. Bradley mounted a stump and to the brethren squatting on the grass preached the gospel of brotherhood and unionism. A skeptic in the audience pointed out that unless the big field to the South were organized, the handful in the wood could do nothing. Instantly Bradley and a faithful lieutenant volunteered to go southward and preach the cause. Next day the two set forth for Belleville, in the coal region just across the Mississippi from St. Louis.

At two mass-meetings held in Belleville on the afternoon and evening of July 6, Bradley uttered such "large, divine and comfortable words" that his hearers rallied almost unanimously to the strike

all. An immediate strike was voted and committees were formed to urge upon recalcitrants the heady delights of organization. When Bradley and his colleague brought back this good news to Mt. Olive, they found all the miners in that vicinity already on strike. But the resultant jubilation suddenly ceased when a telegram from Belleville informed them that the amateur strike-leaders there had failed to hold the men, and that the latter were returning to work.

Bradley took this as a personal affront. On the stump again he shouted, "I was there and they gave me their word of honor to stick with us. Somethin' crooked!" Standing above the gathering of angry Mt. Olive men, tearing the distressful telegram to pieces, there came to him a vision of marching men, Coxey's men. Up went the long arms as he shouted, "I'm goin' down there agin and I'm goin' to take you fellers along! We'll all march down, by God!"

"By God, yes! Come on, you Staunton men! Come on, Mt. Olive! Who's got a flag? Ever'body git a little grub together!" yelled the ranks. In a short time an excited mob had formed itself into an orderly procession. Bradley, temperamentally unable to march anywhere but in the lead, assumed command. Next to him was a huge Slav bearing aloft an American flag. In the rear came two mules harnessed to the wagon that contained the meager commissary gathered from well-nigh empty cupboards.

IV

They passed under the street lights of Staunton on that hot July night, as incredible an army of crusaders as one could imagine. But there was a man in front who was sending back through the ranks the rhythm of a long stride that would be hard to stop. With his coat on his arm, his battered felt hat in his hand, his short, dark pompadour curving above his lean face, blue-black with several days of unshaven beard, this inspired mule-driver swung on beneath the stars and his army followed after.

All through the night they marched. By sun-up they were in Worden, already on strike, and here new recruits were added to their ranks. Between them and the strategic point of Belleville lay Edwardsville, Glen Carbon, Collinsville, O'Fallon, all working. But the sight of marching men had an electric effect upon the miners. "We might as well starve strikin' as to starve workin'," they agreed, and so each mine sent a delegation into the line of march. "On to Belleville!" was the cry.

Now St. Louis reporters began to drop off trains to march with the army and interview Bradley. The story of the march was spread across the front pages of the papers, and his title of General, conferred upon him by the reporters, stood out in huge print. The General made splendid copy. He was most gracious in his reception of the war correspondents and they reciprocated with long dispatches. He passed among his men with becoming dignity and they adored him. Some of them whittled out wooden guns and the more ribald indulged in intricate manœuvers. But never once did the General descend from the heights. By a wave of his lean hand he made and unmade colonels, majors and lieutenants, and there was about him always a deadly seriousness.

The Illinois mine-owners could see no humor in the march. Throughout the coal field the miners were striking and falling in. Increases of wages were granted here and there in a belated attempt to stop the progress of the army. The Belleville papers began to show signs of nerves. In Murphysboro, further to the South, vigilantes were ready to repel the invaders. But on the army rolled, sweating under clouds of dust, profane, out of step, hell-bent. On July 21 the General, with more than a thousand men behind him, came in sight of Belleville. With his staff he now occupied a surrey, bedecked with garlands. Reporters warned him that he might expect resistance if he attempted to bring his

army into town. The General looked down at them from his seat in the surrey, gazed ahead at the heat-hung town, then picked up his reins with a "Giddap," and into Belleville the army went.

Belleville did not resist. Indeed, the police guided the General to the ball park, selected by him as a camping place for his army. The local union leaders got busy and soon miners were swarming from all directions to meet the crusaders from the north. Again the General's eloquence won and one day the St. Louis papers announced that the Belleville mines had struck. Belleville business men, despairing of a situation where men worked every day and still were unable to pay up, were willing by now to see unionism tried out. Bakers donated bread, butchers sent meat, others gave money, and the breweries sent beer chips, four per day per man. With the ball park as a base, volunteer organizers spread out into the surrounding country while the rank and file rested. The army was sitting pretty.

Then came the General's great adventure. He went out of camp and into town one morning without leaving word of his destination. There was much speculation as to his mission. When he didn't show up for supper a report began to spread that he had been seen in the company of operators. All sorts of uneasy rumors ran round the camp.

It was to one of the cook crew, foraging for wood on the outskirts of the camp, that the vision first appeared. He looked up to behold before him the resplendent original of the Mt. Olive portrait, high hat, umbrella, Prince Albert, rings and all. Smitten dumb at the sight, he stood for a moment, the kindling dripping from his arms, and then turned on his heel and fled, spreading the tidings as he went.

Through the ranks of his open-mouthed followers the General strode, superbly indifferent to the mutterings of his amazed cohorts. Arrived at the center of things, he wheeled, drew his hand from his silken-clad bosom and boomed, "Order in the ranks! The General has an announcement to make." Flicking some dust from his sleeve, he began, "The General went to St. Louis in your behalf." He liked referring to himself in the third person. "Met some good fellers there—real sports. They fed the General at Tony Faust's. Damn good beer at Tony's. Got to talkin' about the army. Pretty soon they showed the General a nice pile of money that would be his if he'd sell the army out. And *here it is!*" He held aloft a breath-taking roll. Then with a quick gesture he sent some bills fluttering into the crowd. "Git you some shoes, boys. The General knows you need 'em—that's why he took it. When you need some more, come to the General—plenty more where that come from. The General knows how to take care of his own."

The mine-owners made only one more effort to undo the General. At Murphysboro, where he had gone to make an organization speech, they worked on his weakness for rye whiskey so successfully that the sheriff, following his wavering footsteps, came upon him in a house of sin and promptly jailed him. But as in every other situation, the General was ready for the newspaper men. When interviewed in his cell he said quite simply, "Oh, the General was out for a little sport. The operators' gang got next to him and had him run in. I regret that it happened but it won't hurt the cause."

And it didn't. Ten dollars and costs was the penalty. The army immediately forgot the incident.

V

In the meantime men with less fire but more flair for constructive effort than the General were consolidating his victories, and when finally he set out for home, he left behind him a well organized field. At Mt. Olive he was welcomed at the station by four thousand cheering idolators and a brass band. He was escorted to the park, where he orated to an awed populace.

For a brief moment he was a national

figure, and his high hat appeared in cartoons and sketches far beyond Illinois' boundaries. He settled down to enjoy his triumphs, but duty soon called him into the field again. In Coffeen the miners had been lured back to work by a promise of a small raise in wages and the town was closed to all agitators. One hundred armed deputies patrolled the community and the nearby highways. Obviously, no one but the General could deal with this situation —and if Coffeen were not won back to the union the effect on the whole Illinois strike might prove disastrous. So the General responded to the call.

When he arrived upon the scene he immediately developed a plan of campaign that caused great nervousness among the coal-operators and their military guard. There had been rumors that Governor Tanner of Illinois, was about to send in the militia to reinforce the deputies. Straightway the General betook himself to the State capital. Of that historic interview the newspapers said:

> General Bradley called on Governor Tanner and was in consultation with him for nearly two hours regarding the situation in Coffeen. The Governor assured the General that he would give the striking miners every possible consideration as long as they refrained from overt acts. . . . The General was dressed in a light pair of corduroy trousers turned up at the bottom, black silk negligée shirt, long, dark four-in-hand tie, a small gold pin, a white golf cap and a blue serge coat. He carried a linen duster and a small hand-satchel and a large umbrella. He sported a large charm on a gold chain that went clear around his neck. From this was suspended an elegant gold watch. Knights of Labor and other buttons were in the lapel of his coat. He wore a handsome seal ring with a big B on it and two large gold rings on his right hand.

The General was back in camp on the outskirts of Coffeen the next day. Volunteers for his army now rolled in from all directions. And then began his peaceful penetration of the cordon of deputies. Every afternoon the General would line up his men sixteen abreast and march them in silence down the broad road toward the mine under strict instructions that no word was to be spoken, no action taken. A few feet from the dead-line of the deputies, the General would throw up his hand and the long line would shuffle to a dead stop. There the strikers would stand in absolute silence as the Coffeen miners filed out of the mine to go to their homes behind the protecting guards. Then, with great solemnity, the General would order his men back to the camp in the wood. For a week this performance was staged daily. Then the sight of the silent advancing host, began to get upon the nerves of the deputies. Was the General bluffing? Were his men armed? If only somebody would holler or throw a rock!

The last afternoon of the week an aide came out of the General's lean-to in great excitement. Through the ranks went a whispering, "We're goin' in today. No noise. No clubs. Nothin'. Ever'body walk real slow and peaceful and keep on walkin'. The General will take care of the rest."

They started slowly, plodding in grim silence down the highway. The deputies took a firm grip on their guns, but no word or gesture from the General revealed his strategy. There was a sneer on the face of the commanding deputy. Bradley, he was sure, would stop as usual. But no, by God, they're comin' on! Look out, boys, git that man! It's action at last. The silent glacier-like mass was upon them before the rattled deputies could bring their rifles to their shoulders. Four of the guards seized the General, shouting hysterically that he was under arrest. Bradley stood still, mocking them with his eyes and called out in a steady, commanding voice, "Go right on, boys, go right on! No rough stuff! Jim is in command now. To the front!"

The ranks eddied around the five men in the road. The deputies on the flanks broke and ran. Above the steady tramp, tramp rose one chuckling note as a deputy tore out his trouser-seat in his haste to crawl through a barbed-wire fence. That night the army camped in Coffeen. The General spent the night as the honorary guest of the sheriff at the county seat, which is to say, at the county jail.

The next day the mine worked with half a force and the General rejoined his army, under bond. Two days later not a miner responded for work when the whistles blew in Coffeen.

VI

It was the General's last campaign. The settlement of the big strike came soon after the Coffeen victory, bringing increased wages and improved conditions to the miners. There was no place for the General in the yeoman's work of building upon that settlement the compact, business-like organization that today includes all of the hundred thousand miners in Illinois. His was not the head for the drawing up of air-tight contracts, for the fashioning of machinery for the adjustment of the endless disputes that arise in the course of the day's work. His technique soon became as antiquated as his high hat, and he took to drifting from camp to camp, selling his fantastic biography, dictated to a friendly newspaper man, and to complaining, now and then, about the lack of general appreciation of his achievements. But he was not wholly forgotten. Whenever the famous hat was passed around at a miners' meeting, it was returned brimful of silver to its querulous owner. In his latter days the Illinois district organization had official charge of the General's welfare, the old-timers insisting that the best was none too good for him. When at last he died in a Belleville hospital, with the district union paying his bills, the officials of the organization saw to it that his last wishes were carried out and his body removed to Mt. Olive. There an imposing monument now stands at the head of the General's grave. It is in this cemetery, near that grave, that Mother Jones is to be buried when her time comes.

DIATRIBE UPON A MANLY THEME

BY OWEN P. WHITE

WHAT has become of the Diamond Belt, and where—if I may ask these questions gently, so as not to hurt the tender feelings of the modern road-pushers—where are the good old gladiators who used to battle for it so ferociously, and give us fans our money's worth?

These are important questions. They may not seem so, but they really are. Away back in the bygone days, before the safety razor jumped the price of the morning shave from a dime to thirty cents, the most frayed, bethumbed and ragged magazine on the center-table of every tonsorial parlor in this great land was a pink sheet in which scantily clad ladies and gentlemen with broad shoulders and big biceps were gloriously featured. Strange to say, it was not the pictures of the undressed females that the males who waited for the call of "next" were most interested in. Not at all. What the he-man who shaved every day liked most in the pink pages were the pictures of other he-men. These pictures were always of fellows who were strong, rugged, wholesome, and, yes, handsome! They were handsome despite the fact that nearly every one of them had a collapsed nose, a cauliflower ear, or a bent chin. In those simple days we expected gladiators to look that way, and the more battered one was the more we loved him. His disfigurements were his honorable wounds. They marked him as a man whose business it was to slap 'em over, no matter when, where or how they showed up, or at what price. And usually he did slap 'em over. He did it quickly and gladly, and as a prelude to the ceremony he didn't put in eighteen months getting the consent of a wife, a manager, a nasal architect, a press-agent, a masseur, a movie director, a partner in Wall Street, a boxing commission, and a whole flock of promoters.

No sir! In the old days, before the term lounge-lizard had wriggled its way into our beautiful language, the fighting game was not like that. The old Berserkers who glared at us from the pages of the *Police Gazette* glared also at one another, and they slammed one another too, just as often and just as fiercely as they could get the chance. They were free from all frills and foolishness. They were scrappers, every one of them, from little George Dixon to glorious John L. Sullivan, from the first tap of the gong to the last count of ten—and even thereafter. For if it so happened that the game had to be called on account of darkness they'd get up at daybreak, eat a hearty breakfast, and go to it again.

The present generation of boxing fans, and the present generation of upholstered boxing divinities, don't even know what I'm talking about when I speak of a prize-fight. The first class never saw one; the last class never had one. Thus if it were my intention to write a tale of a real ring battle I'd have to go back into the limbo of a long dead, but very gaudy past, and resurrect therefrom a couple of real heroes. However, I am not going to do that. I'd like to, but habit is a strong thing, especially with the reading public, and if I were to tell today a tale of a slugging match that didn't begin with the cranking of movie cameras and conclude, as per the law, in the tenth or the fifteenth round,

that reading public would think I was writing about the Thirty Years War, and so refuse to read my stuff.

Prize-fighting today is totally denatured. Its manliness has gone from it. The Diamond Belt, I suppose, is hanging up in some pawn-shop, and the hard-hitting old veterans who used to beat each other to a pulp, and then, when the other fellow was down, rip the glittering trophy from his battered and quivering mid-section and wave it happily aloft,—these ancients have passed into oblivion. In their places we have—what? And for what we have, who is to blame?

In my first paragraph I said that these were important questions. I repeat it: they are important, very. I'll tell you why.

II

On January 5 last, 15,728 fans paid $56,958 to see a boxing exhibition in New York City. What did they get for their money? I wasn't there, but I know what they got. I read about it. They got trimmed. Sixteen thousand people paid $57,000 to see five pairs of Queensbury nurslings go for a grand total of forty rounds—and in all that time there was but one knock-down! Not a knock-*out*, remember, but a knock-*down*. Just think of that! Five pairs of alleged pugilists get into the ring against one another, remain there for forty rounds of three minutes each, and in the end, one solitary man lets his foot slip and bites the canvas! And even that man doesn't bite it hard or chew it long. At the count of four, or thereabouts, he rises gracefully to his feet, kisses his hand to the relieved audience to show that he isn't hurt, apologizes to his opponent for his rudeness, and slaps him gently on the jaw. At which exhibition of gameness the poor boobs who have paid $57,000 have a fit. What would they do if they saw a *real* prize-fight?

On February 12 practically the same crowd gathered again at the same place and once more allowed itself to be nicked for an average of four dollars each. On this occasion it saw thirty-six rounds of so-called fighting, characterized, as the January bouts had been, by one harmless knock-down, but rendered gloriously thrilling at the end by the decision of somebody to withhold the blood-money from the principals in the main bout on the ground that they had cooked up the affair in advance so that nobody—save the audience, of course—would get hurt. I don't know whether the man who denied that these laborers were worthy of their hire was right about it. But judging from the way one able reporter described the combat, there was certainly something very strange. This man said: "Sharkey was playing safe. He had the bout cinched [on a referee's decision], and there was the danger of Hoffman's right clipping him on the jaw as it had in an earlier round." Ye shades of Bob Fitzsimmons, think of that! Imagine, if you can, one of the old-timers having a decision cinched, and then, just because he had got a tap on the chin earlier in the session, playing it safe and waiting for a referee's verdict!

Take a complete record of the boxing carnivals that have been held recently in New York City and see what the public has got for its money. I propose New York City as an example because the head-liners of the ring flock to the Garden just as the head-liners of the theatre swarm into Broadway. Since the new Garden was opened a boxing party has been held therein once a week. The first ten of these entertainments cost 128,021 people the sum of $524,460. It is interesting to see what they got for all that money. In ten evenings, with five bouts scheduled for each evening, fifty pairs of pugilists fought 376 rounds, scoring eight knock-outs and three draws. In other words, forty-two out of the fifty fights held in the Pugilist's Paradise were decided by the referee and not by the boxers. Yet on December 18, 1925—and the Garden had a carnival that same night—out of twelve bouts pulled off in an obscure Brooklyn hall by lesser lights, no less than ten resulted in knock-outs. Could anything

e more illuminating? Fifty pairs of eminnt boxers pull in over a half a million ollars for eight knock-outs, with not a ingle one of them in a main bout—and welve pairs of boys who are real fighters et maybe $4000 for ten!

But how could anything else be expected f the high-toned boxers of the present abby era? Behind the whole pugilistic ame—now that the "undesirable" or ighting element has been removed from it —there is little save an idiotic elegance. When the people who go to boxing exibitions get stung it's their own fault. Day by day they allow themselves to be amboozled by the finest, neatest line of ress-agent blather that was ever pushed nto print. The sports writers are doing the ob, and, from their point of view, why houldn't they? It's not their business to protest so long as the price of Scotch remains high, and they have to buy shoes for the children. So every one of them devoted two or more columns of valuable space to the garden party on December 18, at which nobody was knocked out, and two inches or less to the Brooklyn function which resulted in ten casualties. They do this all the time. When the boys who go to the high-class combats awake the morning after and reach for their papers to see what their favorite sporting authorities have to say about the ping-pong matches of the preceding evening, they always find out—but no longer to their amazement, for they are now used to such surprises—that, without realizing it, they paid their money to see a series of terrific battles. The sporting authorities say they did, and that settles it. For nowadays it takes only the vivid imagination and light literary touch of a sports writer to turn a checker game into a battle of Gettysburg—and that touch is never lacking.

The boxing fans read the junk that appears in the newspapers and are soothed thereby. The promoters count their profits and are financially fattened. The boxers buy a few more automobiles. It is a great, a gaudy and a glorious game.

III

The present-day star boxer, who demands a guarantee of half a million or so, win, lose or draw, before he will step into the ring, is no relation whatever, either by descent, derivation or desire, to the old time prize-fighter. The latter either won or walked out of town. The chances that a real prize-fighter had to fake his public were so slim that he hardly ever attempted it. But the opportunity for an up-to-date boxer to flim-flam is so facile that he hardly ever overlooks it. A prize-fighter had to knock out his opponents in order to eat. A boxer can lose his battles and still make as much money as a Prohibition agent. He can get into action, wait for the arrival of a certain round and a prearranged moment, see a gentle punch approaching, get his jaw in the way of it, and then look for a soft spot in the rosin to lie down and sleep it off. While he is dozing there he is comfortable and happy. The referee is counting off the fatal tally and the audience is cheering wildly for his opponent, but the recumbent hero should worry! His money is already in the bank, already the sports writers have written out a story for fan consumption that will fix it for him to come back whenever he wants to, and already it is so arranged that the next time they meet it will be the other fellow's turn to watch for the gentle punch, stop it as per agreement, and drift into bogus dreams.

It is just that simple, and, with variations, it is handled just that way. Only a short time ago two of the biggest men in boxing, men who will draw a record gate if they ever meet, were approached by promoters, or gamblers, or both, who had planned three fights for them: one in New York, one in the neighborhood of Chicago, and one on the Pacific Coast. It was all cooked. The meetings were scheduled to take place several months apart; each one was to have the appearance of being a separate difficulty; the first two battles were to be fixed with a win for each man,

and when they met for the final encounter they were to be allowed to use their own judgment. Just why this charitable little scheme hasn't been brought to fruition I cannot say. It is entirely possible that it will blossom forth yet, and if it does it is perfectly safe to predict that from the pockets of the genial fans who follow the daily guidance of the interested sports writers will flow a million or more good hard iron dollars. Just think of that: a million dollars for two berry-pickers! And John L. Sullivan died in poverty! And Jake Kilrain is a night watchman!

Who is to blame for this sad state of affairs? Whose fault is it that these non-consumers of punishment and these non-producers of gore are so pampered and petted? Primarily, to be sure, the poor boobs who buy the tickets. If they would only learn that, generally speaking, the gentlemen in raccoon coats who promote and manage and participate in boxing parties are twin brothers to the gentlemen in half masks who sell Florida real estate the whole farce would end. But the poor boobs won't learn.

Just a short time ago I was talking to a man who knows. He is one of the ring-tailed tooters in the newspaper business in America and has always been deeply interested in boxing. During our conversation reference was made to a personage who claims to be the outstanding example of pugilistic perfection in the entire world.

"How is it," I asked, "that this lout has become so excessively rich without ever doing any real work?"

"Sucker money," was the reply. And then my friend went on to enlighten me. He explained that neither the promoters, the managers nor the newspapers wanted this paraffine-padded paragon to box any oftener than once every generation or so. "Why should he box," asked my informant, "when all of his *real* fights, with his managers, janitors, and movie directors, are so much more interesting? Every time he has a quarrel with somebody, it is just that much water over the wheel for all of us who are interested in his artistic career. We write up his squabbles in our papers, the public flocks to see a hero who is brave enough to face his own gas bill without flinching, and then, every ten or twelve years, when the sports are all ready for a real plucking, the promoters rig up a championship battle and pull down a three-million-dollar gate.

"The successive heavy-weight champions are merely exaggerated editions of the small fry. They all work the same way. Money is the thing the boxers are after and in getting it they follow the line of least resistance. Which means, as everybody save the suckers can see, that it is much easier to cook up a fight in advance and get the cash without anybody getting hurt than it is to get it at the cost of a cut lip, a black eye or a bloody nose. Such decorations belong to the street fighter, not to the modern boxer. His game is now financial, not fistic. The public purse is at its service and our sports writers, through the news colums of our papers, are its press-agents. Under such circumstances," concluded my able friend, "it is easy to see why the ranks of the boxing fraternity are rapidly filling up with energetic and ambitious young men. They could become hijackers if they wanted to, but in that case they would not be accorded the protection of the police and the endorsement of the Y. M. C. A. As it is at present, they have both."

"And how about the promoters?" I asked. "Tell me something in particular about them."

"It's not necessary," was the reply, "for me to tell you anything about the promoters. All that you have to do in order to find out about those able and enterprising birds is go to New York and take a long look at the five-million-dollar pug palace erected in that village as a monument to the American boob. Over the main entrance to this palace—done in invisible ink, however, so that the boob can't see it—are the words: 'A fool and his money are soon parted!'"

ANON IS DEAD

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

One famous author has sunk into oblivion. His name, once the best known of them all, is scarcely intelligible to our generation. Title pages of famous periodicals printed it not once but a dozen times, anthologies recorded it and readers were always asking, Who is he? The raciest writing was often over his signature, and if the great ones of the social or political world condescended to literature, he was their representative. In old newspapers and magazines his masked brilliance stirred our curiosity in childhood. Now he is unfashionable, if not altogether forgotten. Anon, alas, is dead.

The mind of a man who, like Keats, wrote burning poetry, or, like Hazlitt, pungent criticism, or, like Washington Irving, excellent stories, and printed them anonymously is as alien to Broadway or Greenwich Village, or to Bloomsbury or Fleet street as the character of a Quaker who went to prison rather than raise his hat. The thing is simply incredible to editors who buy names and sell names to their subscribers, or to newspapers which head every other column with a name. Even advertising with us has become personal. If there are no moral sentiments in the founder of a big business, there will be a write-up by his advertising agent in the best short-story fashion. More, the advertiser is offered a choice of names well known in literature, which, for a handsome fee, will be signed to almost any blah about himself or his goods that he specifies. A name will carry anything, and many a sweating hack makes a good living by writing articles that become important when they appear over the signature of someone great in the movies or Wall street. Anonymity, in brief, is now an inhibition that everyone tries to escape.

All this is so common, and the reasons for it seem so obvious, that we do not remember how recent the practice is, nor realize its significance. Medieval work was usually anonymous, and much of it remains anonymous in spite of laborious investigation. Who wrote "Beowulf" or the "Chanson de Roland"? Who composed "Gawayne and the Green Knight"? Anonymity was common until modern times, although a willingness to be discovered becomes more and more evident. Consider the famous pseudonyms in English literature: Gulliver, W. S., Boz, Junius, George Eliot, Geoffrey Crayon, "The Author of 'Waverley,'" Christopher North, Elia. Note that even the intensely personal R. L. S. published most of his earlier sketches as Anon and that the brilliant egoisms of Edgar Allan Poe appear among the critiques of *Graham's Magazine* with no name attached. As many important books, essays and poems before 1850 were first published anonymously or over a pseudonym as with the name of the author attached. We have come in a few generations from

The Pickwick Papers
By Boz

to what would be nationally advertised as

Charles Dickens
writes in the current
Green Book

This increase in egomania must have impressed the least observant, for it is by no means confined to journalism and the arts. Signboards now display individuals who

gesture urgently to the passerby and speak by exclamatory caption. Most of these are already familiar types—the banker, the lumberman, the druggist. Soon they will be pictures of well-known persons, who will gladly consent to lend their faces for the publicity value: Harold Bell Wright with lifted finger will warn us, from the roadside, to read only moral fiction, and John Barrymore, in the blaze of an electric sign, will be pointing at the springs of an automobile that solves the traffic problem.

And yet it cannot be proved that the columnists, the dramatic critics, the feature and sports writers, who are leaders of this modern exhibitionism, are vainer or more egotistical than their predecessors, when they had predecessors. Read the "Noctes Ambrosianae" of Christopher North for such a display of personal whim and effrontery in criticism as would be hard to find today. Nor are short-story writers and novelists and playwrights more willing to be self-assertive than when Anon was in power. Such instances of colossal egoism as may be collected from Pope and his age or Dr. Johnson and his circle cannot be exceeded even in New York. Pope was incredibly vain, Southey clamored for publicity, the young men of the *Edinburgh Review* were possessed by a kind of sadism and they fed their egoes with cruelty. Sterne pulled wires for a reputation with a shameless assiduity that a modern publicity agent may well envy, and through the aristocratic ages, from Chaucer down to Tom Moore, writers bootlicked their patrons with an unblushing vulgarity that is more offensive than the noisy appeals of moderns to their new master, the crowd. There has been no general decline in virtue, and a shrinking rather than expansion of the ego. But now "everybody is doing it." When Pope exploited his malicious personality one got something worth the pains; but when everyone flings not only his opinions but also his name and idiosyncrasies in your face there is a phenomenon worth discussing. If this be vulgarity, then vulgarity has become fashionable.

II

It may often be vulgar, but this glorification of the capital *I* is not explained by calling it vulgarity. What we are encountering is a panicky, an almost hysterical, attempt to escape from the deadly anonymity of modern life, and the prime cause is not the vanity of our writers but the craving—I had almost said the terror—of the general man who feels his personality sinking lower and lower into a whirl of indistinguishable atoms to be lost in a mass civilization.

In village life, everyone knows everyone else, and knows about them, which, for the ever sensitive ego of man, is even more important. The villager moves and has his being in the consciousness of others. They realize him or her, not as a clerk, stenographer, or salesman, but as George, Mary, or Jim, with such a background of manner, experience, and temperament as one gets in a novel. That this consciousness is often unfavorable does not change the argument. Dislike is better than disregard, and unpopularity preferable to loneliness. Only matured and self-sufficient personalities or those beaten and crushed by life prefer the anonymity of an impersonal, unfriendly environment. A familiar word in passing, a gibe, a recognition of that ego which we are always cherishing is the stimulant that humanity craves.

City living, however, as we know it, is essentially impersonal. The I-that-am-I lives for most of its day among strangers, and comes home at night to the unhomely environment of an apartment in a beehive —and the personality of a newspaper. In the modern university, instead of a family of like-minded students all nicknaming each other, there are two thousand strangers in a class; instead of a dozen professors in familiar rivalry there is a great teaching machine, in which the units are solitaries, drifting in and out, as impersonal in their relationship as the employés of a steel mill. Clubs, since Prohibition, have lost their social values and become

laces to eat and run. For writers there is ow no Grub street even. A few of the nely youngsters take refuge in Green- ich Village, where tradition says they ill meet their kind, but most of them are attered in lodging-houses, small jobs, rms, newspapers — anywhere, every- here.

Once out of the family, if there is a real mily, or that enlargement of the family hich only the fortunate get in school or ollege, the struggle against anonymity egins in earnest. The crowd draws us nder and we become mere units: a job ith a name that is no more than a num- er, a wife indistinguishable from ten housand others waiting in line in the deli- atessen stores. We struggle against the tug f the current in ways that are pathetic in heir triviality. We put the name of our own on the crossbar of the automobile— Granton—the Athens of Florida"—as if o say, "at least you can tell where I come rom." We thrill at the sight of our names n print, until a front-page reference has ecome a synonym for success. We join as- ociations where "brother," "comrade," r "good fellow" is the label and chief xcuse for being. We are like those pa- hetic remainders from the great anony- nous civilization of the later Roman Empire, whose names are found upon crolls and monuments with the additions f a race or a country, as if that might erve to give them passing identity— Heliodorus the Phœnician, Polycrates of Attica.

The city dominates our way of living whether we are in town or country, and he modern city is inevitably standardized nd anonymous. The individual is sinking day by day nearer to the conditions of no- body. This fact, inescapable for the vast majority, has its influence even upon dress. Never was there such a widespread striv- ing by both male and female to be correct in hat, coat, rouge, earrings, cigarettes, shirt, cuff buttons, width of trousers, color of shoes. The noon hour in New York is a dress inspection, in which the stenogra- phers and clerks are so busy with discov- eries and comparisons that some of them forget to eat. Every office boy, secretary and minor executive is busy testing how well he measures up to the fashion, which means that he is trying to feel himself a visible part of the one great personality he knows—the city's—New York's.

More and more society comes to resemble a school of fish, marked alike, moving alike in drifts and dartings, so spontane- ous in the mass that one would say there was a group soul. Songs, jokes, slang, dances, opinions appear and spread and dis- appear with the rhythm of an epidemic or a cyclone. Thanks to the radio the mass thought and mass emotion are instantane- ously communicable everywhere. There is a difference in tempo but not in kind be- tween the effect upon individuality at the Podunk corner store and its cracker box, and New York.

And yet man himself is just as he always was: a self-sympathetic person craving au- thority, expression, recognition and a sense of being somebody. In all probability he is much more personal in his desires, because they are now more complex, than the epic heroes whose names served for nations and whose actions were history. Because I am insignificant among a hun- dred millions of people, because what I say never gets beyond my family or my office, because no one has need or oppor- tunity to discover what I think, because I am not Roland, or Francis I, or Dr. John- son, or William Jennings Bryan—all this does not mean that I crave any the less the position of the "old man" of the savage tribe, whose words established custom, or the intense personal expression of Mary Queen of Scots. It is impossible that my ego should impress a nation, it is difficult to make a hundred people aware of my existence as differentiated from the society in which I live, yet while my rational self accepts this conclusion, my emotions balk at it. I must at all costs feel myself to be intensely personal, and if not myself, then my little world in which I move.

III

The answer, of course, is vicarious experience, and this intense desire is responsible for most of the caperings, the name callings, the exhibitionism described above. In literature we always give our masters what they want; and since the crowd, not the patrons, is now master, we give them personal journalism. Watch the girl swaying at the strap in the subway crowd, a mere fibre of the impersonal mass, and see how eagerly she sinks herself in the blazing personalities of the paper she holds, in which everything from the fashions in stockings to international news is told by a Tom, Dick, Harry or Ann speaking intimately, familiarly to her. Or note in an apartment home, as like to ten thousand other apartment homes as one cell is to another, how the magazine on the table with its intensely personal style seems to radiate the familiar and the individual like a new kind of electrical toy.

This craving for the friendly, familiar voice is responsible for the success of the column; for the impressionistic personal criticism, where "I like" and "I hate" are the dominants; for photographic illustrations of short stories that are themselves romantic; for the astonishing success of the popular lecture in America; and, finally, for the blazoning of names, as if to say, it is Frank, Don, Mary, Kathleen, not a great remote Author, above all not Anon, that is writing for you. It also lies behind the vogue of the popular magazines' "true stories" and "confessions," which are actually fiction made so personal as to satisfy the craving for individual experience. Furthermore, this rush of the anonymous ego to take refuge in rich, glaring personalities that write of the world as if it were still intimate, is an escape from science which has pervaded education with a consciousness of abstract, immutable physical laws that take no account whatever of wish and ignore individuality completely. How lonely is the very sound of words like force, atom, ion, degeneration, subconsciousness, behaviorism! No wonder that we who live in a civilization made by science should desire its opposite.

And hence, what I have called the universal exhibitionism of modern journalism is undoubtedly good for the crowd. It heartens them. It searches out the individual and speaks to him. The columnist is an agent of humanism as much as the dramatist of the Renaissance was, and the novelist who writes his autobiography for a novel is medicining the need of personal experience in the reader. Fiction and, especially, criticism often suffer from the vulgarity of too much egoism, but more often they suffer because one feels a dramatic temperament standing between the reader and the truth and is annoyed precisely as the early Protestant was annoyed by the priest who stood between himself and God. But let the fastidious hesitate before they condemn the capers of the public's favorites. The publicists of today are simply Shakespeare's clowns come to outnumber all the rest of the cast. Their display of personality is often a mask like the clown's cap and bells. When they assume their copyrighted ego, which is advertised by night on the electric signs, they are free to be shrewd, critical and expressive because they know that their audience craves the human name, the human intonation, the human idiosyncrasies and prejudices that are rapidly becoming mere words. Bernard Shaw has not hesitated to expose his similar methods, and there is no shame in them. Who that is hopelessly anonymous himself—and that is the permanent condition of most of us—will regard Anon if he can hear an authentic personal voice? Even savages give names to the natural forces they worship.

So much for an honorable and deserved defence of the egomania of our times. But what of the intellectually fortunate, that remnant in whose hands culture must persist, the cultivated minority? Are they yielding to exhibitionism? Is it not true that they seek the same stimulation of the ego that the masses more justifiably ask

or, and that when they write they throw ticence to the winds?

Criticism, which is always written for ie cultivated, is shot through today with apital *I*'s. The delicate art of a Walter ater, that suffuses its subject with a glow om the writer's personality and yet es-blishes general principles and makes btle interpretations, is almost impossible f general influence in our times. There are en and women capable of it, but they o not practice it, except in holes and cor-ers. The audience for it is very limited. he tiny minority that can digest thor-ugh-going criticism is interested chiefly its own quarrels over recondite or eso-ric literature, and the generally culti-ated are impatient of so unspiced a dish. What they wish to know is what Walter ater did on the afternoon when he dis-overed the Renaissance, and how he lit is gem-like flame. Even university pun-its with a record of sober expositions of rnold-like dignity loosen up when they ome to town and begin to pat young uthors on the head and tell what hap-ened to their complexes when they first ead James Joyce. It is a sociable, merry, ivacious society, this community of the odern literati, and preferable to the so-emnities of research in the sources of haucer and the language of the "Ancren Riwle," but one begins to wonder what will become of criticism that is *not* auto-iography, and to wonder if the end will ot be some painless process by which ulture comes from inoculation. "Know ne," says the critic, "hear what I think, ee how I am moved, and you will become nevitably a person of taste."

Anon had to give his reasons, for other-wise no one would believe him. His opinions were no good unless he could back them up. Now that he is dead, emo-ion does seem to be taking the place of eason, opinion is driving out principle, and impressionism has made off with the art and science of criticism, taking the garage with the car. It is all very jolly and very good for the lonely atoms that were beginning to believe that there was nothing intimate left for them outside their own ego, but must we all be given a celebrity's private emotions every time we ask for critical nourishment?

IV

The passion for nonanonymity is not likely to decrease. As clothes, food, transportation, language and emotion become increasingly standardized, inhibitions begin to enfeeble the ego. It becomes actually more difficult to think and feel personally, to be a husband, a citizen, a servant, a soul in an individual sense. Formulas exist for everything, even for an expression of gratitude, a laugh, a scream, a faint. We live in such formulas. Eccentricity is notably declining, especially in America, and eccentricity is one of the indices of personality. All the more will the colorless seek color, the conventionalized mind crave spontaneity, the anonymous and impersonal desire a vicarious indulgence in egoism. Novels are already biography to an extent never reached before. Novels have always been made up very largely from the personal experience of the writer transmuted into typical adventure, but the modern novel of the familiar kind depends to a dangerous extent upon trivial happenings which gain their only significance from the ordinary but very personal individual who experiences them. Taking a bath, hugging a sweetheart, dictating to a stenographer, getting drunk—all these things are described with what the author thinks is realism, but which actually provides only the same satisfaction of egoism as may be had from looking at the pictures of familiar individuals in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday supplements.

The art of fiction may have gained access to inner recesses of the personality hitherto kept private, but it has lost its detachment and its sense of the really significant. As Henry James said of the disease in the mild form which he studied, in his notes on the modern novel, what we have in many

new novelists is more often material for fiction than fiction itself.

I repeat that all this trotting up and down of the ego is as inevitable as transportation and lighting, and if the popular emotions are exploited by the vulgar and the cynical, nevertheless the jolly fellows who scatter vitamines where they go and put rouge on the pallid cheeks of routine existence are blessing their generation. Yet too much genius has gone into clowning. We are not all of us Buddhists to make the Name a sacred formula which repeated often enough will satisfy every want. There should be some precincts of the temple of literature where critics especially will leave their ego in the subconsciousness where it belongs and look at the object rather than their own reactions.

It is not necessary and it is not advisable to relapse into the impersonality of Anon. The stiff formalities of the old form of address were largely due to the dignity of the caste system. The remote third person has no value in a democracy, but it is surely possible to say "I" and "me" without transforming a critique into an autobiography. And precisely because we are democratic in our casual relations and because, like the Missouri frontiersman in Parkman's narrative, we say, "Howdy, stranger. What's your name? Where do you come from? What's your business?" to every writer we meet, the rich personality in literature has an opportunity never equalled before. Let a man make a name for himself and by print and by lecture, as well as by radio, he can broadcast everywhere. What advertisers call buyer resistance and publishers are beginning to name reader resistance does not exist for him. His audience, knowing him by name, are ready to listen. It is a crime against opportunity, then, if he always talks of himself.

Not less of the personal, but more responsibility in the personal, is what we need. Those who break through this shell of anonymity that so oppresses us should do more than shout "I am I" from the apartment windows. Subtle things wait to be accomplished in criticism; a finer touch is needed there. Beauty has been almost lost from poetry. Humor is broader than it is long. The American, even more than other moderns, lives without principles and without plan. It is only the rare person who can do the rare thing needed, but what a chance today if he has a name and can keep his head! He is known among the anonymous, and whether he talks sense or nonsense he will be heard. The London passion for the theatre gave Shakespeare a like opportunity. He could write gorgeous and none too intelligible poetry and wise and subtle philosophy in prose so long as his drama held. The analogy with our day is close. Personality is now at a premium and the personal touch is a necessity for crowd-weary men. There is no need to resurrect Anon, but Ego should take some reducing exercises before we weary of his grossness.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

NINETEEN years ago last Winter the Boston & Albany train bearing me through a blizzard from my Christmas vacation in the Middle West back to New England preparatory school stumbled early one morning into Springfield, Mass. The Thaw case was then nearing its peak of indecency, and for a brief period the adolescents of the day were reading their newspapers. Hence complicated gambling arrangements were carried out by several young gentlemen in a Pullman drawing-room, and I was stuck for going through the storm after the papers.

"Get the *Times*," somebody advised me, "they print all of it." . . . "Aw, get the *Journal*," urged a more profound sophisticate; "Hearst prints *pash* only."

But when I reached the news-stand there were no New York papers at all. The storm had held them up, and also the thinner pornographic offerings of Boston.

"Then," I sneered in my most accomplished metropolitan manner, "what have you got here?"

The hugely pompadoured sales-female turned a fishy eye upon me, and languidly spurned me with this:

"Only the best newspaper in the United States—the Springfield *Republican*."

My seventeen-year-old vanity somehow fancied that extravagance could put her in her place. I bought, I think, 15 *Republicans* and fled.

But the joke was on me. In the dismal chill of the Pullman I quickly learned what forward-looking adolescents thought of a mess—the 1907 word for dumb-bell—capable of spending their money on a paper with advertisements all over the front page. No wonder the *Republican* covered only the strictly legal aspects of the Thaw obscenity in what I was afterward to call "two sticks"!

Five years later, on a symbolic April afternoon of dead white sunshine sucked of vital warmth by a Massachusetts east wind, I was on my way to ask the publisher of "the greatest newspaper in the United States" for a job.

Yale professors and dulcet-toned young classmates who were going in for literature had convinced me in the meantime that the pompadoured creature was right: that while it risked one's æsthetic salvation to enter journalism at all, still one might settle down on the Springfield *Republican* with less danger of fatal corruption than anywhere else. It was thus the only newspaper job I could possibly consider, and I shivered to my depths at the thought that I had to have it.

Naturally, my ease was not increased by the tip from a friend already on the *Republican* staff, that the third Samuel Bowles considered spotless character the first requisite in his reporters, and was uncannily expert in detecting its absence in the hiring interview. Less than two weeks before this I had been fired from a preparatory school faculty for swearing in the presence of the boys, and I fully expected that the great man would read the damning fact in my eyes or my hair-cut.

To do him justice, the third Samuel, once I got to him, awed me almost as much as the saleswoman. The wax-white, aristocratically correct features of the hawk-like face, the severe erectness of the 60-year-old frame, spare almost to emaci-

ation, and the immaculate trim of the close gray beard—all the outward symptoms betokened the early Christian ascetic thinly disguised as an elderly clubman of the Rooseveltian age. The very looks of him, topped off by the reserved austerity of his greeting, made him a fearful figure to confront. And he all but paralyzed me with an initial question as to my church connections. When I hesitatingly disclaimed any, he remarked with frigid liberality:

"We do not insist upon it. But the *Republican* can only confide its tradition to young men of character. We are interested in their church connections as a means of forming it."

"What are the reasons you offer," he went on, "for desiring to enter journalism?"

Tipped off by my staff friend that he took great stock in the ability of journalistic virgins to rationalize such impulses, I had already, with much re-writing, compiled such a statement in a hundred words and forwarded it to him in our correspondence. I have not now the slightest recollection of its contents, but I was able to repeat it then without serious discrepancies. His face lighted with a cordiality almost equivalent to that of the frost-bitten sun outside, and he confessed that he "expected" to have an opening for me soon at $10 a week. He apologized for such munificence with the explanation that it was due to my having had, besides my collegiate preparation, practical experience in the outside world.

"You must remember," he concluded, as though barely restraining a snappish disappointment in me, "that the rewards of work upon the *Republican* are not financial. They are those of training in a great tradition and of service to the best ideals of journalism. Our men who have declined brilliant positions elsewhere and have spent their lives in the *Republican* office appreciate this. Not many years ago, even young men appreciated it so much that they were willing to come here and work for nothing until they could make themselves really useful to us."

II

The *Republican* was eighty-eight years old when I joined it. For thirty-four years the third Samuel had been its publisher, and in the sense of controlling its editorial policies to the minutest detail, its editor. The distinction of his character, and of the *Republican* as his character fashioned it, lay in the fact that he was the plodding son of a brilliant father and knew it.

In 1844, the second Samuel, at the age of 18, had induced his own father, a hide-bound country weekly editor of the shears, pre-railroad and strictly partisan school, to attempt a daily in a town of less than 10,000. Immediately the youngster had virtually to invent the art of aggressive local reporting on a small city scale. Before he was thirty he had pulled off one of the most notable scoops of his time—the full covering from confidential sources of the national convention of the Know Nothing party in 1855, and the exposure of its manipulation in the interests of slavery.

A violent patriot in the Civil War, he nevertheless had the good sense to break with Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens over their more pragmatically partisan reconstruction policies. In 1872 he proved his courageous professional unconventionality by bolting the regular Grant ticket for Greeley. Almost on his deathbed he gave permission for the establishment of a Sunday issue against the massed maledictions of the Western Massachusetts clergy. He had, of course, all the moral cant of a mid-Victorian afflicted with a New England conscience, but he was a brilliant editorial writer in both good and foolish causes. Above all, he was a daring innovator.

The son, Samuel III, was of good average intelligence, but for the first twenty-seven years of his life he had dwelt as heir apparent in too intimate contact with his father's genuine brilliance. Though worshipful, he had been kept uneasy by it, and the inevitable comparison of gifts seems to have afflicted him with a sense of his own unworthiness to succeed to the

irone. When he did succeed, in 1878, he ught to deserve his heritage by exaggerating both his father's faults and his ther's merits into everlasting virtues.

In 1912 the older men in the shop, with ie third Samuel's grave encouragement, ill referred to the second Samuel as ough he had founded a dynasty or the le orthodox religion, or been born of a irgin. With oriental devoutness, they rely spoke his name. In their prayerful collections he was always "the great litor," and genuflections and the sign of ie cross were in the tone. Young reporters metimes crossed their fingers, but this as done secretly and so failed to assist ie education of Samuel III. The more the ification of his father was accomplished, ie more he chafed under his sense of ortal unworthiness, and the more self-agellating became the means he sought o atone for it.

The father had been brilliant; therefore, he son must compensate for lack of brilliance with fanatical diligence. In his later ears he took no vacations except when is frail health demanded them. Every morning he read and marked for errors very line in a 12- to 24-page paper, including the classified advertisements. The ather had been a magnificent innovator. Hence, all of his innovations must be kept ntact as a shrine to the memory of genius. Even until his death the third Samuel kept he *Republican* from descending to the vulgarity of date lines, so that its news stories would begin: "President McKinley, who was shot by an assassin at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo last Friday, died early this morning in Buffalo." And thus ie maintained to the last the rule that speakers must be quoted only indirectly, in the English manner, waiving it only occasionally in Associated Press reports of lengthy outbursts by politicians.

He forbade headlines of greater width than a single column, and the principal divisions of each head could not be more than one line deep. In consequence, the pay-roll was overloaded for a generation with copy-readers working as laboriously as minor poets, and the best they could do, in the cramped space, with the story of the attempted assassination of Col. Roosevelt in 1912 was "T. R. Shot At." Until New Year's day, 1909, he kept the front page for advertisements, and announced the belated change to modern news display with an editorial apology for the concession. Set headlines devised by the father, such as "Local Intelligence," and, for a peculiarly stodgy type of local feature story, "In and About Springfield," were maintained until the last gasp.

The second Samuel had been naturally genial, and even when made furious by sloppy writing and misplaced commas he had confined himself to a withering wit. The third Samuel was neither genial nor witty, and sought to atone for the lack by an impeccable austerity. If he had not charm, and knew it, no man, most of all no employé, could ever reproach him for lapses in dignity. A cub reporter fresh from a Middle Western fraternity house learned the fact to his abiding horror on the night he was initiated into the evening mail-fetching service which belonged to his low station. (An office-boy had lost a check in the mail back in the 80's and thereafter no one carried it by day but responsible business executives, or, at night, editors and reporters.) This reporter entered the private office with the glamor of a May night in his blood.

"Fine evening, Mr. Bowles," he remarked sociably.

"Put the mail on the desk, Mr. S——," snapped the third Samuel like an outraged deity. "I am not here to be interrupted."

The "great editor," like the other New England journalists of his day, had been professionally virtuous. When all New England was bent upon reforming the domestic customs of Southerners, he could hardly have been anything else and sold his papers. But he was sane enough about it to keep out of the clutches of the extreme Abolitionists, and he was no more pharisaical than the fashion of the day

demanded. His heretical courage in assailing the scallawaggery of the Grant régime in 1872 was in no way sanctified by any illusion that Greeley was a great candidate. He never became such a prey to conscience that his brain ceased to function.

But the third Samuel's way of maintaining the virtuous tradition was to torture his conscience with petty scruples so that the more meal a moral politician carried in his mouth the harder he usually fell for him. Thus in 1900, he supported Bryan for the Presidency almost solely on the romantic aspects of anti-imperialism. The hard-headed arguments which would have fetched the second Samuel, that the Philippines were bound to be a dead loss to us in the economic and military sense, scarcely reached him. Instead, he gave all his allegiance to the tender sentiment that the Igorrotes and Tagalogs had a divine right to an even worse government than the Nicaraguans, and were being denied it by the rapacity of the Republicans, and so molded the thoughts of his editorial writers.

Such a mind naturally detested Roosevelt for the swash-buckling manners which made him popular, yet at the same time it supported him occasionally in his most obnoxiously interfering uplift policies. The third Samuel accepted the dulcet cadences of the Wilson state papers as the noble thoughts of a major prophet. In State and local politics, he was usually to be found on the side of those aspirants who proclaimed their virtue with the best Harvard—or Yale—manners. Hence most of the *Republican's* campaigns were pursued with a tone of moral authority which suggested that its judgments were reached on loftier grounds than other men's. If it was called the Connecticut Valley Bible, there was, in local appreciation, a cutting edge to the compliment. The smug sense of divinely inspired inerrancy was a little bit too apparent for public comfort when the *Republican* rode a moral issue—and most of its issues it made moral.

It was without doubt, the note of over-consecration in its support of Wilson that made the latter even more unpopular in Western New England than nature intended him to be. Even when the *Republican* was right, as in opposing the French terms at Versailles, or in sniping at Mitchell Palmer's red pogroms, it usually managed to alienate its natural cliéntèle of vaguely thoughtful Babbitts by its excessive self-righteousness.

The second Samuel had both sustained a prestige and made money. The third Samuel, by sincere and constant use of the *Republican's* complacency, continued to do both. His dignity, plus his conviction that the *Republican* really was the best and most virtuous newspaper in the United States, was admirably adapted for taking advantage of serious young men. He made such conscientious young intellectuals of the 90's and 1900's as are still on the staff believe that they could serve God and their own destinies better on the *Republican's* editorial page at $40 or $50 a week than they could for three or four times as much in the less dignified journalism of the great cities. He taught them all the masochistic thrills of consecrated anonymity—and included the advantages to himself on the pay-roll. When the temptation of bigger salaries in bigger cities came, the vaccines of the tradition usually worked, and they stuck with the *Republican*..

When young reporters of a more materialistic breed finished their training and blithely exchanged the *Republican's* $17 a week for $25 or $30 elsewhere, they were given farewell by the older men with airs of distinct condescension. When I joined the paper, one Howard, after twenty-seven years of service, had just left the high man's place on the editorial page for the New York *World* at some four times his Springfield salary, and George Kibbe Turner a year or two before had resigned to do free-lancing for the opulent and liberal *Saturday Evening Post*. The older staff members spoke of them with a reserved acidity—as deacons might speak of backsliding Christians.

III

Such a paper, in all reason, should have been painful to work for, but to its reporters, at least, it was far otherwise. True, there was a tradition that a few years before my advent even the cubs called each other Mister, never told each other their salaries, married themselves early to Springfield schoolma'ams, and gradually mummified into librarians, museum curators, fey ascetics of the Berkshire Hills, or the third Samuel's editorial writers. But all traces of it had vanished by 1912.

We were banded together by our terror of personal encounters with the third Samuel, by rage at our salaries, by our common detestation of the extraordinary stodginess of Springfield and its flavorless eating-places, and by our conviction that we could make a real newspaper of the *Republican* by modernizing its head-lines and style rules. We gloried in using it as a harsh training-school on the way to distinction, and divided the older men who had yielded to the third Samuel's wily persuasions into "tragedies" and "fat heads," depending on whether they made $50 a week on the editorial page or $30 a week at some minor executive job. We were of the same chronological vintage of the colleges, we all cherished vast literary aspirations—since altered—we scorned as the plague the Springfield women of all social classes, we worked long hours, we quarreled on occasions, we discussed the day's uplift enthusiasms with violence, and in all ways we formed a glorious *Brüderschaft*.

The third Samuel—it was part of the dignity tradition—provided for our physical comfort with what, according to 1912 standards, were positively luxurious offices and equipment. For the rest, except for the hiring and firing solemnities, he let us severely alone. When he had anything unpleasant to say about our reporting—which he had on most days in the year—he took it out with his peculiarly devastating austerity on the city editor, Howard K. Regal, now the *Republican's* managing editor. Regal, naturally one of the most considerate and tactful of men, was perpetually harassed by the job of keeping a qualified city staff in being at an average salary of about $16 a week, and so he softened the blows as he passed them on.

How, under these circumstances, the *Republican* maintained its prestige as a great journalistic training school I do not know. From the desk men we actually got less criticism, colorful or constructive, of our copy than I have received since, or seen cubs receive, from the too-busy-to-bother copy-readers of metropolitan dailies. Regal spared us criticism of our numerous faults unless they were flagrant. The *Republican* had plenty of space in those days, and we were seldom checked in our youthful long-windedness. I actually had to go to work on the New Orleans *Item*, after a year and a half on the *Republican*, before I learned what "boil it down to a stick" meant.

Such editing as we did receive was not all to the good by any means. The *Republican* had, and still has, a prejudice against the too vivid in expression. In a later incarnation on the sheet, as a special feature writer for the Sunday magazine section, I wrote early in 1917 a prophecy of the results of full American participation in the war. Among other things I suggested that it might "give exhausted France a vacation." Richard Hooker, nephew and trained heir of the third Samuel, then editor and publisher, with his own hand made this read "give exhausted France a respite." "Respite" was the kind of word the *Republican* must use when it felt itself in danger of becoming interesting.

The value of *Republican* training, such as it was, seems to have been mainly the result of a careful picking of men and of the sequence of experiences each man went through after being picked. The paper, on account of the fame of its graduates—George Harvey and the late Charles R. Miller of the New York *Times* were but two of numerous luminaries—had always, until war times, a long waiting list of applicants. The third Samuel sifted them over

and chose each cub on the basis of such intellectual promise as total journalistic inexperience had so far been able to demonstrate. This mainly meant a Phi Beta Kappa key, or a certain definite achievement in college journalism or literary effort; some of the choices were natural-born English professors. But on the whole this method kept the staff fairly full of youngsters of more brains and individuality than were enjoyed by the average group of picture-swipers and police politics intriguers on the small city newspapers of the first decade of the century. Such reporters indulged in an incredible amount of vapid intellectual poppycock, but taught each other a good deal about the newspaper business in spite of it.

The *Republican* thrust the reporting art upon these infants as Spartan parents sometimes thrust swimming on their offspring —by throwing them in. We weren't taught how to take obituaries from undertakers first, how to handle lodge notices second, and so on up through church affairs, schools, courts, business, to police and city politics. On the first day of his training the cub was shoved across the river into the considerable suburb of West Springfield, a town with a separate government and a population, in 1912, of approximately 10,000. When the next cub came on, the first moved up to the larger suburban community of Chicopee, where there were 30,000 people, a full-panoplied city government with mayor, aldermen and charter, industrial difficulties and racial variations of the utmost New England mill-town vividness, and some of the canniest and richest ward politics ever witnessed north of the Bronx or east of the Chicago Gas House district.

These two runs usually took up about a year of the cub's time, along with the additional burden of night assignments in Springfield and of responsibility for a short column of weekly editorial comment on the affairs of his bailiwick. Early in his career, he might call for help from older members of the staff in case of murder, riot, miracle, defalcation or first family matrimonial scandal. But he was encouraged to resent and shake off this dependence as soon as possible, and by the time his year was up, he had met and taught himself how to handle, in the germ at least, practically every type of news that the Lord God Sabaoth ever permits to happen.

Discipline was mild almost to tenderness. The third Samuel took a sour delight in firing men who defiled the *Republican's* dignity by becoming drunk and disorderly in public places, but if it was done privately he never heard of it. Once we were for several weeks in a tremor lest he should learn that a member of the *Brüderschaft* had been cited as a divorce co-respondent, but he evidently kept his nose out of the exchanges in which the matter was being somewhat juicily handled. In the several years before and after my time, I know of only one man who was dropped for the journalistic ineptitude which would have tempted the city editor of any less consciously superior newspaper to mayhem and murder. This lone victim really deserved better, for he had contributed to our gayety. When first offered a job, he declined, alleging that he was saving money as instructor in a tutoring school so that he could afford to work for the *Republican*, but hadn't yet saved enough. To the third Samuel such earnestness was irresistible, and the aspirant got what was almost unknown in *Republican* annals—a second offer. He took it, but his inability to see news, or anything, indeed, save texts for lay sermons in his assignments, caused his downfall.

The third Samuel's conviction of the *Republican's* superiority led him—and some of his successors for a while—to believe that an application for a *Republican* job was meant for life. One youth for whom there was no opening in 1914 was functioning, by 1917, as managing editor of a larger New England newspaper than the *Republican* at $75 a week. The third Samuel was dead, but the waiting list was still believed in, and one morning this young man got

a telegram offering him a reporter's job at $14 a week!

But the prize story of *Republican* parsimony comes down for forty years more or less apocryphally. In 1884 a Dartmouth youth joined the staff immediately upon graduation. One of his first assignments was to cover a county fair, or cattle show, in a Berkshire hill town. Although feeling the economic pressure of his salary, he spent his excess early in the morning on peanuts and side-show entertainment for a comely country wench. Thus, when time for the 25-cent dinner arrived, he could only stand outside the dining-hall and sniff mournfully. At this moment appeared a local cattle magnate with the services of a new bull to sell, and he offered to subsidize the reporter to the extent of a dollar if he would give his champion the best showing in the write-up. The bargain was clinched, the reporter dined as host to the lovely female, and delivered a satisfactory eulogy of the corrupter's bull. But he suffered from a New England conscience, and a few days later appeared before the third Samuel with a full confession. Should he resign, he demanded, or what penance did Pater Anchises require?

The third Samuel glared at him with the usual severity.

"Mr. H——," he rasped, "you may give me the dollar."

IV

Yet the *Republican* has always had the virtues of its vices. Although, with ostentatious sincerity, it believes its speech to be fairer and wiser than that of others, it has nevertheless believed also in free speech for all. More than once the amateur Fascisti of Western New England have solemnly indicted it for sedition and bolshevism because it has defended the right of carping minorities to blaspheme against the Nordic civilization, Mr. Coolidge and even the late war. It was not above impartially reporting the speeches of Ettor and Giovannitti when Massachusetts cowered under the I. W. W. menace at the time of the Lawrence textile strike. In later years even the Ku Klux Klan has received, along with much editorial skepticism, the fair play in its news columns which one knight should expect of another. When the pulpit has been for padlocking the lips of wets as well as their service stations, the bone dry *Republican* has dared ecclesiastical wrath by asserting the right of the wicked to air their unrighteous judgments.

Today, at the grand climax of its career the *Republican* is making the gesture of tolerance in a way that must cost even a New England conscience something. Last Winter it bought the Springfield *Union*. Back of the sale were six decades of fierce editorial rivalry, culminating in three or four years of circulation and advertising warfare which apparently strained the resources and tempers of both papers to the breaking point. Yet the instant the victory was gained, the *Republican's* superiority to mere earthly passion asserted itself. Instead of gloating over the opportunity to execute a captive *a la* Munsey, its owners and editors in solemn conclave decided that the *Union's* pagan opposition was good for the community, had a legitimate following, and should be maintained. Consequently, the *Union's* alarmed and excited employés still hold their jobs. More, the *Republican*, through the *Union*, has pledged itself to support a wet, capitalistic, anti-uplift, Mark Hanna Republicanism as destestable to all its traditional canons as familiarity was to the third Samuel. It is doubtful if free speech has ever gained another such victory since Jehovah granted the privileges of dissent to Satan. One could doubtless point to members of the *Republican's* editorial galaxy who feel that the parallel is not strained.

However, even in the days before the present romantic complication, rectitude led the *Republican* into other fundamentally un-American practices. It never, for example, plunged into prudishness for its own sake, nor into easy conformities for the sake of the business office, and it was fearless even in its follies. When the sub-

ject was still taboo, even among Unitarians and evolutionists, it mentioned venereal diseases by name in news text and headlines without a blush. It was the first small city paper in the country to chuck the nauseous mess of patent medicine advertising out of its columns. When, quite characteristically, it joined the white ribbon brigade for the coming Volsteadism, it at least had the decency to return all its liquor advertisement contracts.

Nor did local moguls have any strings on the third Samuel. An advertiser of some consequence during my era once received sentence in the police court for an offense incompatible with decency. When he besought the third Samuel, with the usual wails of Babbitt in distress, to keep it out of print, all the comfort he got was the grim statement: "Mr. Blank, the *Republican* does not compromise even with criminals."

I had my own experience, too, with the usefulness of the third Samuel's passion for the dignity of his profession. A new club of Springfield's socially elect and would-be-illuminati had been formed, and I was assigned to cover the address of a college president at its first meeting. At the door I was met by Springfield's male social dictator of the day, an Army colonel who had evidently been taught at West Point that the first duty of an officer and gentleman was to treat a reporter like a dish-rag at a dinner. Although Mr. Bowles had made arrangements for my attendance, the military gentleman refused to let me get as far as the club's officers to state my case, and all but physically threw me out. The telephone and the city editor got me in at last, but that was not the end of it. Late at night the third Samuel called on me for my version of the incident, and next afternoon he called me again.

"Mr. Aikman," he said with an air a little nearer cameraderie than I ever on any other occasion observed in him, "Colonel Blank has apologized to me and to the *Republican* for his conduct yesterday evening. He is now ready to make an apology to you personally. Shall I call him on the telephone?"

I thereupon established myself as possibly the only cub reporter who ever declined to receive a formal apology for social misbehavior from a colonel in the Regular Army. But when I meet the third Samuel in the happy hunting grounds I am going to get his recipe for breaking ramrods.

V

He died in 1915. As though a spring were released the *Republican* leaped forward to certain innovations that he had held off for nearly a generation. Normal headlines, the direct quotation of speeches, date lines, a staff photographer, a rotogravure section, Sunday syndicate fiction all made their appearance within a year or two. Comics and a whole syndicated supplement were only five years arriving, and for a time a moderate sensationalism even reared its head in the local field. The old city room application list expired early in the war.

The reserved propriety of statement, however, was continued with almost increased fervor on the brains page under the third Samuel's immediate successor, Richard Hooker, and moral certainty and self-righteousness are still in full blast there. Waldo L. Cook, the present editor, for almost forty years has fought and bled and turned down bigger jobs under the tradition that the noblest way to serve God on earth is to serve the *Republican*. Restraints have apparently been imposed of late upon the local staff, for reporting is again, as a rule, grave and reverential.

Aside from its still somewhat chaotic venture in monopoly, the *Republican* has settled down to the policy of trying to buy liveliness outside while maintaining the sedateness—and some of the sedatives—of the Hayes administration within its own bosom. It wants, apparently, to be both one of the boys and the only 102-year-old girl in American journalism who has never been kissed.

QUARRY OF THE GODLY

BY STANLEY WALKER

The good people who lived in the valley of the Big Sandy cherished Ollie Denman in much the same fashion as a gentleman with an estate on Long Island takes pride in keeping a lone fox. The gentleman, having the fox, can ride to hounds on occasion, although he has no desire to catch the animal; the people of Big Sandy likewise had a happy time every Summer under the brush arbor where they gathered to lay siege to the immortal soul of Ollie Denman. The rest of the year Ollie was just one of the boys, not particularly wild, but unsaved. Looking back, I wonder whether the men and women who tried so hard to convert him wouldn't have been a bit disappointed if Ollie Denman actually had stumbled down the straw trail to the mourners' bench and announced that he was ready to "get right with God." With Ollie on the side of righteousness, there would have been no one else upon whom to turn the drumfire of evangelism. He was the only remaining official sinner in the community; it was, ostensibly, for the sole purpose of saving him that the camp meeting was held in that July when my family first settled on a farm in the valley.

The Denman boy was just turning twenty then, which fact made him a full grown man by our standards. I was fourteen. Instantly he captured my admiration. I regarded him as handsome, wholesome and glamorous. The general attitude toward him as the one barrier toward complete community godliness, which I sensed vaguely, served from the first to make him an heroic figure. It did not occur to me that Summer that in another year or two I would be the object of special evangelistic efforts. The people in that community had a peculiar viewpoint: they wouldn't shoot quail on the ground and they didn't like to bring a young boy to salvation when he wasn't really old enough to be a confirmed sinner. Wait a few years and the task of converting him, while more difficult, also was likely to be more dramatic and satisfying. It was, I think, a species of sportsmanship.

The rich valley of Big Sandy Creek, as I recall it, must have been one of the most uniformly God-fearing places on earth. The farms were productive and there were a few small ranches—none of more than a thousand acres—and the people were honest and sober. Their two enemies, against which they tilted incessantly and with ferocity, were the Devil and the tribe of hill-billies. The two, I was given to understand, had much in common: they were ignorant but cunning; they danced and shot craps; they were overwhelmingly in favor of all brands of liquor, with moonshine predominating. The hill-billies raised sheep, goats, scrub cattle and hell up in the low, scraggly range of mountains that began some eight miles north of where the Big Sandy stretched its unhurried course. At that time I shared the belief of the more enlightened lowlanders that the hill-billies were a vile lot; later, however, I developed a certain affection for them. Indeed, it was a denizen of these hills—a lanky, bronzed fellow with drooping mustachios, an acrobatic Adam's apple and the mournful eyes of an old hound—who gave me my first drink of whisky. I still remember my surprise that I did not feel the desire to shoot

up the countryside or burn the church; some such violence, I had been taught, was the inevitable result of a drink.

One of the counts in the social indictment against Ollie Denman was that he sometimes mixed with the hill-billies. On occasion he would ride into Cedar Gap, a settlement up in the midst of the hills, to attend dances which, according to the current report, were unrestrained, highly bibulous, immoral—and probably, if one could only find the statute, illegal. There also was talk that Ollie Denman, returning from these affairs very late at night, had been known to deliver himself of weird and bloodcurdling yells—loud whoops of exuberance that on a still night could be heard for a mile. At such times the decent farmers whose sleep had been disturbed pondered two questions: should they swear out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of disturbing the peace, which they could have done very easily, or should they bide their time until the next camp meeting and make another attempt to turn the young man into the path of honor and sobriety? Fortunately for Ollie, the policy of Christian forbearance won.

The first time I felt that I came to know Ollie Denman very well was on the Sunday afternoon a week before the annual camp meeting was due to begin. He and two or three young men of his own age, with a half-dozen of the smaller fry, I among them, went down to the Blue Hole on Big Sandy Creek to go in swimming. Sunday bathing, while not encouraged, was tolerated in our community, which had a reputation in the county for being somewhat broad-minded. We undressed and plunged into the clear, warm water. My admiration for Ollie was increased when I watched him climb to the uppermost branch of a leaning sycamore, thirty or forty feet above the water, and poise himself for the dive. He stood there for a moment glistening in the sun, a graceful, lithe figure, and then he shot downward in a perfect dive. He cleaved the water so cleanly that he caused little more than a ripple on the surface where he struck. It was beautiful. Later he thrilled us by staying under water for astonishing long periods, sometimes swimming almost the length of the hole under the surface. He swam with smooth, powerful strokes. Moreover, I regarded him as a genial, generous fellow. I could see no streak of viciousness in him. Thus I began to puzzle over the gulf which separated the godly from the ungodly, the saved from the lost. It was confusing. All of the other young men of Ollie's age had been converted, yet I am sure that we all liked Ollie best. And he was damned, as publicly as if he had worn a ticket announcing it.

II

The next Sunday the revival opened. Brother Shields, the regular preacher, was not considered very effective as an evangelist, though it was said that in his younger days he had been quite a power. That Summer he was showing signs of age. His voice had uncertain quavers in it, and he was content, during the times of great stress in the soul-saving season, merely to open the services, say a prayer or two and then sit on the platform while a younger and more vigorous man carried on. This year the clergyman who did the actual preaching was a good-looking young man who had moved out of the community several years earlier and worked his way through a denominational college, preparing himself for the ministry. His name was Ernest McClintock, and he had been out of college about two years when he came back to Big Sandy to conduct the camp meetings. Already he was making a reputation for himself and was in demand all Summer in several of the neighboring counties. As I recall him he was a tremendously convincing speaker, and he certainly could not have been very much more than twenty-six at the time.

I attended the meeting on the opening Sunday with my parents. We lived about a mile from the brush arbor, which had been thrown up on the bank of the Big

Sandy, and we were one of the few families that did not pitch camp for the ten-day period. In other years, as a rule, the meetings had lasted an even two weeks, but with only one prospective soul in sight —Ollie Denman—it was decided that ten days should suffice. Not that anyone underestimated Ollie's powers of resistance, for he was acknowledged on all sides to be about as difficult a proposition as an evangelist ever dealt with. That, however, served to make the effort the more exciting. Ollie didn't attend the opening service. I'm not sure why, but I think he was waiting for someone to invite him. No one did, for the first Sunday was given over only to laying the groundwork for the campaign that was to follow—that is, to getting the congregation in the right mood for going after Ollie. In this they worked on a definite psychological plan.

The young preacher, Brother McClintock, after the midday service, went over to the camp of Old Man Langham for a dinner of fried chicken and corn on the cob. They ate under a canvas awning. Langham, who was probably the most prosperous farmer in the community, had a very pretty black-haired daughter named Amy. She was about eighteen. Ernest McClintock had known her when she was much younger, and he must have been considerably surprised when he found that the scrawny little girl of those days had blossomed into a remarkably charming young woman. According to a confidential report given to me by her younger brother, who was about my own age, Brother McClintock and Amy made eyes at each other all through the meal, and afterward they walked together over to the arbor for the afternoon singing service. From that time on they were seen in each other's company frequently. I remember a few days later overhearing Brother Shields say to my father: "I hesitated about bringing a young man here for the revival. A young evangelist, although usually more effective than an old man, is sometimes impressionable. It doesn't do the cause any good for him to be seen too much with young ladies. But that's a risk we've got to run."

Amy Langham and the Rev. Mr. McClintock continued to see each other as often as possible. Everyone noticed it. There was gossip, but so far as I could see the young man didn't let his heart interests detract from his sermons, which seemed to gain steadily in eloquence. However, I was sorry to see him spend so much time with Amy, for I knew that Ollie Denman had been seeing her as often as old man Langham would allow it—which was not very often. And some of my undefined sensibilities were disturbed at the thought of a man of God betraying the same interest in a pretty girl that any other man might show.

Tuesday afternoon, when the revival spirit was mounting rapidly, a committee consisting of Brother Shields and two elderly women rode over to the Denman farm about four miles away to invite Ollie to the meeting. Since the age of fourteen, when his father had been killed in a threshing machine accident which had made a sensation in the valley, Ollie had worked the farm alone and taken care of his aged mother, a semi-invalid who forever complained of rheumatism and asthma. She was in bed most of the time. The farm was the poorest and smallest in the community, but the Denmans managed to get along. No matter what people said about Ollie's indifference to the higher things of the spirit, they had to admit that he got all out of the farm that could be produced. The committee found Ollie receptive. He stopped ploughing and readily agreed to come to the meeting Wednesday night. "I'd sort of been figuring on going over there," he said, "but since I don't belong to the church I thought maybe it would look a little better if I waited till things got going." They were playing a game with each other, after a fashion. Its code was punctilious. I have no doubt that Ollie understood very well that he was the sole object of the revival—that is to say, barring the always apparent object which

the people had of camping a week and enjoying a respite from the drudgery of farm work.

Along about seven-thirty the next evening Ollie rode up on his black pony, tethered it to a live oak a hundred yards from the arbor and then prepared to go in. Services were due to start a short time after eight. The first persons he saw were the Rev. Ernest McClintock and Amy Langham. They were walking together from the Langham camp, song books under their arms. The preacher had eaten dinner with her again. Amy saw Ollie and motioned him over. Ollie shook hands with the preacher, whom he had known slightly several years before.

"Well, Ollie!" exclaimed the preacher, "I'm mighty glad to have you with us tonight. I've been hearing a lot about you and you're just the man we want over here. How is your mother?"

"Not so well. She hasn't been able to get out of bed for the last week. She's been feeling mighty poorly."

"Now I'm awfully sorry to hear that. I must try and go over to see her sometime this week."

The three walked on under the brush arbor. The benches were about half filled. People were drifting in from the camps and from the dozen or so conveyances that had drawn up among the trees. As he came near the platform the preacher said to Amy, "You'll be in the choir tonight, won't you?"

"Yes," said Amy, "if you think you'd like for me to be there."

"By all means—please do," he said. He left them, went back of the pulpit and sat down. He began thumbing his Bible. Amy turned from Ollie to go up to the four benches on that platform that had been set aside for the choir.

"Want to sit up here tonight?" she asked Ollie.

"Not enough that you'd notice it," he laughed. "You know I can't sing. I'm going to sit way back. I wish you'd come and sit with me, Amy?"

"No, I've got to be in the choir."

"What's the matter? Last Summer and the Summer before you used to sit with me back there nearly every night."

"But Brother McClintock wants me in the choir tonight."

"What's he got to do with it?" demanded Ollie. "They can get all the singing they need without you." He peered closely into her face. "Look here, Amy, you ain't letting that young preacher fall in love with you, are you?"

The girl blushed. "Ollie! You ought not to say such things!"

"Well," persisted Ollie, "I've noticed that preachers can fall in love about as quick as anybody else. Of course he can't love you as much as I do. You were walking with him a while ago." He was accusing in his tone.

"Good night, Ollie Denman! You sure are suspicious. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She left him and went to the choir. Ollie walked back to the rear seats and plopped down where a flickering oil torch played its uncertain light over his handsome and distraught countenance.

The rest of the benches were full now. Several mothers, with babies, were sprawled on blankets around the edges, half hidden in the darkness. The service began. There were two songs, a prayer by Deacon Langham, an announcement of a forthcoming song service, and then the lean young preacher rose in the pulpit. His sermon was moving and full of feeling and his theme had something to do with the choice that Joseph made between the pleasures of the flesh and the pleasures of the spirit. At the end of the sermon McClintock made an appeal—it seemed to me highly impassioned at the time, but later in the week it became mild by comparison—for the lost souls to repent. He didn't even look at Ollie Denman that night. Of course, he hadn't expected to move Ollie with one sermon. He was simply moving along, with gradually increasing tempo, until the distant objective should be reached and the

ost lamb of Big Sandy should come weeping into the fold.

When the services broke up I saw Ollie move rapidly from where he had been sitting and approach the choir. I knew, as everyone knew who saw him, that he was trying to reach the side of Amy Langham. Brother McClintock beat him to it by several yards. The preacher and Amy disappeared in the darkness toward the Langham camp. Ollie scowled, turned on his heel and went out to get his pony and ride home in defeat. The next night, and on the succeeding few nights, a similar performance was repeated. But the intensity of the situation was increasing. Instead of preaching to the congregation at large, McClintock addressed himself directly to Ollie, without mentioning him by name. The young evangelist looked Ollie in the eye and pleaded with him to come to God. And the stubborn sinner, his black hair pressed down and his face as nearly devoid of expression as I ever had seen it, gave the preacher stare for stare. And at the close of each service the preacher would walk home with Amy. During that week Ollie didn't get to talk to her once, although he tried many times.

III

The revival was due to close on the following Wednesday night. It so happened that on that same night Jed Harman, a violent hill-man of evil repute, was giving a dance up in his big barn at Cedar Gap. It was to be such a dance, according to advance reports, as would stand a fair chance to make history. Jed had a pretty daughter named Martha, who was about the same age as Amy Langham. She was one of those raw-boned, blonde hill girls of uncertain temper, and the boys up there referred to her with great respect and admiration as "one more dancing fool." Ollie used to visit her when old man Langham wouldn't let him see Amy.

News of the approaching dance intensified the determination to save Ollie. It was generally agreed that if he wasn't saved on Tuesday night there wouldn't be a ghost of a chance on Wednesday—Ollie would be up there at Cedar Gap dancing his head off. The religious fervor of the Tuesday night meeting surpassed anything I had seen up to that time. At the beginning it was apparent that this was to be the supreme effort. Some of us smaller boys had been down to the Blue Hole that afternoon, and we had argued whether they would convert Ollie. There was a division of opinion, but the majority, I among them, believed that this night would see his finish. Indeed, most of us were so much under the spell of the revival atmosphere that we hoped he would repent. He would have lost some of his attractiveness, it is true, but it goes hard with a boy to have to picture his hero being tortured in hell. We boys were betting about two to one that Ollie would end that night on the mourners' bench. And if he did—what a delirious shout would go up from that arbor!

As the service opened Brother Shields, more affected by emotion than I had ever heard him, prayed for fifteen minutes, and the burden of his prayer was "that the Lord should open the eyes of this young man, show him the blackness of his sins and then lead him on to salvation and glory." Everyone knew that "this young man" meant Ollie Denman. Several persons lifted their heads slightly during the prayer, the better to observe Ollie, who sat on his accustomed bench. Ollie sat there, head erect, without seeming to care one way or the other. Looking back now, I think he was flattered by all the attention that was being paid him. The congregation and choir joined in singing "At the Cross," the great volume of sound sweeping out over the moonlit waters of the Big Sandy. The horses dozed under the trees on the bank. Brother McClintock took his text from the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John—that greatest of all revival texts which begins, "For God so loved the world—." Then the fiery young preacher plunged into his sermon with a

vigor and earnestness that far outdid any of his efforts in the past week. He gave a terrifying description of hell, worked up through the Crucifixion, and then he aimed straight at Ollie Denman. "Young man," he thundered, "your poor old mother lies at home on her couch of pain praying for you. I saw her yesterday, Ollie Denman, and she told me with tears in her eyes that every night she got down on her lame knees and asked God to show you the Way of the Cross."

The whole congregation was looking at Ollie. His face didn't change its expression of utter unconcern. He looked straight at the preacher, eye to eye, his jaw set. The appeal went on. Several women burst into weeping. Two of them went over and knelt in the aisle beside Ollie and started praying. Ollie held on grimly. Then the preacher played his greatest dramatic ace. He stepped quickly over to the choir, which was singing softly, and whispered to Amy Langham. The girl laid down her songbook and walked back to Ollie. I remember that as she passed my bench I thought her the prettiest and finest woman I had ever seen. She sat down beside Ollie, put one arm across his shoulder and began talking to him, while from the pulpit the preacher kept up his exhortations, which could be heard above the low singing of the choir. All that had passed was merely the prelude for this. People all over the place were sobbing and praying. Only those who sat close by could hear what Amy said to Ollie, although everyone heard about it afterward, and they still tell about it. She first asked him if he didn't feel like repenting his sins. He grinned at her.

"Not tonight, Amy." Then he went on, "Say, that was a dirty trick, him getting you to come back here. That's rubbing it in a little heavy."

"But I want you to be converted, Ollie. This whole meeting is for you. We're all praying for you and hoping you'll be saved. Now I've come back to beg you."

"Have you been letting that preacher make love to you?" asked Ollie, apparently unaware of his soul.

"This is no time for you to talk like that!"

"Oh, I don't know about that. I'm in love with you and I haven't been able to see you for a week."

"Go on down and shake hands with the preacher," said Amy, "and then everybody will be happy and you can see me whenever you like."

Ollie hesitated. Brother McClintock kept up a steady fire. "How can you sit there, Ollie Denman," he shouted, "when that brave, splendid young Christian, whom you have known from childhood, is pleading with you to do the right thing?"

Ollie's jaw clamped tight. He leaned over toward Amy and said, "Nothing doing at that price. You'll have to tell your preacher friend that he missed me clear as a whistle. I've played fair. I've come and listened. I might have been converted tonight—I could feel myself slipping—if he hadn't sent you back here. He hits below the belt. You can go tell him I said so!"

"All right, Ollie, suit yourself. I'm through." Amy rose stiffly and walked back to the choir, her face flaming. I remember Ollie's face—something between a smile and a sneer. The coal oil torch, waving in the breeze, gave an uncertain light. I sensed something instantly: the meeting was over. Ollie Denman, for this year at least, was consigned to the ranks of the damned. Services ended very quickly. A short song, a timid, disappointed prayer by Brother Shields, and it was over. Brother McClintock sat with his head buried in his hands. Ollie got up and went out to his horse without a word.

IV

The good people of Big Sandy had failed. The hill-billies and the devil had won. The lone sinner was still a sinner, and now the people seemed resentful toward him. It was all right for him to put them off a year or

wo. That added zest to the game. But ow, after they had gone to all this rouble—why, the boy didn't seem to have ny sense of decency at all.

At noon the next day mysterious whis-erings pervaded the camp. I didn't know vhat it was all about until Amy Lang-am's little brother told me that she was going to marry the Rev. Ernest McClin-ock that evening at the last service of the evival. In other years this final service had been given over to thanksgiving for the saved souls; now it was to be a wedding, with Ollie Denman's girl the bride of the preacher. That afternoon I heard old Deacon Langham say to my father, "It does seem kind of sudden, I reckon, but they seem to be pretty much stuck on each other. And in a way I'm glad. He'll give her a good home. I've been worried a little, I don't mind telling you, for fear she'd get soft about that Denman fellow. But I guess I had it all wrong." News of the approaching ceremony reached Ollie over at his farm. I don't know which of several contestants won the honor of break-ing the tidings first. Ollie went right on with his Summer ploughing as if nothing had happened. Perhaps he was scheming for a big evening up at Jed Harman's. Whatever he thought, he kept it to him-self.

By eight o'clock the low brush arbor was lighted up with every coal oil torch that could be found. Ernest and Amy were standing on the platform in front of old Brother Shields, who was saying the first few words of the ceremony. The seats were filled. The old preacher was almost through when the sound of hoof-beats, as of a horse coming at a dead run, reverberated up the valley and quickly drew closer. We knew without seeing him that it was Ollie Den-man. He had to pass the arbor to reach the hills from his farm. He swept along the road about three hundred yards away, dimly visible in the moonlight, and as he rushed past he let out one of those wild yells, a defiant cry that drowned out all other noise. Then came two pistol shots—Ollie shooting in the air. He was gone on his black pony, off to the hills for Jed Har-man's shindig. Amy Langham's hand went to her breast at the sound of the pistol, and I thought she hesitated a moment before she said the word that made her the wife of the Rev. Mr. McClintock.

Dawn was breaking when Ollie Denman turned his dejected pony toward the farm. As he came near the house, two deputy sheriffs stepped out from a clump of live oaks and told him to dismount. They hand-cuffed him and took him twenty miles to the county seat, where they lodged him in jail. Ollie was charged with having a bottle of moonshine in his saddlebag, with carrying a pistol, disturbing the peace and interfering with public worship—this last on account of his crazy shouts during the wedding. And the next day, when all the returns were in from Jed Harman's dance, Ollie was also charged with assault and battery. He had beaten up a hill-billy in a quarrel over a dance with Martha Harman.

A TEACHER IN NEW YORK

BY ROBERT D. STARETT

I REMEMBER as though it were yesterday that teachers' conference the first day I was appointed to teach at Lafayette High-School. In the sloping seats of the lecture-room a hundred and fifty teachers sat waiting for the principal to arrive; and that first agglomerate impression has never left me. All of them had the same face—a face which for lack of the proper physiognomical nomenclature I call the Teacher Face. It is a face diffident, uneasy, reserved, guarded, hostile. It is a face that does not often smile and seldom laughs. It is a face on the defensive, pettily intelligent and drably noble; jaded, unadventurous, bigoted, cowed; and for all its fine assumption of authority, it is the face of a sheep.

Now this is strange indeed. I have known scores of teachers, jolly fellows, decent women, outside the portals of school; but let them come within sight of the place where they work, and a sudden atrophy seizes their facial muscles, a subtle monoxide asphyxiates their features; *rigor mortis* sets in.

I don't know why it is. I myself have succumbed, partly. In my first two years, I recall, I was not afraid to express my emotions like a normal human being. My colleagues stared at me askance as at some sport, some inconceivable *rara avis*.

"How do you do it?" asked the lady in 431. "Laugh, I mean? What makes you so happy?"

In those days, you see, I was different. I still am, to a degree; though I am far from being a wolf among the sheep.

But about that teachers' conference. I can't record exactly what the principal said, but the drift of his speech was thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I welcome you back once more to a year of happy toil. No one, may I say, knows better than I how eager you are to return to the pupils awaiting you; and no one appreciates more than I the spirit of service and devotion and self-sacrifice and nobility which actuates every single teacher in this school. Ours is a blessed, a holy, a noble work: a calling which only the noble at heart can discharge. Let us follow the work of the Great Teacher whose disciples we are proud to be.

"Fellow-teachers! Let us here resolve to gather our strength and give of the splendid riches within us. Give! The children call for it; the country, humanity, call for it. I say this, and I say it without an instant's hesitation, that he who will not give of himself unstintingly in the great cause is not of us; he is a betrayer and he should leave us at once. Teaching is not a business; it is a profession with ideals. I know"—there was an instant's condescension of his voice—"I know that you despair at your salaries, but can we ever be paid according to our deserts? Is not the children's happiness reward sufficient?"

On and on went the principal in persistent monologue while the faces before him went duller and flatter, faces of the faithful that believed and did not doubt. Only from the rear row, hunched forward low, providentially screened by the backs in front of them, some three or four male veterans, arms over their chests, slumbered.

Now, don't imagine for a moment I believed all this, even then. At that time bunk was still genteely called claptrap, and this was claptrap without mistake. I

on't know why high-school principals hould orate thus fulgurously, but give hem a platform and teachers to talk to nd somehow their latent idealism is oused *ad nauseam.*

No, I didn't swallow all of it—I just wallowed half. For it occurs to me now s I recall those days that I too heard the all of the Lord; I too was one of the ord's anointed. I believed. And as I explore the virgin wonder of my mind then, seems to me that I even worshiped a rinity of a sort, a schoolmaster's trinity; o wit, Pedagogy, Service, and Promotion n Merit.

One year later, I believed in nothing. My pedagogy went to smash. It shivered o splinters against the hordes of Italian nd Jewish students upon whom, innocently and with great zeal, I applied the principles of that sacred science. Never were spitballs thrown more heartily nor images of the teacher drawn on the board with greater gusto! I am a small, hot-faced, astigmatic man, and for some time I credited their tantrums to my own lack of physical charm. But that wasn't it: the trouble was with Pedagogy. They revelled in Pedagogy; they greeted with ribald delight each several mystery as I unfolded it before their enchanted eyes—the Project Method, the Socialized Recitation, the Pupil Teacher Plan. A board-eraser hit me in the neck one day. That day was the last of Pedagogy. I caught the boy who threw it and whacked him mightily on the ear. After that, I began to manage my pupils with a little less scientific detachment.

As for doing your job and being promoted on merit, I shall only say this: after I had slaved day in and day out on extra work for my classes, staying in for hours beyond the required time, the principal walked in one day to supervise me. And what do you think he said in his report? He criticized my posture!

I have, of course, nothing against that principal. But when, sometime later, I obtained a transfer to another high-school, he did not know my name.

II

Well, the years have flown. I teach in an evening high-school now to supplement my meager day-school salary. When I come home at night at half-past ten, I feel just a little weary of the world, and damn the fellow that first thought of Education. Increasingly, of late, I tell my wife I'm going to quit. I'm going to get out of teaching. I'm drying up. I'm brittle. I've made myself into a pundit full of wise information and sly little jokes in the classroom; I'm a circus performer with a bag of wiseacre tricks that I perform day after day without variation. I see the classroom —forty seats, forty heads, forty names, during the day; I see the classroom at night—forty seats, forty heads, forty names. I say things. They say things. I write on the board. They write in their notebooks. Five times a day. Three times a night. Suddenly, in class, I begin to laugh: it all seems so curiously unreal, farcical. I say to myself: "Robert, what are you doing here? You, you petticoat man! Purveyor of pap! Windbag! You, who had such magnificent dreams!"

The other day my friend Palmer and I were riding home together in the subway.

"I'm an old warhorse," he said. "Over forty. I've been in the system twenty years. I'm done for. But, listen here, you're young yet. What's your reason for sticking?"

"Three of them," I answered. "My wife, and two kids."

"Tough!" he sympathized. "You ought to go out peddling dresses. You'd make more. Really," he added. "A fellow like you, who presumably has brains! Take my advice—get out!"

And yet it seems to me I shall never get out, though I groan and chafe at the pedagogical bit. I have grown timid; I have learned to accept. The classroom is just the place for me; it is a sanctuary in which I protect myself from the outer world whose bruising cudgellings I thus escape. In the classroom I am safe. I sit in my arm-

chair, ask questions, mark answers, and in its somnolence I simmer away, undisturbed.

For I realize in myself that fatal trait I see in other teachers about me—inertia. However courageous, however dynamic, however heterodox the individual who enters the schools, the educational treadmill crushes out his courage, his dynamism and his heterodoxy, flattening him out to the flatness of the rest, until presently he revolves with it, gently, uncomplainingly, giving himself to subdual. It all happens so slowly, so noiselessly, and for the most part so painlessly that only seldom does the victim understand the process. Yet in moments of stark insight I have rebelled. I have cried out against this book or that in departmental conferences, I have defended the right of teachers to teach and think for themselves, I have antagonized the powers in the office.

"Shut up!" said one of my colleagues, "if you know what's good for you. This is no place for a man with rights! Shut up, you Bolshevik, or they'll kick you out! Do you want to be kicked out?"

In time I took the advice.

For there are ways to chastise the recalcitrant. Nice, chivalrous ways. Give him a heavy programme. Give him classes of morons to teach. Give him lunch-room duties, extra study periods, patrol work. Set spies after him and note all the errors in his records. Mark him unsatisfactory at the end of the term. Hold up his salary increment. Blackball him when he comes up for promotion.

I took the advice. The principal doesn't want to be bothered with pesky innovators. After all, let him alone and he'll let you alone. Inertia all around. Safety first.

The fault lies with the school system. The System: spell it with a capital S. Say it with a faint contempt; yet say it also with awe and dread at your heart.

What is this system to which all thinking teachers attribute the many evils in the schools? Consider the fact that there are thirty thousand teachers in New York City, a million pupils, a thousand school buildings to house them, and a budget of $110,000,000 to maintain them. The system is the result. It is a huge, amorphous government, with a Board of Examiners, a Board of Education and a Board of Superintendents on the one hand; on the other, field supervisors and teachers. The teacher, you will note, is at the bottom; he bears the brunt of the superstructure. And, being at the bottom, he feels the weight of all of it; he is, naturally, distressed. He is distressed, for instance, when courses of study made by the higher-ups come down to him for unwavering acceptance; he is distressed because for countless supervisors, from the superintendent of schools to the heads of departments, he is the goat. And he is slightly resentful when some obviously unworthy person is made his supervisor by political machinations.

Yet, after all, the system is not so much an institution as it is a state of mind. For most its very vastness is a refuge; for others like myself there is something appalling in the goose-step of thirty thousand regimented teachers; something of terror and disgust in feeling yourself rolling around, dumb and insensate, with thirty thousand like you, punching the clock, starting and stopping at the ring of the bell, obeying the same commands, teaching the same things, and waiting (oh, crowning consummation of the year!) for the Summer vacation to begin.

III

Yet I would not have it understood that the whole system is gloomed by an unrelieved monotony of dullness and death. In fact, there are still signs of vitality in it. When I went to high-school myself, my habitual mood was one of solemn acceptance; I obeyed my teachers, imbibed their wit and wisdom without demur, and was somehow shocked when a boy either doubted their omniscience or rebelled against their authority. And I don't think I was unique. On the whole, we were an intimidated lot, willingly cherishing the

choolmaster's traditional sacrosanctity. Times have changed. The pupils now re a good bit less credulous. The old llusion has gone; they do not tremble efore me as before the Almighty. But if we has vanished, there has come instead n eager craving for my friendship that is very beautiful. If I browbeat them now, t is not as a tyrant, it is as a man of the world; and they vie with one another for he honor of my favor. Teacher's pet no onger yearns to clean the blackboards and keep the records; he likes to talk to me about other teachers, about girls, graft, his future, his likes and dislikes, and he hopes that I will take him seriously. I do. I slap him on the shoulder and say, "John" (or Issy), I'm glad you spoke to me that way. It shows you're a friend of mine." Then is he transported into the seven heavens of Mohammed.

This new spirit in the student body cheers me up a bit. Every year it is growing more difficult to deal with, impatient of authority, resistant of discipline, contemptuous of age, scornful of text-books—but how alert it is to the things of the world! Heaven knows what has done it: the radio, the tabloid papers, the new freedom. The old women in our school hate the breed: their dignity is gone, their voices are drowned out at times in fearful cachinnation. Gone are the good old days! I do not lament them.

I stand before my students and look at their faces—at faces stamped with the pathos of young hearts caged. I see in them the same tormenting restlessness that moves me often to go tearing about the classroom, hands in air, eyes burning, hunting for Truth. No more lies, now. No more text-book platitudes. Come on, let's shut that history book with all its embalmed mummeries and false half-truths! You there—you little Pole with the troubled eyes, what do you think of the Spanish-American War? Was it a just war?

I can see a sudden thoughtfulness tighten everybody in the class. Eyes kindle, flare, hands lash out violently in an atmosphere electric with fervor.

It is for these moments I live—for these and the eager questionings of honest, unpoisoned minds. Then, perhaps, the door opens, and the head of my department comes in. I become myself again, cautious, timid, a flag waver, a 100% American.

"Shut up!" I say to myself. "Play safe! Watch your step!"

So I talk of Americanization.

GO-GETTERS OF THE MAIN

BY HENRY TETLOW

If the proud possessor of the Sears-Roebuck Encyclopedia will turn to Volume IV, page 709, he will discover that the first lines in the article on Buccaneers define the word as "the name given to piratical adventurers of different nationalities united in their opposition to Spain, who maintained themselves chiefly in the Caribbean Sea during the Seventeenth Century." All buccaneers were pirates, but not all pirates were buccaneers. The definition limits the name to one relatively small and specialized group of the brotherhood.

The buccaneers originated in Haiti (or Hispaniola, as it was then called) early in the Seventeenth Century. Scarcely a generation from its promising beginning this Spanish colony then had collapsed into its primordial state; its native population was drained off, its plantations were abandoned and its cattle ran wild. Those settlers who stuck turned from planting to hunting these cattle and curing their meat. A *boucanier* was one who lived by killing and smoking Hispaniola's roving steers. He derived his name from the product of his craft—*boucan.*

Gradually these bands of cattlemen were augmented, principally by run-away bond servants in search of refuge, and by the seafaring men who helped them from their slavery. Esquemeling, the Dutchman whose history of the buccaneers is the best on the subject, got his start in buccaneering after having come out to serve three years of bond-slavery. A considerable butchery trade sprang up in Hispaniola. Ships found it profitable, although illegal under Spanish law, to put in there for wood, water and smoked meat. The increase in population forced more and more *boucaniers* back to the sea in search of livelihood. The difficulty of gaining an honest living under the existing Spanish colonial policy, their consequent intense hatred of Spain, and a natural appetite for liberty forced the *boucaniers* into piracy—against Spain.

They were dead against the Spaniards. Spain furnished more than the raw material for them to practice their profession on: she furnished them justifications, slogans, a Cause. Spanish colonial mismanagement was the prime generator of buccaneering. But it must not be presumed that Spanish colonial policy was all bad. Spain has invariably received unjust treatment from the historians. In fairness it should be set down that she displayed vastly more energy and initiative in exploring and exploiting the New World than any other European power, with the possible exception of Portugal. With technical and mechanical equipment that would seem pitiable today she had, as the advertising sharks say, "done a job" in those territories contiguous to the Spanish Main a good three-quarters of a century before the chilblained forebears of the Eighteenth Amendment had established a foothold on Cape Cod. Held up to posterity as the black beast, Spain has never got due credit for showing the rest of the world what was on this continent and what could be done with it.

Spain's bungling here, as in everything else, was mainly in her method. No sooner had Pope Alexander VI, "byshoppe, the seruante of the seruantes of God," and himself a Spaniard, granted (as his Sixteenth Century translator puts it) "to owre

noste deare beloued sonne in Christ, Kynge Ferdinande, and to owre deare beoued daughter in Chryste, Elyzabeth, Queene of Castyle," the best part of the New World, than Spain set about the enorcement of restrictions such as would put ven an Andrew Volstead to shame. Access o the American continent and the West ndies, trading with the same, even the rivilege of landing on them, were all denied not only to foreigners, but even to panish subjects who were not natives of he Peninsula. It was a grand scheme to nake a few Spanish tradesmen rich. Inevtably, it ran afoul of the cheap competiion of such eminent booticians as Hawkins and Drake. The inhabitants of the olonies quickly discovered that these entlemen could furnish goods and slave abor at prices far below those quoted in he monopolistic home market.

Spain employed a fleet of revenue officers —*guardas costas*—to offset these unauthorzed encroachments. The customary instructions to this fleet were to take no prizes and no prisoners; to consider every ship not Spanish an enemy; and in cases where the unspeakable foreigners dared to land and settle, to destroy their colonies and massacre the inhabitants. These orders the Spaniards, good sailors and subjects that they were, undertook to carry out to the letter. The fact that they failed ultimately to stop the trade, and only succeeded in increasing the resentment and hatred of their victims and uninvolved contemporaries, might profitably be studied by the friends of Law Enforcement today.

II

But it is perhaps for her treatment of the aborigines that Spain has been most severely criticized. Yet no one who examines the records dispassionately can say that Spain's native policy has brought down more disastrous consequences on the Indian than have the policies of other, so to speak, more humane States. The aboriginal populations melt away rapidly everywhere before the advance of civilization, and kind treatment, so-called, has no more beneficial effect than ill-usage such as Spain meted out. The charge against Spain boils down to this: that she forced the natives of her new-found lands to go to work. Cruel and inhuman treatment, indeed—calculated to arouse not only the undying resentment of an Indian but also the pious hatred of a do-gooder.

From Spain's barbarities the civilized world turned in horror, just as it does now from the atrocities practiced on the Armenians—and for the same reason. Unlike Turkey today, however, Spain held all the cards, so that no nation, no matter how much its finer feelings might be outraged or how much it might want the business, dared go beyond raising a mild Christian protest. The advent of the buccaneers gave Spain's maritime rivals a welcome way out of their commercial dilemma. Piratical activities, for which the home countries could readily disclaim responsibility, might, and in time did, lead to colonial concessions from Spain, while the propaganda of the buccaneers, who had suffered real wrongs from the Spaniards and truly hated them, would gradually but certainly put those governments on God's side.

If England, France and Holland had figured it out this way in advance they could not have played it better. They let the buccaneers go the whole hog with no more than polite disclaimers to the vigorous protests of Spanish diplomats. They followed the same policy which they had pursued for centuries with the Barbary pirates, and which they continued to pursue in the Mediterranean long after the buccaneers faded into history. It was argued (for example, by Lord Sheffield, in a pamphlet written in 1783 on the commerce of the United States) that the Barbary pirates were useful to the great maritime powers because they kept the weaker nations out of their share of the carrying trade. Franklin overheard a London merchant say that "if there were no Algiers, it would be worth England's while to build one." In

a like way the buccaneers were used as the instruments of Providence to break Spain's colonial monopoly.

So successful was this high-minded, pure-souled non-interference that by the middle of the Seventeenth Century the Spanish West India carrying trade had been reduced almost to extinction. The Dutch, the French and the English, from newly won footholds in Curaçao, Tortuga, Haiti and Jamaica, were getting the cream of the trade—and the buccaneers found themselves with no business. They, therefore, turned on the cities of the Spanish Main: Maracaibo, Carthagena and Panama.

As a natural corollary to the sacking of cities, the buccaneers crossed the isthmus and took fresh toll from the Spanish fleets which, harried out of the Caribbean, had sought the Pacific highway from Old to New Spain. Now the power and achievement of the buccaneers were at their height. The invasion of the Pacific spelled final disaster to Spanish colonial commerce. Meanwhile France, England and Holland, having won their places in the Western sun, made working arrangements with Spain. She no longer seemed so terrible to self-righteous eyes. A certain coöperation for the suppression of piracy developed.

With the replacement of the original *boucaniers* by gentlemen adventurers who had never been up against the real thing, the intense buccaneer hatred of Spain cooled. Buccaneering imperceptibly declined from a Cause into what is now called a Game. Solidarity disappeared. Old complaints were recalled by the French buccaneers against Sir Henry Morgan, that slippery Welshman who had been charged with cheating his own men after the sack of Panama. After 1685 the French and English buccaneers, failing of a common Cause, drifted further and further apart. Some went back to the West Indies, others went across the Pacific to the Indian Ocean. There, among the round-bellied, slow-moving Indiamen, they found rich pickings. The American buccaneers faded out into the shadowy fastnesses of Madagascar.

III

All accounts agree on the resourcefulness, tactical skill and daring of the buccaneers. They were brave, although perhaps not very much above the level of the ordinary human rat. There is at least one instance recorded by Basil Ringrose of something less than bravery. In his first engagement in Pacific waters Captain Coxon behaved with some backwardness, "concerning which point some sticked not to defame, or brand, him with the note of cowardice." And however much the buccaneers were endowed with the qualities which make successful go-getters, numerous external factors contributed heavily to their extraordinary successes.

They gained almost all their astonishing sea victories by a happy combination of surprise and superior mechanical equipment for the work in hand. Their failures were most often laid to the fact that "the Spaniards had been apprised of our coming." They attacked either in open boats that could often lay alongside without exciting suspicion, or in small sailing ships that could outsail the deepwater Spanish vessels and were, because of their size and speed, difficult to combat at long range.

In the Seventeenth Century the sciences of seamanship and gunnery were just coming into being. Had they been more developed the story might have been different. Undoubtedly small boats were better sailers than large ones. The smaller hulls could make better speed. The big ships which the Spaniards were almost forced to use carried towering sterncastles. The association of the phrase "long, low, rakish craft" with the buccaneers is well authenticated; it was this type of vessel that set the example for the cutting down of sterncastles. Ringrose, for example, tells how they cut away the sterncastle of one of their prizes a deck at a time, and how with each reduction her seaworthiness improved.

As compared with small boats the great ships of the day were incredibly badly rigged. Sheets were, probably, in use but

braces and boomtackle and their functions were, it appears, little known. Big ships carried no forestaysail or jibs, but an effective squaresail bent on yards at the butt of the bowsprit and the tip of an outlandish sort of jury mast that stuck up on the jibboom. Naturally, small boats which carried jibs could point up into the wind better than the great sea lummoxes, and in competent hands they could be made to sail rings around them. Altogether the buccaneer enjoyed an initiatory edge.

With modern guns the Spaniards would have had a fire superiority, for their battleships often carried as many as sixty guns, while the buccaneers seldom mounted more than six. But the guns were smoothbore, muzzle-loading contraptions with an effective range of something less than a quarter of a mile. And even at that short distance a hit resulted more often from good luck than good management—as late as 1801 guns were aimed without sights. It was in that year that the British Admiralty sent some gun sights to Nelson for trial and report. He had no use for them. "His idea," General Ballard says, "was a battleship at fifty yards for target and a fire of two broadsides to the enemy's one." A good idea, but one that the lumbering Spanish hulks could not execute against the shifty buccaneers' boats. These always aimed to approach and close either under the stern, or head on, so that they could gain control of the fire, fight with their small arms and carry the battle aboard the prospective prize, where superior discipline, greater flexibility in the hands of natural leaders, and deep hatred of the enemy generally brought them quick and easy victory.

When Gilbert wrote "The Pirates of Penzance" he satirized better than he knew. For although the buccaneers' dark careers sometimes involved the crime of stealing they were hardly ever altogether void of feeling or unmindful that they were organized for Service. Compared to the Spaniards against whom their Cause was directed they were just so many white-haired boys. All the buccaneers were volunteers; none was ever conscripted. Once joined, each had to live up to the letter of the articles or get out. No instance has been recorded of an attempt to coerce dissenters, although many bands were split up by amicable disagreement. Captain Coxon, for example, left Sharp's expedition to return overland to the Northern Seas, taking seventy men with him, without exciting the wrath or criticism of his deserted shipmates.

The first thing every buccaneering expedition did was to draw up articles of agreement. These fixed the allotment of shares, the election of officers and the measures of discipline. It was not unusual for them to prohibit profanity and gambling. Drinking, of course, did not come under discussion, because the unsophisticated buccaneers had not learned that drinking alcohol is sin. But they were nevertheless surprisingly temperate. They only drank when they had the chance, which was not very often. When wine and spirits were carried aboard ship they were rationed with the food. Usually, under the articles, each member of the expedition was assessed a certain fixed sum—which would probably be advanced by the chief organizer—to provide for food and ammunition, and, when necessary, to pay for the services of shipwright, rigger and sailmaker for careening and refitting. Sometimes these tradesmen took a second lien on the loot instead of cash. The first cut always went for workman's compensation. Fixed sums were agreed upon and entered in the articles to indemnify losses of eyes or limbs, while special provisions were made for widows and orphans in cases of death or total disability.

Sundays and feast days, as well as funerals, aboard ship were observed with formality, though with extreme simplicity. Basil Ringrose entered in the log under date of December 25, 1679: "This day being Christmas-day, we gave in the morning early three vollies of shot for solemnization of that great festival." In this connection

it is appropriate to note that since most of the buccaneers were Protestants, their campaigns took on the klux-like color of crusades against Holy Church, and especially against that Inquisition which had long thrived at Carthagena.

In an age when capture really meant worse than death the buccaneers showed remarkable leniency and humanity. Unlike that of the Rotarians, their idealism was not inspired by unmixed motives. By their kind treatment of captives and of the Indians with whom they came in contact the buccaneers spared themselves many hardships and dangers, and earned that good will which has ever since persisted. Prisoners, unless they happened to be high officials or wealthy citizens for whom ransoms might be forthcoming, were generally turned adrift in small boats or disabled hulks. Since the buccaneers usually worked in sight of land, this was not such rough treatment. Sometimes captives were even beached on the nearest shore.

Barbarians like Bartolomew Portugues and Francis Lolonois (of whom Esquemeling says "he drew his cutlass, and with it cut open the breast of one of those poor Spaniards, and pulling out his heart with his sacrilegious hands, began to bite and gnaw it with his teeth . . .") were exceptions. To be sure, one nameless chronicler points out that "toward the end of their career a great change for the worse took place in this respect, the ferocity and bad faith characteristic of the vulgar pirates becoming painfully conspicuous." But on the other hand we find Ringrose deploring the fact that "it was judged convenient by our commanders, for certain reasons which I could not dive into, to rid their hands of the prisoners which we had taken," and recounting with evident satisfaction the escape of these prisoners from their Indian executioners. Again, writing of the battle of Perico, he commends the Spaniards' "valiant Captain Peralta," adding: "and indeed, to give our enemies their due, no men in the world did act more bravely than these Spaniards."

IV

The living conditions and food of the buccaneers were, especially in the South Seas, frequently rude and insufficient. Even allowing for the ignorance of their surgeons, men too often died of trifling wounds which would not have troubled them had they been properly fed and sheltered. At sea they were always overmanned and overcrowded, either on open deck or in the noxious 'tween decks. Sharp's men, careening their ship after the siege of Arica, found her lower hold and bilge so filthy that the very smell made them faint or, as the saying then was, "struck them blind." They were hampered almost constantly by want of fresh meat and fresh water, of which, in proportion to the numbers of the crew, only small supplies could be carried. The water was stored below in crockery jars, which were clumsy to fill and to stow. Powder, too, was stowed in jars which were stood on deck before a battle, where they frequently blew up.

Esquemeling says that the allowance of food among the buccaneers was as much as a man could eat twice a day "without either weight or measure." But that was in the West Indies in the early days of buccaneering, when food was plentiful. Only too often the buccaneers subsisted for days on end on short rations of raw or badly cooked meat, without fresh water, cramped in open boats where sleep was impossible, exposed to drenching rain and stinging spray. When, however, the buccaneers made a clean-up they would heave-to or stand off-and-on till every man-jack of them had eaten and drunk to his heart's content. The buccaneer literati were the original "true story" artists. Basil Ringrose's log is perhaps as accurate and honest an account as there is. He was an Englishman, navigating officer and supercargo of Bartholomew Sharp's expedition to the South Seas in 1680. He was a man of some education and refinement, as well as of native intelligence. He is typical of the later-day adventurers who, attracted by

he prospect of loot more than by that of arassing the Spaniards, crowded the *bouaniers* out. His narrative is written in the ry, snappy style eternally affected by offiial reports. It has the flavor of truth.

On April 5, 1680, Captains Sharp, Coxon, Harris, Sawkins and Cook, all lately come rom the second sack of Porto Bello, anded with three hundred and thirty-one nen near Darien, where they left their hips, and started overland with Indian uides to Panama and the Pacific. "The nen that were landed had each of them hree or four cakes of bread for their proision of victuals; and for drink the rivers fforded enough. . . . All or most of them were armed with fuzee, pistol and hanger." More meager equipment for a venture into nknown seas can hardly be imagined. But hey reached the Pacific and captured a panish *armadilla* off Perico. From it they ook three ships for the siege of Panama. When the siege failed there was an argument and Captain Sawkins was elevated o joint supreme command with Sharp. Coxon had already departed, and Harris had been killed at Perico.)

The new leader immediately sailed against the city of Nueva Puebla. But "the inhabitants were too well prepared for the reception of our party. . . . Here, therefore, Captain Sawkins, running up to the breastworks at the head of a few men, was killed; a man who was as valiant and courageous as any could be." The buccaneers retreated, and another detachment now broke off, leaving Sharp with about one hundred and forty men. Ringrose admits he would have preferred to get out of the cruise, to which he could see no end; but the isthmian Indians had not been fairly treated, and he feared the return journey through them more than the hazards of buccaneering.

The rest of the year they had poor luck. On Christmas Day they put in at Juan Fernandez to recondition. One of their crew was William Dampier who, twenty-four years later, was to make the world safe for the English novel by marooning Alexander Selkirk on the same island. On this occasion the buccaneers, being obliged by the sudden appearance of three men of war to leave in a hurry, left one William, a Mosquito Indian, behind in the rush. But the most striking incident of that insular visit is set forth by Ringrose: "Sunday, January 9th. This day was the first Sunday that ever we kept by command and common consent, since the loss and death of our commander, Captain Sawkins. This generous-spirited man threw the dice overboard, finding them in use on the said day."

From Juan Fernandez the buccaneers under Captain John Watling, vice Captain Sharp, deposed, moved to the disastrous siege of Arica. Fortunately for himself, perhaps, Watling was killed there, and Sharp was reëlected. After the dead and prisoners were struck off the rolls and William Dampier had deserted the expedition with forty-three men, there could not have been above fifty souls left of the original band. But for these luck turned at last. They cruised to the gulf of Nicoya and back to La Plata, taking many valuable prizes and meeting only one minor misfortune. Part of the loot consisted of seven hundred pigs of silver. Under the misapprehension that they were tin, the hardy mariners hove overboard six hundred and ninety-nine.

Finally they headed for the Straits of Magellan. As they approached the Horn bad weather forced them to lay up inshore for days at a time. Once an Indian boarded the ship and Ringrose observed curiously that "he appeared to us by his actions to be very innocent and foolish. But by his carriage I was also persuaded that he was a man-eater." They named the man-eater Orson. They missed the Straits but rounded the Horn and lived to reach Antigua, whence Ringrose and thirteen others shipped to England, landing at Dartmouth on March 26, 1682. They were tried for piracy and acquitted on a plea of self-defence. Ringrose went back for more and was killed in Mexico in 1688. The moral lesson his log teaches is that, day in, day out, piracy is about as monotonous as any other profession.

THE PASSING OF THE FREE EDITOR

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Forty or fifty years ago, and from that golden age back into earliest times, the newspaper profession cherished a phrase that was at once a term of opprobrium and a slogan of independence. The phrase was "a shirt-tail full of type," the grand hailing sign from the established editor to the newcomer in his field. The elegancies and soft amenities and college graduates that have insidiously crept into the profession have gradually eliminated the ancient phrase. With its passing and all that it stood for has come a deep change in our profession. The man who blew into the community fifty years ago with a shirt-tail full of type and started a newspaper printed on a cheese-press had ancient and noble lineage. He was the child of the pamphleteer; John Milton was his not remote ancestor. The Hebrew Prophets were his forbears. Ben Franklin was his American progenitor—the man with an idea who felt it hot within him and had to get relief in publicity.

Forty years ago and more, when I first took the coal-bucket and the water-pail in the early dawn of a Winter's morn and climbed the long flight of steps that led to the back-room, second-floor printing office and began to learn what we were proud then to call "the art preservative of all arts," I worked for a man with a shirt-tail full of type. He did not even have a cheese-press. We did our press work at the office of a "loathed but esteemed contemporary." I remember one fine day when, brooding on the wrongs of the world, I inadvertently fed the scissors into the old stop cylinder Potter press, breaking the transgression or something. It almost caused a revolution by halting a bitter newspaper feud for four days just at a point when an eager community was all keyed up to the carnal joy of manslaughter. In those days the editorial page meant something. It reeked with bloody threats. It seethed with double leads, italics, dots and dashes to cover the unprintables, and throbbed generally with heart interest. All the excitement that now centers in movies, the motor car, and the crime wave once burst upon the peaceful American family in the leading editorial of the old home paper, printed by the moral leper with a shirt-tail full of type and a cheese-press who conducted the blackmailing and fertilizing works in Sixth street.

Now, there is much to be said for the moral leper and perhaps this is a good time to say it. In the first place he had a certain amount of economic independence. If the man who owned the mortgage pressed too hard, he boarded the train, poked his pass at the conductor and rode over the hills and far away to find another sucker willing to put up the cash to consecrate another shirt-tail full of type to another holy cause. So the moral leper began where he left off, with his denunciatory epithets all fresh and shining, ready for another battle for the Lord.

His collar fit him loosely. He gathered his advertisers by a nice balance between blackmail and charity, and held his subscribers by tempering terror with curiosity. If he could get the county printing and pay off the mortgage he was a free man. So every hundred miles one went in a journey over our fair land, one came to a free man in the newspaper business; one

ho combined a moderate degree of hon-
ty with energy, judgment and a flair for
erbity in language. Once in a while the
e editor had ideas. Occasionally he had
aracter. But often his talent was for dic-
on. He wrote by ear, and if his editorials
cited nothing less than a lust for mayhem
his enemies, still admiration for his
lent begot a sneaking uneasy loyalty in
s friends. Such were the pillars of our
ofession in the days when the shirt-tail
ll of type was the symbol of our freedom
d yet a sign of our lowly estate.

Then came steam and electricity, to put
e manacles of a capitalistic civilization
on a once noble nomadic profession,—
on the descendants of the wandering
instrels, the heirs of all the ancient sages,
anglers and philosophers. When, in my
ttle town fifty years ago, the phrase,
The Times Steam Printing Company,"
as put on the banner of the other paper,
eedom might well have shrieked. For a
reater than Kosciusko had fallen. That
as the beginning of the end. No one
ould wrap a steam-engine in a shirt-tail,
or trust to a moral leper the capital
ecessary to outfit a set of the modern
holds for public opinion.

We did not know that death had laid
s hand on the old order. But we knew
omething was wrong. For it took three
r four thousand dollars to outfit a news-
aper in a town of five thousand after
team and electricity came, and a man who
ad three or four thousand dollars gener-
lly had lost his emotional content get-
ing that much money. So gradually, as
he newspaper business became journalism,
ur devoted outlaw handmaidens, libel
nd murder, sadly left us. We passed into
he hands, first, of sons-in-law, then of
oards of directors, and at last we went
s slaves scourged to the dungeon to the
nvestment bankers. The raucous romance
f our wild free days had gone from the
ewspaper profession, and the dead oared
y the dumb went upward with the flood!

We are now satellites of the business
ffice. We have a profession, but are with-
out economic independence, which the lawyer has, or the doctor, or even the preacher. In most of the other professions a man owns the tools of his trade, which require comparatively small investment. The doctor buys his instruments. The lawyer gets his library. The preacher with his reputation moves freely from church to church, and is decently established wherever he stops. But the editor has no such freedom. He can go from job to job, it is true, but only as a hired man, not as a creative artist, as the lawyer, the doctor, the preacher or the teacher sometimes can go. The editor, to express his own views, his own philosophy of life, his professional sense of the ethics and morals of his profession, which have risen out of his contact with humanity, must have capital—lots of capital. It takes from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars now to start a competing newspaper in a town of five thousand. In a town of fifteen thousand it takes a hundred thousand dollars to buy a plant that will meet the competition of the established newspaper. And as the size of the towns increase, the size of the sum required to get into the newspaper field multiplies geometrically.

II

The people know this, or at least sense its implications. The subscribers know that the editor is a servant. That knowledge has put a blight upon the editorial page. Never in the history of journalism have editorials been more competently written. Never has more learning, more real wisdom, more genius been put into editorializing than we put into it today. But never before has the editorial page had such small influence upon the public as it has just now. We are bound boys at the husking. We get the red ears of wisdom, but they are just red ears. They bring no kisses! With all our tall talk about ideals we editors have only a contract status, and the more we emphasize our ideals, the more tenuous becomes our contract status.

We may be pals with the boss. But when he dies or tires of the game or gets a son-in-law, the merest dub with a million can sell us down the river like chattels.

It is different in the business office. There they are merchants—sales-people. They can pack up and leave their desks over night and begin merchandising somewhere else with no lost motion or lost pride. But we editors are professors of an art. We have a calling. We who have walked beside the burning bush have something to tell the world—not merely as editorial writers, but as editors, as desk-men, as creators of an ideal medium for presenting truth to our fellows. But to deliver our message, to create our ideal we must have machinery—the tools of our craft. These tools cost tens of thousands of dollars, often millions. So the man who owns the tools, the man who owns the paper, owns us. However soft his gyves are, however he may pad his bracelets, he is boss. We are servants. That is what is the matter with the American editorial page. Incidentally, that accounts for all the faults of the newspaper business, whether one considers the yellow press, the labor press or the press owned by the interlocking directorates of the banks and the public utilities. The newspaper business is not in the hands of newspaper men. The "art preservative" is in the hands of a formaldehyde trust. This rule is not universal; but the exceptions are too few.

Of course, this condition of absentee ownership will not be permanent. Every race goes through its period of bondage at hard labor. Every art has its stages of development. Ours, the most modern and most useful of all the arts, will come into its freedom in due time. The tremendous changes which mark the modern world will not leave unchanged the one area of human intelligence which, more than all the others, needs freedom. A nation which has given the press all the constitutional guarantees of political freedom will not fail to see that economic freedom is as necessary to the actual editors as political freedom is necessary to the newspaper owner. A way will be devised in the wisdom of man and by the grace of God to bring that freedom in.

Meanwhile, it may be well to pause and take account of the tremendous weight of all this machinery needed to make an adequate newspaper and distribute it. The weight of these endless rows of machines has become a great burden. We are hampered by the load of steel—presses, typesetting machines, rotogravure outfits, paper mills, motor trucks, and the whole lot of clumsy tools by which, now, human ideas are exchanged. Some day we shall slough off all this load. Some way we editors shall find for our craft a new freedom. We may even take to the air, and as the Jurassic fishes found wings, find a new, simple and more effective means of plying our art in the next stage of man's spiritual progress. The gods of chance do many miracles less wonderful than that.

NOTES & *Queries*

Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes and Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 149

I wish that some Jewish person living on the East Side—someone with a good ear for dialect and an accurate pen—would write a criticism of the dialect recorded by Myra Kelly. I have taught on the East Side, and though the children talked in a noticeable dialect it was not the same as that in Myra Kelly's stories. I taught some years later than Myra Kelly, my pupils were older than hers, and the neighborhood was probably different (my school was in Ninth street). Does East Side dialect vary with time and with the different neighborhoods? Or is the Kelly dialect all wrong?

A Dialect Fan, *Washington*

QUERY NO. 150

Who originated the American cocktail? What were its earliest ingredients, and where did it make its first appearance?

Wm. M. Wiley, *Santa Monica, Calif.*

QUERY NO. 151

Will somebody be so kind as to give me an account of the teaching in Count Keyserling's "School of Wisdom" at Darmstadt?

Anna B. Bishop, *Peekskill, N. Y.*

QUERY NO. 152

What is the origin of the word *wop*? I have heard that it is derived from an Italian or Sicilian word spelled something like *wapparousa*, meaning a worthless fellow, but I can find no evidence to support this.

George W. Stimpson, *Washington*

QUERY NO. 153

I have never carried a cane in my life and I never will—even if I should rise to the position of chief bootlegger to the United States Senate. Still, I can see many uses in a cane, especially if it is solidly leaded. But spats—that is a different matter. Of what earthly use are they? Has there ever been a genuine male in the entire history of the planet who has so compromised his self-respect as to wear them? I know of none. I can no more imagine a real man wearing spats than I can imagine him going around the corner to listen to a lecture on "Christian Philanthropy" by the Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise.

Llewellyn Folensbee OgletHorpe, *Ottawa, Canada*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 62

Almost any one of the big colleges would be a good place for "Manufacturer's" imbecile son, especially those that accept high school credits without requiring admission examinations. It's a fairly safe bet that he will spend a pleasant four years and graduate at the end of that time, and if he has money he will probably make a good fraternity and establish some contacts that may assist him socially. When

he finishes he will be ignorant, though surely not much more so than any of his classmates or professors. At any rate, he will have a degree, even though he will not have an education. If "Manufacturer" desired him to have both, he should have begotten him at least twenty-five years earlier than he did.

PAUL BENRIMO, *Birmingham, Ala.*

I would advise "Manufacturer" to send his idiot boy to the University of Iowa; the student body there is largely of his nature, and they all get by.

JOHN E. HALTIGAN, *Carroll, Iowa*

ANSWER NO. 91

Credit belongs to Mr. Charles Honce for the bibliography included at the end of his collection of Edgar Saltus' essays, "Uplands of Dream," and not to me, as Brentano's says. My part of the collaboration, at the other extremity of the volume, was merely a title-page design, and this hardly seems to justify telescoping our names together—so that I get two-thirds of the glory.

PAUL MCPHARLIN, *Winnetka, Ill.*

ANSWER NO. 96

Langdon Smith, who wrote "Evolution," was, at the beginning of his career, a telegraph operator—one of the real stars of that profession. I first knew him in 1889 at McAlester, Oklahoma (then Indian Territory), where he was the day operator and I was the night operator for the M. K. & T. R. R. His brother, Horace Smith, was the railroad agent there. Langdon left McAlester in 1889 to go to New York, where he took a job as operator with the old United Press, organized by Walter Phillips. He was a brilliant writer even in those early years and naturally drifted to the editorial rooms. He was with the New York *World* in the nineties, and later became the star reporter on Hearst's *American*, where he was employed when he died about 1907. Smith was a student. He was a self-educated man. He possessed one of the most magnetic personalities I ever knew. A calm, slow-spoken man, he yet possessed a burning ambition to produce literature. He wrote poetry even in his old McAlester days and used to let me read it. I thought him a wonder in those days, as I was only a raw youth of seventeen. His penmanship was the most beautiful I have ever seen. His full name was Milton Langdon Smith.

EWELL D. MOORE, *Los Angeles*

ANSWER NO. 102

The title page of the German translation of Carl Schurz's Life of Abraham Lincoln is as follows:

> Abraham Lincoln, von Carl Schurz. Aus den Englishen übersetzt von Mary Nolte. Mit einem Bildnis. Berlin: Druck und Verlag von Georg Reimer, 1908

At least, this is the way it is given in the new Lincoln Bibliography of Joseph Benjamin Oakleaf.

PAUL M. ANGLE, *Springfield, Ill.*

ANSWER NO. 104

The word *away* in the sentence "That year *away* from home was unique in my experience so far," is an adverb, modifying the verb *passed* which is always understood in such a sentence, as, for example: "That year (that I passed) away from home was unique in my experience so far." The classification of *away* is thus very simple.

DONALD DEVENISH WALSH, *Boston*

ANSWER NO. 109

The reasons why all kettle-drummers are bald are very simple. The amount of gray matter required for the understanding of scores for the kettle-drum is so enormous that it displaces all the hair roots. Then again, we must take into consideration the long lapses of inactivity that all kettle-drummers enjoy at nearly all concerts. I have been a member of a first-rate orchestra for twenty years and know very well the

ype of person that plays the kettle-drum, nd I herewith assure all that the kettle-rummer employs all his spare time at oncerts in deep philosophical speculation. And as we all know, where there is much hought there one finds little hair.

L. C. Obermayer, *Cincinnati*

ANSWER NO. 112

The word *bootlegger* long antedates its use n Kansas in 1885. More than half a cen-ury ago we (then) young bloods in Ken-ucky used to rely on the local bootlegger or appropriate refreshments at Fourth of uly picnics. The bootlegger of those happy lays was not the soulless harpy of to-lay. He dispensed joy at reasonable rates. Usually he sold his own corn juice for two its a half pint or sold legitimate tax paid ed likker at a slight advance over current aloon prices. In those days in old Kain-uck most of us wore knee high boots—even the city blade affected the patent leather top kind, fifty years ago. There is your etymology of the word. Inside his wide bootlegs your bootlegger carried the flasks of good stuff which both cheered and inebriated. Alas! for the halycon days!

T. A. Wright, *Little Rock, Ark.*

ANSWER NO. 113

There is a portrait of the late Leon Czolgosz in *Harper's Weekly* (1901), Vol. 49: page 944.

Freshman, *Austin, Texas*

"The Manner of Man That Kills," by L. Vernon Briggs, published by Richard G. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston, 1921, contains several photographs of the late Leon F. Czolgosz.

Robert Stanley Flinn, *Boston*

ANSWER NO. 114

If Mr. J. K. Schwimmer will get a copy of the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly* for January, 1926, he will find a most interesting article by Clement Wood on "The Real Mary Baker Eddy." Mr. Wood, in his researches into Mrs. Eddy's biography, finds that the greatest part of her so-called discovery and invention of Christian Science was first broadcasted by an itinerant preacher and faith healer called Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, of Portland, Maine. Mrs. Eddy, it appears, copied Quimby's teachings practically verbatim, even to the name of her cult.

Sigmund W. Lipschutz,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSWER NO. 131

Born and raised in Russian Turkestan, on the Persian border, I have had a wonderful opportunity to observe how the Mohammedan decree against alcohol works out in practice. The Koran distinctly forbids the use of wine; it says nothing, however, of hard liquors, such as brandy and rum, or vodka, for the simple reason that those beverages were not known at the time it was written. The result of that omission can be easily surmised when one takes into consideration the highly casuistic and judicial character of the Oriental mind: those who wish—drink.

Another very interesting way of beating the Koran is this. It is stated in the Book: "The first drop of wine shall be your undoing." The loyal Mohammedan, therefore, having filled a tumbler with wine, dips his forefinger in the drink, slowly pulls it out, taking care not to spill back the drop suspended on its tip, and then casts it off with prayers. The first drop being removed, he drinks down the rest.

Jack Posin, *San Francisco*

I lift these paragraphs on the customs of the Moslems (786–809 A. D.), from the John Payne translation of "The Thousand and One Nights" (dedicated to Burton, London, 1901, printed for subscribers only). I suggest that they sound curiously modern.

> Baghdad, indeed, was in many respects emphatically a *citta cortigiana*, a sort of Vienna or Bucharest of the olden time, carried to the higher evolution correspondent with the more sensu-

ous influences of the luxuriant East; and the state of public morality there was naturally of the laxest. Especially was this the case with the higher classes. Drunkenness and debauchery of the most uncompromising kind prevailed among them despite the precepts of the Koran; and men and women seemed to vie with each other in refinements of luxury and dissipation.

As may well be supposed, under these circumstances, the upper classes of the time were not characterised by any especial fervor of religious devotion. Notwithstanding the fanatical orthodoxy of the Khalif and of his chief wife and cousin, Zubeideh, a woman as superstitious, as cruel and as cultivated as himself, the general religious sentiment of the Court of Baghdad appears to have been a sort of refined atheism, borrowed from Persia. Nevertheless, the lower and middle classes of the people were still profoundly and fanatically attached to the Faith of the Unity of God; nor were examples of Mohammedan fervour and zealotry wanting that would not have misbeseemed the strictest epochs of religious enthusiasm. Er Reshid himself was completely under ecclesiastical control, especially that of the Chief Imam of his reign, the Sheikh Abou Yousuf, who seems to have been more of a courtier than a priest and to have ingratiated himself with the Khalif by his audacious adroitness in twisting the interminable subtleties of Mohammedan ritual and dogma to suit the monarch's varying caprices and inclinations. (Volume IX, page 334, *et seq.*)

And in a footnote:

It is curious to note that (according to modern travellers) the introduction of coffee and tobacco seems to have resulted in the extinction of drunkenness, even in Egypt, always the most debauched part of the Muslem world, thus insensibly effecting a reform which no rigor of prohibition, no severity of punishment, had availed to bring about.

HERMAN SINGER, *Greenville, Calif.*

ANSWER NO. 135

Mr. Finkle apparently is unfamiliar with the South. Until recent years the Hon. Will D. Upshaw was to remote parts of that beleaguered section what William Jennings Bryan now is to Tennessee. In fact, Upshaw literally enthroned himself in many a community as a living martyr—something Bryan never had the brass to do, even in Dayton. Upshaw always had an advantage over Bryan, one the Commoner would have felt had they clashed. Bryan twanged on Evolution and Upshaw on Liquor, either equally repulsive to good Methodists and Baptists south of Mason and Dixon's—but Willie had a game leg, knew how to capitalize it, and did. There is a good bit about Upshaw in print. He has written two books himself, both about none other than whom you might suspect. In many a rural home of the South today alongside the family Bible you will find a thick rusty volume entitled "Earnest Willie," containing his advice to earlier apostles. Since coming to Congress he has published "Clarion Calls from Capitol Hills" (Revell), which at the time amounted to a call to the faithful to reëlect him. The call was heeded. For many years he edited a semi-religious weekly, the *Golden Age*, published in Atlanta. This was abandoned as politics absorbed his time. Formerly, Southern newspapers regarded him as "good copy" and he was in their columns much. In recent years, however, all but a few country weeklies in Georgia are extremely wary of him. L. A. H., *New York*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

In Memoriam

With "Still Waters," Mr. Augustus Thomas has now at length been officially lowered into the grave in which, apparently unbeknownst to the majority of writers on the American theatre, he has been peacefully resting for the last twenty-five years. In other words, it has taken American dramatic criticism just one-quarter of a century to arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Thomas, the so-called dean of our dramatists, is what he always has been: a playwright utterly without any authentic talent save the most obvious melodramatic kind. The phenomenon of the gentleman's acceptance as a dramatist of quality is one of the most fetching instances of comic relief in the opera bouffe of American criticism. That he possessed any sound dramatic gifts was, of course, palpably absurd from the day he first entered the American theatre. Yet his acceptance as the first dramatic genius of his country was so widespread that a glance at the reasons therefor may not be unprofitable.

Thomas appeared on the local dramatic scene when the serious stages of the country were given over chiefly to the works of foreign playwrights, most of whom were being vehemently denounced by the William Winters of the time as lascivious swine, and worse. Critics and public alike were ready to acclaim any American, however humble, who would make a show of dealing with themes closer to the native pulse. Herne, who preceded Thomas, showed clearly which way the wind was blowing. A fifth-rate playwright, he was yet anointed as an appointee of God. Bronson Howard, who preceded Herne, also a fifth-rater, was treated as hospitably as if he were a genius of the first carat. But these men did not entirely satisfy the critical craving for a true Mahomet. Howard, after all, even some of the critics realized, was an imitation Englishman whose claims to being regarded as an American smelling richly of the soil lay in dressing up the characters in a Sardou melodrama in blue and gray uniforms and shifting the scene to the Shenandoah Valley, and in taking a conventional European farce-comedy and arbitrarily pasting upon it the title, "Saratoga." And Herne, while indubitably American so far as calico dresses, down East drawl and canvas painted to look like a neighboring lighthouse went, lacked finish: he was an even greater rhetorical yokel than his themes. What was wanted, what was prayed for, was an American playwright who would combine the pseudo-raciness of a Herne with the English air of a Howard. And in answer to these prayers the Lord sent Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas, accordingly, was swallowed at one gulp, and without a chaser. He was swallowed with such alacrity, indeed, that the critics and public didn't even stop to study the label on the bottle. Thus, he was promptly accepted as a dramatist American to the core on the simple ground that he took a typical German military melodrama of the period, the scene of which was laid in a well-sprinkled German garrison town, covered the coats and leggings of the characters with powdered borax and called the result "Arizona," and as a dramatist thoroughly native yet with the envied English finish on the equally simple ground that he took a typical French theme, deleted the boudoir, caused the characters to speak their lines very slowly and put a note in the pro-

gramme assuring the audience that it was all taking place in Mizzouri or Alabama. But the dam had broken, and the deluge was on: Thomas was the savior of the American drama. Even then, true enough, there were a few persons who could not quite get the connection between a great dramatic genius and a man who wrote plays in which the solution of profound human torment hung upon the discovery that the bullet that killed the villain was of a different calibre from the hero's revolver and in which a ham actor in a broad black felt hat, with a false white goatee pasted on his chin and a manner of speech that brought every *you* to be followed by an *all* was offered as the leading chivalrous representative of a great Southern State and a noble character solely because he was touched by the beauty of the moon. But the majority of the great American people and of their cultural guides, the critics, thought otherwise, and Mr. Thomas settled himself a bit farther back on his throne.

Mr. Thomas, of course, as any other man in his place, was not long in persuading himself to accept himself at the value the critics had placed upon him. And it was not long, accordingly, before he got what our colored brethren call the profounds. That he was a genius, he did not for a minute doubt; but that genius should content itself with these relatively modest dramatic offerings was unthinkable.

Thus cogitating, our friend promptly transmuted himself into a great metaphysician, one who should spread messages to his people and, out of his deep wisdom, cure them of their psychic and other ills. This meditation, with its triumphant consequences in the form of dramatic art, our friend had preceded with divers *bijoux*, merely by way of proving his versatility in the field of which he was master. These were—simply as so many *pourboires*, one must understand—little things in which little girls in white nighties crept down into the parlor and held long and sweetly moving conversations with burglars, in which prize-fighters were shown to have hearts of gold beneath their uncouth exteriors, in which Earls of Pawtucket were, for all their spats and monocles, demonstrated to be not such a bad sort, and in which Gallic peccadilloes were disinfected under such titles as "A Proper Impropriety." But, we must remember, these were a master's casual diversions—baubles, mere nothings—tossed off as a bloodhound shakes off the rain water before plunging into the deep Ohio to grab Eliza by the skirt-tail. All this while, the heavy thinking was going on. All this while there were being pondered the really great dramas that were to establish their creator's eminence beyond cavil.

There came then presently from the master-dramatist a succession of great works which, as he had well known they would, lifted him to a dizzy and dismaying altitude in the critical estimation. There was "The Witching Hour," that art work *par excellence* in which a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was influenced and directed by the ghost of a woman thirty years dead. There was "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," that profound document in neo-pathology in which osteopathy cured a case that had baffled the world's great scientific and medical minds. There was "The Harvest Moon," that rich document in psycho-chromatology in which the course of a woman's life was completely altered for the better by the simple and somehow peculiarly not hitherto thought of device of changing the color of the portières in her room. There was "As a Man Thinks," that scholarly treatise on contemporary economics in which it was proclaimed that if it were not for men's pure love for women all the factories would shut down and no trains would run on schedule. There was "Mere Man," that enduring politico-sociological masterpiece in which it was proved conclusively that men in trying situations always think the way their women will them to think. And there was "The Model," that presented to

he world the astounding doctrine that if girl goes out and has an affair with a man her parents, when they learn of it, will be very sore.

Small wonder, then, that the new generation of critics fell in with the order that had passed and added further laurel leaves to Mr. Thomas' already ample crown.

At about this time in our hero's career, however, a great calamity befell American dramatic criticism. A number of the dignified old gentlemen, gifted in the technic of concealing ignorance in polysyllables, who held important critical posts, began one by one to disappear from the scene. Death and intelligent managing editors, those two grim reapers, began to take their toll. And in the places of the departed, one presently found young men who could not convince themselves that mere Americanism and dramatic merit were inseparable, that patriotism was an essential part of criticism and that a man with impressive gray hair, a sizeable belly and a bass voice was necessarily a brother to genius. These upstarts were not impressed by honorary degrees conferred by road colleges upon men who wrote plays in which a villain was unable to pull the trigger of a revolver merely because the hero looked him in the eye and told him he couldn't, by the otherwise estimable Dr. Brander Matthews' fraternal endorsement of a dramatist simply because the latter belonged to the same club that he did, or by a playwright who sported at his lapel the same purple and yellow ribbon worn by such prodigies in other fields as Robert W. Chambers, Hermann Hagedorn and "Chimmie Fadden" Townsend. And these young impudentos were not long in getting their deplorable convictions into print. If this dean of American dramatists is the fellow we have been told he is, said they, let us investigate him with proper seriousness and lay the bouquets of our findings at his feet. With proper seriousness, they then duly investigated him and, out of that proper seriousness, came the bouquets—of ripe tomatoes. For not only did they find that the dean's works of the past had utterly nothing in them, but, in addition, that the works he was then confecting were even emptier than those that had gone before.

There was, for example, the play called "As a Man Thinks" which, they observed, was little more than a cheap sentimentalization of the Jews by way of hornswoggling them out of their easily flattered money at the box-office window. There was, for example, the play called "Indian Summer," in which the same old "Witching Hour" villain was restrained from pulling the trigger of a pistol by the same old "Witching Hour" hero's medicine-show hypnotism act and in which the action revolved around an illegitimate child out of the French mush of the early '70's. There was the play called "The Battle Cry," with its dime novel Kentucky feud plot and its reliance upon moving pictures to work up a climax. There was the play called "Rio Grande," a twenty-thirty military meller that plainly strove to summon the mildewed corpse of "Arizona" out of its grave. There were "The Copperhead," an old-time "spy" melodrama that dragged in Abe Lincoln by way of getting the boob applause; "Palmy Days," a *mousse* of ham sentimentality with a dog conspicuously inserted into it by way of hokum; and "Nemesis," the big scene of which lay in the same significant gradual dimming of the lights in the death-house at Sing Sing that the fathers of these young men had seen years before in a Hal Reid provincial melodrama. And the sound of the slapstick began to be heard in the land. And a panic seized the Thomas rear.

"Still Waters," as I have noted, is the symbol of that panic. For when a man is panic-stricken, he betrays himself. And "Still Waters" is Mr. Thomas' automatic Judas. It shows up completely and for all time, as with a revolving mirror, the emptiness of his pretensions since the day he first set foot upon the American stage.

It shows up brilliantly his sophomoric thought, his sophomoric propaganda indignation, his sophomoric dramatic talent. It crystallizes in a single manuscript the history of his pathetic futility in his chosen field. It is, in a flash, an autobiography of the Thomas dramaturgy from 1880 to the present day.

II

The Little Theatre Playwright

Mr. John Howard Lawson is in many respects a typical specimen of the little theatre young American playwright, and so may profitably be placed under the microscope for dramatico-eugenesic purposes. In him, we find at once the relative virtues, in so far as they exist, and the faults of the considerable bevy of young men whose dramatic impulses have been allowed to function since, several years ago, half the smaller garages, undertaking parlors and delicatessen stores of the Republic put in a hundred or so chairs apiece, installed boxes with slits in them at the front doors and announced that they were henceforth temples of the Muse. Among the talents produced by these *Spielschulen* were two or three of importance—the name of O'Neill stands out like a visiting star in a hinterland stock company—but for the most part what was brought forth and what still remains to decorate the scene was and is mere aspiration with a cock-eye. Such aspiration with such a cock-eye is Mr. Lawson. In him we discover the ambition of a Hamilcar and the equipment of a Salvation Army captain.

Mr. Lawson has written three plays: "Roger Bloomer," "Processional" and, most recently, "Nirvana." The first was an attempt to see New York through the eyes of a Georg Kaiser or Walter Hasenklever; the second was an attempt to translate the spirit and essence of America into jazz rhythm. Both were attempts, and stopped there. In the former instance, the eyes of Kaiser and Hasenklever were to a degree present, but absent completely was what happens to be back of Kaiser's and Hasenklever's eyes. What we got, accordingly, was Expressionism that had nothing to express. In the latter instance, a provocative and interesting idea went to pieces on the rocks of amateurishness and inexterity. The will was here, but the skill was lacking. What was called for was some such faint measure of competence as was shown by Giacosa in his indifferent miniature, "Les Ficelles," which gives us human beings dancing inevitably to the jazz strings in the hand of an invisible puppet-master, or by Birinski in his "Narrentanz," which gives us the jazz dance of European politics. That skill Lawson was without and, as if duly appreciating the deficiency, he resorted to the not uncommon subterfuge of concealing the fact in, and distracting attention from it by, a set of exercises in freakishness. In this, he was not unlike many of his colleagues in the little theatre dramaturgy. The latter persuade themselves to believe that novelty of theme is only to be expounded in a novel dramaturgic manner, the word *novel* being invariably regarded as synonymous with freakish. In isolated cases, it is true that a novel theme demands a novel manner of telling, but in the customary run of things dramatic one pretty generally finds that the best and most convincing way to retail a novel theme is through the more or less standardized dramaturgic method. If, for example, a playwright set out to show us that it is Satan who rules over Heaven and God who rules over Hell, his best method for doing the job would in all probability be to follow the dramatic technic of, say, Hauptmann in "The Sunken Bell," since a wild fantastic idea by no means inevitably calls upon a wildly fantastic dramatic form for its most effective exposition. Yet give one of the little theatre playwrights some such idea and the first thing he will do will be to devise a dramaturgic structure that will play the first act, laid in Heaven, in the balcony, and the second, laid in Hell, downstairs in the men's washroom. This is the prin-

ple that Lawson adopts. His "Nirvana" one of the best examples I have seen of e lengths to which the little theatre ramaturgic nonsense has gone. For his sic theme, he has taken old Pontius' ery, "What is truth?" Having asked mself that question, he should next have quired of himself, "What is drama?" ut that is a question such young men as seldom ask of themselves. Drama, to em, is anything that is absolutely unlike hat is played on the stages of the pro- ssional theatres. Everything south of ourteenth street is drama; everything rth of Fourteenth street is not.

A glance at Lawson's published preface his play reveals clearly what is wrong ith him. "'Nirvana,'" he says, "is a medy of the uncertainties and aspirations the thinking man as he confronts the larging universe." This so-called think- g man is the chief protagonist of his ramatic exhibit. What do we find him to e like and what, consequently, do we find awson's conception of the modern think- g man to be like? We scrutinize the char- cter's cerebral functionings—the charac- r may doubtless be accepted as reflecting awson's philosophical doctrines—and find mind which, by the Binet-Simon test, is ll of fifteen years old. It is this mind that he playwright seriously means us to ac- pt as one gifted with mature, if tempest- ssed, thought; it is this species of eristic ind that he postures against his dramatic ircumstances. Among the things that this ind, or dramatic protagonist, "thinks" re, quoting literally, the following: (*1*) hat a pure love and a pure faith may cure girl who has broken her spine; (*2*) that woman cannot tell exactly who the ther of her child is; (*3*) that if Christian cientists had complete confidence in them- lves they might accomplish what med- al science has failed to accomplish; (*4*) hat half the young women of New York re constantly undergoing operations for bortion; (*5*) that if the present age of nachinery does not soon devise a new re- igion it will collapse; (*6*) that a woman's discontent with life is invariably due to sexual causes; (*7*) that scientists are in the habit of surrounding themselves with perverts and degenerates; (*8*) that a detective can mingle uninvited and unob- served by the host or guests at a party for sixteen people; (*9*) that it is dangerous for a reputable physician to go to a scene of murder unless he takes the precaution to bring his nurse along as a witness; and (*10*) that the work of such men as Robert Koch is utterly valueless. Of such stuff are the "uncertainties" of Mr. Lawson's mod- ern thinking man.

III

The Sophisticated Play

In late years, there has crept into the criti- cal vocabulary, and caused considerable itching there, a shading of the word *sophisticated*. The term is generally em- ployed in a slightly condescending and opprobrious sense. One takes it, in its critical color, to mean that the playwright so designated is a fellow made cynical by his cosmic experiences, one bored by every- thing that does not bore the normal human being, one who cannot see the beauty of the Alps for their chilblains, the romance of the desert for its pebbles in the shoe or the charm of pure love for its attendant conversation. In the case of the play thus dubbed, one is given to understand that, like its author, it mocks at the things in life held sacred by the majority of good folk. Yet, after due meditation of the sub- ject, I come to the conclusion that what our critics usually call a sophisticated play is anything but what they seem to imagine it is; that it is, to the contrary, generally at bottom much less sophisticated, in the accepted meaning of the word, and much more ingenuous than the type of play they look upon as the reverse.

The so-called sophisticated play, esti- mating it from a survey of the list of ex- hibits that have been described with the adjective, is simply a play whose author idealizes in terms of disillusion what other

dramatists idealize in terms of illusion. We have an excellent example in the case of Brieux's "Les Hannetons" on the one side and some such play as Jones' "The Case of Rebellious Susan" on the other. The former postures two lovers who are not married and yet are inevitably and mercilessly drawn together after various difficulties; the latter two lovers who are married and who are inevitably and ironically drawn together after various difficulties. The so-called sophisticated comedy is here surely, for all its surface aspect, the more profoundly sentimental of the two. And in the same way we discover that, for all their initial design of dramatic circumstance and occasional dialogue, most of the plays of this kind are fundamentally of a philosophy as guileless in its disillusion as that of the others is guileful in its illusion.

Since the adjective is for the most part assigned to plays that deal in one way or another with sex, a contemplation of the manner in which they approach and handle the subject will clearly disclose the essential nature of such plays. As an example of the so-called sophisticated sex play, we may take one of Schnitzler's; as an example of what may be called the unsophisticated sex play, we may take one of Anzengruber's. I deliberately choose examples that apparently make the contention difficult of proof. Yet in the case of Schnitzler's sex sophistication, say in such a typical play as "Intermezzo," we find the heartbreak of innocent children absurdly dressed as adults bringing down the curtain, while in the case of Anzengruber's idyllic sex, in such a typical play as "The Pastor of Kirchfeld," we find the curtain falling on the heartbreak of adults tempered by a spirit of challenge. I have not, surely, artfully picked out plays that conveniently prove my theory. Fifty, a hundred, others are ready to hand. Compare, for instance, the sophisticated sex plays of de Caillavet and de Flers with the relatively unsophisticated sex plays of such modern Spanish dramatists as Guimera. Compare the sophisticated sex plays of the Hungarian Vajda—"The Little Angel," "Grounds for Divorce" and "Fata Morgana"—with the unsophisticated sex plays of the Hungarian Pasztor—"Innocence," "The Song Eternal," etc. Compare Alfred Capus in this respect with his fellow-countryman Bataille, or Lennox Robinson with his fellow-countryman Synge.

Dramatic indignation, like a show of moral indignation, is often made to serve as a cloak for a species of sex theme that would lodge a tranquil comedy writer in the calaboose. The sophisticated playwright is simply one who, appreciating that indignation is the handmaiden of limited experience, casts his lines in still waters, waters that ever run deeper than the more turbulent streams. He knows out of his contact with the world and its ways that sentiment is not less sentiment because it smiles and that there is often more wisdom in laughter than in grunts. The man who laughs over immorality is at heart usually a moral and a sentimental fellow. The man who takes sex as a grim business is pretty generally a man with a foul corner in his mind.

A sample of what is known as a sophisticated play is "The Masque of Venice," by the Englishman, George Dunning Gribble, produced in New York some weeks ago and killed where it stood by nine-tenths of the troupe of Westphalians hired to act it. I take it that the play was termed sophisticated on the score (*1*) that it showed a man and woman lying together without endorsement of clergy; and (*2*) that its heroine's moral conduct was other than Anglo-Saxon. If this constitutes "sophistication," then the adjective must be extended to apply doubly to a liberal share of Holy Writ, which presents the same things with a considerably multiplied audacity. To object that it is the humorous approach to a theme that makes for sophistication is simply to argue that the Divine Inspirer of the Bible is less knowing of the world and its people than a young London gentleman of thirty or so who has spent a short vacation in Italy.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Counter-Offensive

IT GOD'S WORD? by Joseph Wheless. New York: *The Wheless Publishers.*

ıis is one of the soundest and most inter- ting books that I have read in months. ıe author, who is an associate editor of e *American Bar Association Journal*, was ained as a lawyer, but that training, some- hat surprisingly, seems to have left his gical powers unimpaired, and with them s capacity for differentiating between cts and mere appearances. There is no nt of the usual evasions and obfuscations the advocate in his pages. His business to examine calmly the authority and ausibility of Holy Writ, both as history ıd as revelation of the Omnipotent Will, ıd to that business he brings an immense ıd meticulous knowledge, an exact and ıfailing judicial sense, and a skill at derly exposition which is quite extraor- nary. There is no vaporing of the ortho- ox exegetes that he is not familiar with, ıd none that he fails to refute, simply and evastatingly. Nine-tenths of his evidence e takes out of the mouths of his oppo- ents. Patiently, mercilessly, irresistibly, e subjects it to logical analysis, and when e is done at last—his book runs to 462 ages of fine print—there is little left of ıe two Testaments save a farrago of palp- ble nonsense, swathed, to be sure, in very vely poetry. He exposes all their gross ıd preposterous contradictions, their vio- tions of common sense and common de- ncy, their grotesque collisions with the nown and indubitable facts, their petty rgiversations and fraudulences. He goes ehind the mellifluous rhetoric of the King ames Version to the harsh balderdash of ıe originals, and brings it out into the orrible light of day. He exposes the proph- ecies that have failed to come off. He exhibits the conflicts of romantic and unreliable witnesses, most of them with something to sell. He tracks down ideas to their barbaric sources. He concocts an almost endless series of logical dilemmas. And he does it all with good manners, never pausing to rant and nowhere going beyond the strict letter of the record.

Obviously, there is room and need for such a book, and it deserves to be widely read. For in the America of today, after a time of quiescence, the old conflict between religion and science has been resumed with great ferocity, and the partisans of the former, not content with denouncing all free inquiry as evil, have now undertaken to make it downright unlawful. Worse, they show signs of succeeding. And why? Chiefly, it seems to me, because the cause of their opponents has been badly handled —above all, because it has lacked vigorous *offensive* leadership. The defense, indeed, is largely an abject running away. We are assured with pious snuffling that there is actually no conflict, that the domains of science and religion do not overlap, that it is quite possible for a man to be a scientist (even a biologist!) and yet believe that Jonah swallowed the whale. No wonder the whoopers for Genesis take courage, and lay on with glad, *sforzando* shouts. At one stroke they are lifted to parity with their opponents, nay, to superiority. The bilge they believe in becomes something sacrosanct; its manifest absurdities are not mentioned, and hence tend to pass unnoticed. But meanwhile they are quite free to belabor science with their whole armamentarium of imbecilities. Every crossroads Baptist preacher becomes an authority upon its errors, and is heard gravely. In brief, science exposes itself to be shot

at, but agrees not to shoot back. It would be difficult to imagine any strategy more idiotic.

Or to imagine a Huxley adopting it. Huxley, in his day, followed a far different plan. When the Gladstones, Bishop Wilberforces and other such obscurantists denounced the new biology, he did not waste any time upon conciliatory politeness. Instead, he made a bold and headlong attack upon Christian theology—an attack so vigorous and so skillful that the enemy was soon in ignominious flight. Huxley knew the first principle of war: he knew that a hearty offensive is worth a hundred defensives. How well he succeeded is shown by the fact that even today, with theology once more on the prowl and the very elements of science under heavy attack, some of the gaudiest of the ancient theological notions are not heard of. Huxley disposed of them completely; even in Darkest Tennessee the yokels no longer give them credit. But if the Millikans and other such amiable bunglers continue to boss the scientific camp you may be sure that all these exploded myths and superstitions will be revived, and that the mob will once more embrace them. For it is the natural tendency of the ignorant to believe what is not true. In order to overcome that tendency it is not sufficient to exhibit the true; it is also necessary to expose and denounce the false. To admit that the false has any standing in court, that it ought to be handled gently because millions of morons cherish it and thousands of quacks make their livings propagating it—to admit this, as the more fatuous of the reconcilers of science and religion inevitably do, is to abandon a just cause to its enemies, cravenly and without excuse.

It is, of course, quite true that there is a region in which science and religion do not conflict. That is the region of the unknowable. No one knows Who created the visible universe, and it is infinitely improbable that anything properly describable as evidence on the point will ever be discovered. No one knows what motives or intentions, if any, lie behind what we call natural laws. No one knows why man has his present form. No one knows why sin and suffering were sent into the world —that is, why the fashioning of man was so badly botched. Naturally enough, all these problems have engaged the interest of humanity since the remotest days, and in every age, with every sort of evidence completely lacking, men of speculative mind have sought to frame plausible solutions. Some of them, more bold than the rest, have pretended that their solutions were revealed to them by God, and multitudes have believed them. But no man of science believes them. He does not say positively that they are wrong; he simply says that there is no proof that they are right. If he admitted, without proof, that they were right, he would not be a man of science. In his view all such theories and speculations stand upon a common level. In the most ambitious soarings of a Christian theologian he can find nothing that differs in any essential way from the obvious hocus-pocus of a medicine man in the jungle. Superficially, of course, the two stand far apart. The Christian theologian, confined like all the rest to the unknowable, has to be more careful than the medicine man, for in Christendom the unknowable covers a far less extensive field than in the jungle. Christian theology is thus, in a sense, more reasonable than voodooism. But it is not more reasonable because its professors know more than the voodoo-man about the unknowable; it is more reasonable simply because they are under a far more rigorous and enlightened scrutiny, and run a risk of being hauled up sharply every time they venture too near the borders of the known.

This business of hauling them up is one of the principal functions of science. Its prompt execution is the gauge of a high and progressive civilization. So long as theologians keep within their proper bounds, science has no quarrel with them, for it is no more able to prove that they are wrong than they themselves are able

prove that they are right. But human perience shows that they never keep ithin their proper bounds voluntarily; ey are always bulging over the line, and aking a great uproar over things that ey know nothing about. Such an uproar going on at the present moment. Hordes theologians come marching down from e Southern mountains, declaring rausly that God created the universe durg a certain single week of the year 4004 c., and demanding that all persons who esume to doubt it be handed over to the cular arm. Here, obviously, science cant suffer them gladly, nor even patiently. eir proposition is a statement of scienic fact; it may be examined and tested ke any other statement of scientific fact. examined and tested, it turns out to be holly without evidential support. All e known evidence, indeed, is against it, d overwhelmingly. No man who knows e facts—that is, no man with any claim scientific equipment—is in any doubt out that. He disbelieves it as thoroughly he believes that the earth moves round e sun. Disbelieving it, it is his professonal duty, his first obligation of professonal honor, to attack and refute those ho uphold it. Above all, it is his duty attack the false evidence upon which ey base their case.

Thus an actual conflict is joined, and it the height of absurdity for the Millikans d other such compromisers to seek to vade it with soft words. That conflict as not begun by science. It did not start ith an invasion of the proper field of eological speculation by scientific raidrs. It started with an invasion of the field f science by theological raiders. Now that is on, it must be pressed vigorously from e scientific side, and without any flabby enderness for theological susceptibilities. defensive war is not enough; there must e a forthright onslaught upon the theogical citadel, and every effort must be ade to knock it down. For so long as it emains a stronghold, there will be no seurity for sound sense among us, and little for common decency. So long it may be used as a recruiting-station and rallying-point for the rabble, science will have to submit to incessant forays, and the same forays will be directed against every sort of rational religion. The latter danger is not unobserved by the more enlightened theologians. They are well aware that, facing the Fundamentalists, they must either destroy or be destroyed. It is to be hoped that the men of science will perceive the same plain fact, and so give over their vain effort to stay the enemy with weasel words.

I commend Mr. Wheless' book to all who are interested in the battle. I am reasonably familiar, for a layman, with the literature of Biblical criticism. It has amused me for many years to follow the combat between the so-called higher critics and the more orthodox theologians—a combat marked by immense emissions of red-hot gases and malicious animal magnetism on both sides. But in all the books I have read I know of none that marshals the case against the historical soundness and divine inspiration of Holy Writ more effectively than this one. It simply knocks the Fundamentalists' case to pieces, and with it the cases of many theologians who hold themselves far above such canaille. How any man, after reading it, can still believe that the two Testaments were dictated by Omnipotence is more than I am able, on this lovely Spring morning, to imagine.

A Hero of the Open Spaces

THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID, by Walter Noble Burns. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

Here we have a Wild Western movie out of real life, reduced to narrative with great skill and no little unction. It is easy to see that Mr. Burns has brought down from his boyhood a very hearty delight in his hero. And why not? All of us who were boys in the 80's remember Billy the Kid, and with a veneration that is still bold and unaffected. He was one of the glories of that

purple decade, along with Sitting Bull, Geronimo and General Nelson A. Miles. He ranked far above Buffalo Bill, for Bill's butcheries were confined to Indians and horned cattle, whereas Billy was covered with Christian blood. Mr. Burns says that he killed twenty-one men in his time. I am inclined to protest against the estimate as too modest. If he could kill twenty-one, he could kill forty-one. The number, no doubt, will increase as the years go thundering down the dim corridors of time. There is already a full-fledged Billy the Kid saga in the arid, he-man lands, and its hero gradually rises to the stature of Robin Hood, Claude Duval, Fra Diavolo and Eric the Red. His deviltries convert themselves by an easy natural process into austere and lovely virtues. Though he shot many a man in the back, he was a knight without a peer or reproach. Though many of his homicides were done for hire, and in causes outside his own interest and even beyond his comprehension, he was consecrated to Service. He grows handsomer and handsomer with the years. His eyes, once shifty, begin to flash. His anthropoid fornications with the Mexican gals become grand passions. His horsemanship (though his plug bucked him off during his last flight) rises to virtuosity. Mothers now sing of him, says Mr. Burns, to the larval Rotarians of the great Southwest. He is the tribal hero of that picturesque civilization whose gaudiest current flower is the Hon. Albert Bacon Fall.

For Billy the Kid, as the phrase goes, had it all over his rivals in one important way: he was the last of his line. When Sheriff Pat Garrett's bullet went crashing through his aorta an era ended, and the frontier disappeared. What became of his followers? They heard the stroke of the clock and sneaked away. Some of them lost themselves respectably in the cattle business; others joined the new police force; yet others retired to Kansas, or Kentucky, or to whatever other place they had come from, and opened stores and livery-stables. If 1880 were 1926 they would be keeping garages, with a brisk bootlegging business on the side. They had had their fun, and were ready to quit. Things were harder for the young men coming after them. The frontier was gone; there were no longer any stages to hold up or Indians to kill; shooting a man in sheer excess of animal spirits began to be punished by endless years in the penitentiary, cheek by jowl with defaulting bank cashiers, pickpockets, and other such ignobles. What to do? The problem was difficult, and it is not yet solved. There is in the American people a maverick and outlaw strain. They hatch every year a certain number of youths who find it simply impossible to roost upon an office stool or hang to the back of an ice-wagon. These youths are anæsthetic to the teaching of civics in the schools; the Y.M.C.A. foozles them; they don't want to be President. In the old days they flocked to the frontier, and there led the spacious life that was natural to them, dying in the end with their boots on. But now they have to stay in the cities. The result is what is called the Crime Wave. As the dreadful process of democratic regimentation goes on, and more and more kinds of normal activity are brought within the jurisdiction of the *Polizei*, the revolt of the incurable nonconformist tends to become more and more violent. The old frontier gave him a chance to work off his steam. Now he sticks up a United Cigars store, or joins the Rum Fleet, or sets up as a chiropractor, or, if he is a scoundrel as well as a rebel, becomes a Prohibition agent, and adds blackmail to murder.

In brief, certain men find the restraints of what is called Christian civilization unbearable, and break into insurrection against it. There are more such men in the United States than elsewhere for two reasons. First, the restraints that gall them are more numerous here than elsewhere and more tight and annoying. Second, these are mainly new, and so the contumacious minority has not yet learned how to bear them. There is, perhaps, yet a third reason, and it may be more important than either

he others. It is that the American blood ull of wild and wayward strains—that ctically all of us are the descendants of n who revolted against the civilizations t they were born to, and sought a ater elbow-room in a new world. Such ains, in the older countries, were either ven out or stamped out. The rise of the ice power, early in the Eighteenth Cen- y, started a war of extermination upon m. In England, for example, there was wholesale butchery of rebels. Even the htest deviation from the official *mores* ame a capital offense, and those offenders o were not actually executed were either nersed in jails and so made sterile, or sed out of the country. Thousands of m came to America. So in every other ntry of Northern Europe. So in Russia l Italy even in our own time. The effects visible in the statistics of so-called crime which includes, as everyone knows, mul- udes of acts that are not *malum in se*, but y *malum prohibitum*. The current inhabi- ts of England, for example, being the scendants of persons who got through Eighteenth Century unhanged, are turally law-abiding. But a considerable nority, at least, of the inhabitants of the ited States, being the descendants of rsons who fled the hangman, are natu- ly somewhat lawless. This is not true, course, of the majority. The normal, erage Americano is not an outlaw, but a osestepper. But there remains a gipsy ain in the national blood, and it shows elf, in certain quarters, in a persistent ellion against regimentation. The fron- r gave it free play. The frontier gone, it ends its energies upon the art of sticking United Cigars stores.

The Literature of Sex

HYGIENE OF SEX, by Max von Gruber. Baltimore: *The Williams & Wilkins Company*.

This is a translation of a German book, and the original has had a sale of 300,000 copies at home. The Germans, having attained to the boons of democracy, now wallow in the same mush that delights Americans. Nothing that Dr. von Gruber says is new, and very little of it is worth hearing. Like practically all of his colleagues in sex hygiene, he treats sex as mainly a pathological matter. He is full of dark warnings. It is dangerous to yield to the hormones. Even if one escapes syphilis, one may be punished with "pressure in the lumbar region, nervous irritability, a feeling of pressure in the head, stupidity, restless sleep, ringing in the ears, spots before the eyes, shunning of light, a feeling of trembling and actual shaking, and a tendency to sweating." What is all this? It is, in brief, bilge. Not once does the book mention sex as an ecstasy; not once is there any hint that, to civilized men and women, there may be a powerful psychic stimulation in it, and hence happiness. Almost all such books preach the same revolting bosh. They are written by prudes, and apparently for hogs. Their point of view is indistinguishable from that of the quacks who publish lost manhood advertisements. I can think of one exception. It is a little pamphlet called "The Sex Side of Life," written by Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, and published by the author at 81 Singer Street, Astoria, L. I. It is very short, but there is more sound sense and decent thinking in it than in all the disgusting treatises recommended to adolescents by Y.M.C.A. secretaries.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DUNCAN AIKMAN *is an El Paso newspaper man. His collection of essays, "Home Town Minds," has just appeared.*

ELIZABETH BALL *is a native of Oklahoma, and received her A.B. from the State university.*

HARRY ELMER BARNES *is the well-known historian. His "The Genesis of the World War" has just been published.*

B. A. BOTKIN *was born in Boston and graduated from Harvard in 1920. He also has an M.A. from Columbia. He is an instructor in English at the University of Oklahoma.*

NILS FREDRIKSSON BROWN *was born in Sweden, and "The Swedes Among Us" is his first published article in English. He came to America in 1910. He is associate editor of the* Svenska Amerikanska Posten *of Minneapolis.*

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY *is editor of the* Saturday Review of Literature.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM *was born at Okeene, Okla., in 1901. He took his B.A. at the State university in 1925 and is now a fellow there.*

BABETTE DEUTSCH (MRS. AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY) *is a New Yorker. She has printed two volumes of verse, "Banners" (1919), and "Honey Out of the Rock" (1925). She won first prize in the 1926* Nation *poetry contest.*

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL *was formerly editor of the Wichita* Eagle. *He is now the editor of the McNaught Syndicate in New York.*

MAY FRANK *lives at Norman, Okla., and is a contributor to the Oklahoma City* Sunday Oklahoman.

MAURICE KELLY *is a school principal at Ponca City, Okla.*

NICHOLAS KOPELOFF, PH.D. (Columbia), *is an associate in bacteriology at the Psychiatric Institute, Ward's Island, New York.*

NELL BATTLE LEWIS *is a North Carolinian and a graduate of Smith College. She contributes a weekly column to the Raleigh* News and Observer.

ANNE MCCLURE *is the step-mother of John McClure. She was born in Texas. Her father was a member of the Texas Constitutional Convention, and one of her brothers served six terms in Congress. She lives in Oklahoma City.*

MAURINE HALLIBURTON MCGEE (MRS. GUY FREMONT MCGEE) *lives in Oklahoma City and is secretary and treasurer of the Oklahoma Authors' League. She has published two novels and about two hundred poems.*

MIRIAM E. OATMAN *was born in New Jersey and educated at Oberlin and Columbia. She has lived in Oklahoma for a number of years.*

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Editorial NOTES

Mr. William Leavitt Stoddard sends in the following remarks about Mr. Clarence Darrow's article, "The Edwardses and the Jukeses," which appeared in the October 1925, issue:

> Mr. Darrow makes the basic blunder of not realizing that the science of eugenics never has set up the theory that all the descendants of an outstanding individual are themselves outstanding. Could human selection be as carefully controlled as experimental animal selection, the results would doubtless be similar. Mr. Darrow is shooting at an easy target when he picks on the hero-worshipping genealogist who argues that one prominent ancestor produces nothing but prominent progeny.
>
> The mother of Jonathan Edwards was Esther Stoddard, "of whom little is known," says Mr. Darrow. Little, perhaps, but something of importance. She was the daughter of Solomon Stoddard and Esther Mather (widow of Eleazer Mather). Her father was the first librarian of Harvard College and a minister in Northampton, Mass., where his memory is honored to this day as that of a singularly upright, forceful and public-spirited man. Solomon was the oldest son of Anthony Stoddard, merchant, of Boston, whose wife was of the distinguished Downing family (Downing street, etc., London). In Anthony, great-grandfather of Jonathan Edwards, Mr. Darrow might discern a kindred spirit. When constable of Boston he made vigorous protest in the case of a conviction for heresy by the civil court, maintaining that the church, not the state, should try the culprit. Fairly radical doctrine this for an age in which the Church was state-controlled. Anthony was cited for contempt and was fined, whereupon he fulfilled his sworn duty and obeyed the court.
>
> The "immaculate" Edwards germ-plasm is no more derived from the Tuttle side than from the Stoddard, and I would suggest for Mr. Darrow's consideration that the Stoddard plasm may have had something to do with the qualities of Jonathan, offsetting some of the weaknesses which he finds in the Tuttle stem. Nor

Continued on page xx

The Telephone and Better Living

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Editorial NOTES

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should either side be held wholly responsible for the weird theology of Jonathan. His was no more strange for its own day than is that of Billy Sunday or the late William Jennings Bryan for this.

From a respected customer in North Carolina:

> In the February "Americana," North Carolina section, there is "a contribution to the American language" in these words: "Upwards of over 500 visited it." That isn't a contribution it is a subtraction. It subtracts all the dignity and charm from the sound old Alexander country phrase: "Upwards of a hell of a damn sight."

Commenting on Dr. Clendening's article "Drugs," in the March issue, Dr. R. Main, of Barry, Ill., writes:

> Dr. Clendening misquotes Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, as nearly everyone does, in referring to his celebrated remark about the value of drugs. His exact words are to be found in his essay, "Currents and Counter-Currents." They are: "If the whole materia medica, *as now used*, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea," etc. The importance of the qualification is obvious.

A somewhat tart protest from a reader in Chicago:

> I feel awful after reading Jim Tully's "The Lion Tamer" in the October issue. He says:
>
> > Half dazed from loss of sleep, weak from hunger, and irritated by vermin-infested clothes, I resolved to leave the road for a spell. The terrible Mississippi vagrancy law hung over me. Under that law an officer is given two dollars and a half for every vagrant he captures alive. In other parts of the United States a tramp is not molested if he keeps off railroad property, but in Mississippi he is hunted up hill and down dale for the two dollars and fifty cents.
>
> If it were only Tully who told the sad story of the bum it wouldn't matter. But, he's one of many, one of a school. Jack London did it best and cashed in the most. Eugene O'Neill

Continued on page xxii

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D U F F I E L D

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xx

also, the man who wrote about robots, U. Sinclair, etc. Indeed the whole wobbly movement is based on self-pity. The lads burn straw stacks and would like to burn cities because life is so hard on them. How they sentimentalize about themselves and their pasts, this hard-boiled school of writers!

Tully tries to shock with his "vermin-infested clothes." It would have shocked us—and did—in Jack London's day. But there's been a war since then. There were a million men in the line in France and 900,000 of them had cooties. They used to swear at them then and they laugh at them now, but they never tried to scare children with them. After all, doesn't "cooties" sound like a sort of a pet name? Not sob stuff.

Well, anyhow, Jim speaks with bated breath of being in jail. What of it? We've all seen the days and nights when jail would have seemed a palace. Several times I remember it was discussed at mess: "Would you give an arm or a leg to be out of tomorrow?" We'd discuss it, but most would give either. And we didn't have the worst of it at that; we were only in the artillery.

I remember after the Ourcq, Father Duffy burying them. Our boys pulled in the Americans. He pulled in the Germans himself, by the shoes, they were so rotten—about thirty to a trench-grave. Then his little prayer, about thirty seconds a trench and so on to Vesle. Night marches, same as usual. No smoking. There was nobody who wouldn't have taken a nice thirty or ninety days in a nice American jail.

We had St. Mihiel, sort of a snap, and the Argonne—not. Not so much the killing—although there was enough—but the misery! Sleeping in fox holes (one man trenches) not so good. Especially when it rained. You know, the French Autumn. Figuring out your deflections hidden under a shelter half. (No lights to show at night—bombing.) Generally we got our mission at or after 9 P. M. and had to figure half the night. Knocked hell out of sleep. The hum of machine-gun bullets over your head. You had a battery. How was the camouflage? Rotten. If they spot you, good night!

At that it was a good war—though it didn't seem so then. But it was a tough one. Make no mistake about that. As to Jim Tully and the horrible hardships of the hobo—good night! Bring on your I. W. W.!

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INDIA.
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THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO, 1821–1924
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The first comprehensive survey, in any language, of Mexican-American relations. The author has gone to the sources, and his narrative gives every sign of painstaking accuracy. His view of the future is apparently anything but rosy. He seems to think that American enterprise and Mexican backwardness are bound to produce conflicts hereafter, as in the past. There is an excellent bibliography.

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Continued on page xxvi

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Edited by Edna Kenton. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 527 pp. *New York*

This is a selection, very intelligently made, from the seventy-three volumes of Jesuit documents published in Cleveland between 1896 and 1901 under the editorship of R. G. Thwaites. They cover the period of French explorations, from 1611 onward, and are of great interest and value. Joliet's map of 1674 is reproduced in color in the end papers, and there are other illustrations.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

ARE THE JEWS A RACE?
By Karl Kautsky. *The International Publishers*
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 256 pp. *New York*

Kautsky believes that they are not, and argues that they will be completely absorbed within a short time and so disappear. He is against the settlement in Palestine and offers very plausible arguments that it must fail. He believes that the future of the Jews lies in Russia, but that as they acquire civil rights there they will vanish in the general population, as they are already doing in Western Europe and the United States.

THE ECONOMIC ILLUSION.
By Arthur Bertram. *Thomas Seltzer, Inc.*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 287 pp. *New York*

The economic ideas in this book are of the sort one gets from such a person as Professor Harry F. Ward of the Union Theological Seminary. The author rails against the waste of the competitive system, the

Continued on page xxviii

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By W. W. JENNINGS, PH.D.
(*University of Kentucky*)

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(*University of Nebraska*)

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Continued from page xxvi

"unnecessary evil" of unemployment, the profit motive in industry, and so on. As a remedy for the unemployment problem he suggests the establishment of a State Unemployment Department, similar to the army and navy departments. The cure for all economic evils, he is convinced, is the supplanting of the profit motive in industry with the motive of Service.

THE WHEAT PIT.
By Edward Jerome Dies. *The Argyle Press*
$1 7½ x 5; 63 pp. *Chicago*

This is an intelligent defense of the operations of the grain exchange. The book is clearly written, and the author shows an understanding of economic theory that adds weight to his argument.

BIRTH CONTROL.
By John M. Cooper.
The National Catholic Welfare Council
25 cents 7⅝ x 5¼; 96 pp. *Washington*

A statement of the Catholic case against birth control, by an associate professor of sociology in the Catholic University at Washington.

THE SCIENCES

CHEMISTRY AND RECENT PROGRESS IN MEDICINE.
By Julius Stieglitz. *The Williams & Wilkins Company*
$1.50 8½ x 5¾; 62 pp. *Baltimore*

Dr. Stieglitz is head of the department of chemistry at the University of Chicago, and his book is made up of lectures delivered on the Dohme Foundation at the Johns Hopkins in 1924. It is significant of the rapid strides made by chemotherapy that parts of his discourse are already out of date. But his main argument remains unaffected. The story he tells is one of brilliant and immensely valuable research.

SINS OF SCIENCE.
By Scudder Klyce. *The Marshall Jones Company*
$3 9¾ x 5¾; 432 pp. *Boston*

The author argues that "the common man is ordinarily right and sound," and that "we must in some measure control the villains who just now are probably the most dangerous to us: the intellectuals, and especially the scientists." He proposes three measures of control: looking upon them with disapproval, cutting off their salaries, and keeping children away from them.

Continued on page xxx

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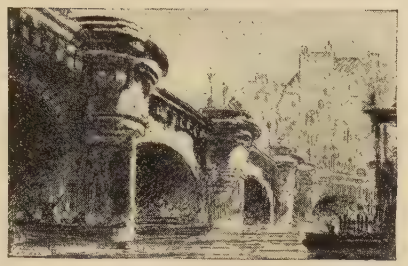

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THE FINE ARTS

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART. *The Netherlands, Germany, Spain.*
By Sir Charles Holmes. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$7.50 10 x 6; 301 pp. *New York*

This is the second volume in a series of art studies by this author, who is director of the National Gallery in London. The masters dealt with at length are John Van Eyck, Rubens, Van Dyck, Vermeer, Terborch, Metsu, De Hooch, Rembrandt, El Greco, Zurbaran, Velasquez, Murillo and Goya. There is an appendix discussing the so-called secret of the paint mixture of the Van Eycks. There are 103 illustrations, three of them in colors.

BRUCE ROGERS: DESIGNER OF BOOKS.
By Frederick Warde. *The Harvard University Press*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 107 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

A sympathetic and valuable account of one of the most adept of American designers of books and typefaces, with specimens of his work and a bibliography. It is reprinted from the *Fleuron*. The book itself is a beautiful piece of printing.

THE ART GUIDE TO PHILADELPHIA.
By Edward Longstreth. *Published by the Author*
8½ x 5½; 192 pp. *Philadelphia*

An attempt at an exhaustive roster of the treasures of art housed in Philadelphia and its environs. It includes paintings and sculpture in private hands, and the mural decorations of public and private buildings.

RELIGION

THE BIBLE UNMASKED.
By Joseph Lewis. *The Freethought Publishing Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 4⅞; 247 pp. *New York*

A denunciation of the Bible on moral grounds. Mr. Lewis argues that many of the transactions it records are demoralizing to the young reader. He even objects to the episode of the woman taken in adultery. An earnest but often somewhat absurd book.

THE HEALING GODS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS.
By Walter Addison Jayne. *The Yale University Press*
$5 9¾ x 6; 569 pp. *New Haven*

Dr. Jayne confines himself strictly to his subject, avoiding the purely physical therapeutics of the ancients. His survey includes the Egyptians, Babylo-

Continued on page xxxii

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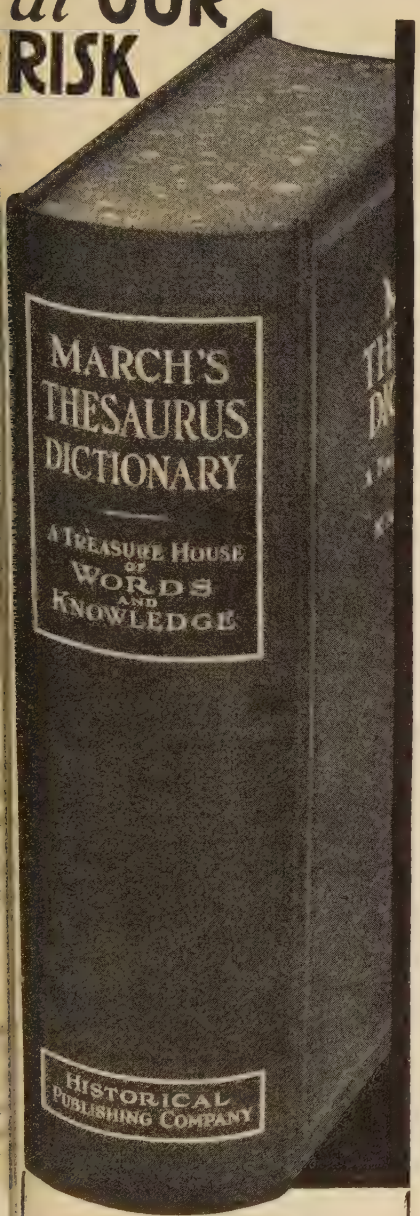

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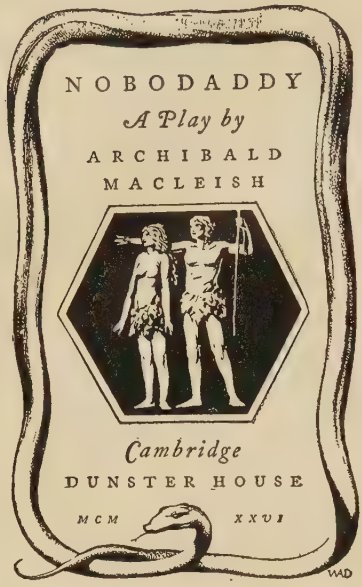

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nians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Ayrans, Persians, Greeks, Romans and Celts. The work is very carefully done, and amasses a large amount of interesting material. There are excellent bibliographies.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM.
By James H. Leuba. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 336 pp. *New York*

An exhaustive, dispassionate and very useful work, admirably supplementing the well-known studies of William James and James B. Pratt. The author is professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr, and the book is included in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE BEST HUMOR OF 1925.
Selected by Nathan Haskell Dole and Harold S. Dole.
The Stratford Company
$2.50 7¼ x 4⅞; 358 pp. *Boston*

The authors represented range from Al Jolson to Stephen Leacock, and from Ring Lardner to Harry Kemp. There are also many short anecdotes and pieces of verse by anonymous contributors to the magazines. Eight pages are given over to extracts from the "Americana" department of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. James Stevens' "The Black Duck Dinner" is also reprinted from this magazine.

ESSAYS OF 1925.
Selected by Odell Shepard. *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 281 pp. *Hartford, Conn.*

Unlike most other current anthologists, Mr. Shepard does not allege that his selections are the best essays printed during the year. His authors include Edgar Lee Masters, Heywood Broun, Suzanne La Follette, Senator James A. Reed, Ernest Boyd and E. S. Martin, and the magazines he lays under contribution are *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, the *New Republic*, the *North American Review*, the *Bookman*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Century*, the *Forum*, the *Yale Review*, the *Saturday Review* and THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE.
Edited by Arthur Quiller-Couch.
The Oxford University Press
$3.75 7⅜ x 4¾; 1092 pp. *New York*

The oldest author here drawn upon is John Trevisa, born 1326; the youngest is Rupert Brooke, born 1887.

Continued on page xxxiv

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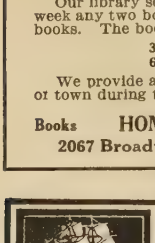

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Many readers, no doubt, will cavil at some of h selections; others will miss favorites. But on th whole the collection has great merit, and serves very useful purpose. The Americans represented a Emerson, Hawthorne, Hearn, Holmes, William an Henry James, John Paul Jones, Lincoln, Lowell, He man Melville, Motley, Parkman, Prescott, Santayan Thoreau and Whistler.

A BOOK OF MODERN ESSAYS.
Edited by Bruce Welker McCullough and Edwin Ber Burgum. *Charles Scribner's So*
$2 8 x 5; 430 pp. *New Yo*

This collection of essays purports to be represent tive of this form of writing in contemporary Ameri and England. Among those whose work is includ are Calvin Coolidge, H. S. Canby, Max Beerbohm Arthur Quiller-Couch, George Santayana, Paul Sh rey, Arnold Bennett, Willa Cather, Max Eastma Hilaire Belloc, John Galsworthy, Meredith Nichc son, and C. E. Montague. Preceding each essay is little puff of the author by the editors.

THE JEWISH ANTHOLOGY.
Edited by Edmond Fleg. *Harcourt, Brace & Compa*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 399 pp. *New Yo*

This is a collection of brief extracts from the liter ture of the Jewish race, both prose and poetry, a in all languages, from the Talmudic period down the present. A brief historical survey and a chronolo precede each section of the book. Brief bibliographic notes are appended. The translation from the Fren is by Maurice Samuel.

TRAVEL

TWO VAGABONDS IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.
By Jan and Cora Gordon. *Robert M. McBride &*
$5 9½ x 6⅛; 242 pp. *New Y*

The village is Janac in Upper Languedoc, and authors spent four months there, painting, wanderi about, and making friends with the villagers. T sketches of peasant life are often very amusing. Th are many illustrations, mainly in a somewhat fut istic manner.

THE DOLOMITES.
By Gabriel Faure. *The Medici Soc*
$2.50 8 x 6; 143 pp. *Bos*

This is a rather lyrical account of the Dolomit a region which, prior to the Great War, was a part Austria, but is now Italian territory. The book is pr fusely illustrated with photographs.

Continued on page xxxvi

JUST READY

THE MAUVE DECADE

by

THOMAS BEER

Author of Stephen Crane, Sandoval, The Fair Rewards

DON'T WRITE—PSYCHOGRAPH

This has of late been the popular slogan in the Western Union of Biography Builders, and the new fashion has been productive of many admirable works.

But now a different and even more fascinating method of telling human history has been discovered. It is difficult to give it a name; perhaps no name is necessary save that of Thomas Beer, witty master of the most original prose style of our times.

It is enough to say that he has made use of fresh material and new combinations to give an account of the 1890's such as could be expected from no pen but his own.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

GLORIES OF THE CAROLINA COAST.
By James Henry Rice, Jr. *The R. L. Bryan Compan*
$1.75 7½ x 5; 133 pp. *Columbia, S. C*

The South Carolina coast region is 190 miles lon and six miles wide. Mr. Rice gives an intimate accoun of its flora, fauna and climate, and also glances a its history. Its natural attractions are vastly greate than those of Florida, and it is much nearer Ne York.

NICE TO EVIAN BY THE *ROUTE DES ALPES.*
By Henri Ferrand. *The Medici Socie*
$2.50 8 x 6; 153 pp. *Bost*

This is a useful account of one of the most popul roads in Europe. As with the other volumes in thi series of travel guides, the book is generously illu trated with photographs. A map of the route and th surrounding territory is appended.

BIOGRAPHY

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR.
By Joseph Pennell. *Little, Brown, & Compa*
$12.50 11¾ x 8½; 372 pp. *Bost*

The amusing and often waspish reminiscences of illustrator whose career covers the rise of illustrati as a fine art in America, and its fall. There are mo than 200 reproductions of his paintings, drawing etchings and lithographs, and many other illustr tions. The book is superbly printed by William Edw Rudge.

CARLYLE ON CROMWELL AND OTHERS (183 1848).
By David Alec Wilson. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 421 pp. *New Y*

This, the third volume in an exhaustive biograp of the famous English essayist, covers one of his mo prolific periods. It is heavily documented with qu tations from letters and obscure magazines, yet it very interesting reading. There are four photograph one drawing and an index.

MORE CHANGES, MORE CHANCES.
By H. W. Nevinson. *Harcourt, Brace & Compa*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 427 pp. *New Y*

This is the second volume of Mr. Nevinson's tremely interesting autobiography. It takes his car from his expedition to Macedonia, in 1903, to

Continued on page xxxviii

the best reviewed new novel!!

The World

Stribling's calm irony makes Dreiser seem an optimist and Gopher Prairie a paradise. It is devastating—masterly.

Isabel Patterson in the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*

The Sun

As important as *Main Street*, we believe it is better. It is your pleasure and your duty to read *Teeftallow*.

H. S. in the N. Y. *World*

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxvi

opening of the World War, and includes his investigation of the slave trade in Angola—the crowning business, in his own estimation, of his busy and useful life. Like the first volume, it is charmingly written.

FICTION

SULAMITH. *A Tale of Antiquity.*
By Alexander Kuprin. *The Adelphi Company*
$2 7½ x 4½; 159 pp. *New York*

This tale of love between Sulamith and King Solomon was inspired by the Shulamith of the Song of Songs, and at times it approaches in beauty and lyrical ecstasy the heights of that immortal prose poem. The translation from the Russian is by Bernard Guilbert Guerney.

BREAD GIVERS.
By Anzia Yezierska. *Doubleday, Page & Company*
$2 7¼ x 5; 297 pp. *New York*

The story here is that of the poverty and suffering of a Jewish family living on the East Side of New York: the father spends all day studying the holy books while his daughters are hunting for jobs in dress factories.

FIG LEAVES.
By Mildred Evans Gilman. *The Siebel Corporation*
$2 8 x 5; 328 pp. *New York*

The title of this book hides a story that is somewhat above the average—the story of the trials of a young girl who reaches womanhood with almost no sex knowledge. The tale is simply yet effectively told.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY.
By John Erskine. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 304 pp. *Indianapolis*

A modernized version of the family life of the Helen of Greek history. It is an attempt at being shrewd about such matters as love, parents, children and marital loyalty. But it hardly rises above the level of Dr. Frank Crane's profundities.

THE DUGOUT.
By Zoë A. Tilghman. *The Harlow Publishing Co.*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 107 pp. *Oklahoma City*

Six tales of the kindliness and barbarism and heroism and meanness of the men and women who first broke ground in the prairie lands. All of them are well-done and ring true.

The Borzoi Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MAY, 1926 — VOL. VII. No. 6.

The Mauve Decade

NOTHING could serve better as an introduction to *Thomas Beer's* new book than an account of his earliest reminiscences. THE MAUVE DECADE is a picture of American life in the eighteen nineties—and of those ten years and of the personalities who acquired that colorful nineteenth-century eminence no longer attainable by the pale celebrities of 1926, no picture has been more enjoyably enlightening.

"My first recollection," writes *Mr. Beer*, "is of a tribe of Indians—the Blackfeet, it seems—filing past my grandfather's house in Council Bluffs during a dust storm. Council Bluffs, as I remember the place, was nothing but a playground for dust storms. Saint Paul remains rather more vivid in my memory. We lived in a new street and a family of Scandinavians named Olsen had some sort of residence in a hut made of shingles and tarpaper on an adjacent lot. They were squatters and the lot's owner was constantly trying to evict them and the nearby landowners were, as constantly, being implored to rescue Mrs. Olsen and her twelve children from beggary. The landlord got no sympathy from anyone until it was discovered that the Olsen establishment was a breeding point and distributing agency for lice. Sentiment withered before the fact. The Olsens vanished. Capitalism was justified in its acts.

"My father's father, *Judge Thomas Beer*, had a house on the edge of Bucyrus, Ohio. No one ever believes this name but it is demonstrable in any Postal Guide. I spent some of my infant summers there and read my grandfather's books. Among others a lavishly illustrated SALAMMBÔ on which I doted and a MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN which pleased me rather less as I found the conversations tedious and obscure. Benevolent relatives tried to interest me in *Henty*, *Jules Verne* and other delights of childhood. But I stuck to SALAMMBÔ. By an accident, the illustration in the novel which showed the Carthaginian general *Hanno* taking a bath in the blood of slaughtered slaves had a real likeness to *Mark Hanna*. I was considerably worried about the campaign of 1896 while my father—under *Mr. Hanna's* directions—was steering a trainload of dilapidated Civil War generals through the Middle West mak-

(*Continued on page 46*)

BORZOI BOOKS

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

The New Blue Jade

Richard Garnett was the victim of probably the strangest situation known in the history of English letters. Author of a book of fiction which was at once as humorous and as powerful as anything written by his contemporaries, he was nevertheless in the eyes of the world never a humorist but always the serious and erudite critic of English literature.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS was that book. If it had been written by anyone else except the man who already had a world-wide reputation as a scholar it would have placed him in the forefront of English creative artists of the period, but somehow *Garnett's* reputation as keeper of the printed books, that is, chief of the British Museum Library, prevented him from getting his due recognition as a humorist.

Yet of this book the London Times wrote: "The book bubbles with laughter: it is one of the few books that make the reader envious of the writer; for, delicious as the reading is, the conception must surely have provided a more exquisite joy. . . . His sense of humor has a wide range. It touches here *Ingoldsby*, there *Gilbert*, resembling the former in subject-matter and gusto, the latter in its power of being precise, suave, and logical in the most ridiculous situations."

Now these stories are republished in *The Blue Jade Library*, already famous for resurrecting many of the finest things of the past for the discerning readers of today.

THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE, which precedes THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS in *The Blue Jade Library* series, was discussed in the January Broadside. Its publication was postponed, however, and it appeared on March 12.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS. *By* RICHARD GARNETT. $3.00 *net.*

LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE. *Translated from the Latin by* C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, *with an Introductory Letter by* GEORGE MOORE. (*This letter will appear only in the first edition.*) $3.00 *net.*

The Mystery of Mystery

A LABORER is sitting at his window one evening. He glances up from the poem he is writing and observes a man walking down the street. The man falls dead. If the laborer had been of a more darkly poetic temperament he might have remarked, "The rest is silence," and returned to his verse. But this is only the beginning of THE CARTWRIGHT GARDENS MURDER and the rest is *Fletcher*. The thousands who never miss a *Fletcher* story will know that the rest means a properly embroiled mystery and a thoroughly satisfactory conclusion.

This is a simple statement and a sure one, but a greater mystery than the present book encloses is left still unsolved. What is the secret of *Fletcher's* success? What, to use the fashionable phrase, is his psychology? In this, as in all good mysteries, there is a clue. Mystery and detective stories, the salesmen say, make their appeal almost entirely to men. *President Wilson* was a noted *Fletcher* fan. And so with the importance now given to distinctions between men and women, the problem becomes one of sociological interest.

Willa Muir might well have considered mystery stories in her recently published inquiry, WOMEN. Perhaps it is that women, having themselves a reputation for mystery, resent a rival. Perhaps they

(*Continued on page 44*)

A Connoisseur of Men and Moods

A DESCRIPTION of *Walter de la Mare* is to some extent a description of THE CONNOISSEUR, his new book of stories—intended, unlike some of his books, for grown readers—for no one writes with a more delicate or a more sustained individuality.

"What is he like, this Englishman named *de la Mare*, who can write such verse, such prose? We are all curious about our fellow-men; specially interested are we in the little human qualities of those who attain distinction. . . . Does one need to know an author's personality in order to understand his work? This last October I put that question to *Mr. de la Mare*, and he, ever elusive and retiring, laughingly sparred, 'Ah, that's the question—does one? Yet all of a man isn't in his work, is it?' The answer recalled his words analyzing *Rupert Brooke*, 'Behind all that we say or do, behind even what we think, is the solitude wherein wells what we are.'

"He is medium in height and slender, rather proportionately broad of shoulder, with dark hair and eyes, and a buoyant air, expressing a spirit within gay, darting, keen. You feel that his inner self is experiencing a superb time with life. He prefers that no one should think of any of this.

"'Poets, indeed,' he says, 'unlike children, and for their own sake if not for that of others, should be heard and not seen.' Behind the temperamental lightness and forming the background of his soul is the religious conscience, inherited from the Huguenot *de la Mares* and the famous *Browning* family, which brooks no faltering or compromise, no satisfaction in anything lower than the noblest. We might suppose that years ago he served the statistics department of the Anglo-American Oil Company and the Muse as the Bible claims one serves two masters, for how could he, who had discovered the valleys of Tishnar, find rapture in the addition and subtraction of pounds—belonging to others?"

—*Lucile Gulliver in the Boston Transcript.*

THE CONNOISSEUR AND OTHER STORIES. *By* WALTER DE LA MARE, *author of "Come Hither," "Broomsticks," "Memoirs of a Midget," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

Heat

TRAVELERS have always found the Philippines about the weirdest place on earth, and not many have had the inclination or endurance to live in them long enough to fathom their weirdness. *Isa Glenn* has illuminated the picture with the same realism and the same force that distinguish *Somerset Maugham's* play, "Rain."

Probably the best opportunity to understand the Islands fell to the wives of army officers stationed there. They had no fighting or inspecting to do, and found themselves stranded in a beautiful but horrible country, haunted by the depression of a climate full of terrors, and threatened by the danger of Moro insurrections.

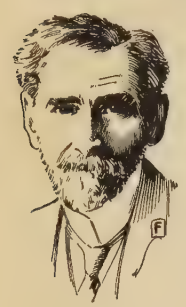
During the lifetime of her husband, the late *Brigadier-General S. J. Bayard Schindel*, *Isa Glenn* was one of those wives. Her travels in the Orient and the remoter corners of the world have given her a wealth of material to draw upon; and in HEAT, a story of the lives of Americans in the Philippines, she has not exaggerated a single detail of these lives.

Miss Rebecca West, the brilliant English critic and novelist who spent most of last year in the United States, and is here as this is written, says: "HEAT interested me greatly on a sociological point. It seems to me one of a number of books that appearing sporadically and dealing with very diverse cases suggest that the white races cannot move out of their slot quite so easily as we suppose. The retrogression of the English race when cut off from their traditions in India has been boastfully announced by *Rudyard Kipling* and dispassionately discussed by *E. M. Forster* in A PASSAGE TO INDIA. HEAT seems to me to present the American counterpart of this problem which is of enormous political importance."

HEAT. *By* ISA GLENN. $2.50 *net.*

Speaking of Travel

ONE of the chief reasons why Americans go to Europe is to walk. Walking tours have become next to impossible on this side—the pedestrian who manages to keep clear of the automobiles on the road will be exhausted by the hills he has to climb. But in England, walking and cycling trips are favorite methods of getting about; and the spirit of the country, the hedges and flowers, the towns and inns and churches, can be absorbed in no better way.



W. H. Hudson lived largely on the English roads, and wrote of them with the interest of the naturalist, the traveler, and the literary artist. AFOOT IN ENGLAND is a book as characteristic and important as the better known GREEN MANSIONS; though born in the Argentine, *Hudson* wrote of England with as much feeling for its distinction of quiet beauty as he felt for the primitive color of South America. AFOOT IN ENGLAND is re-issued in a popular priced edition, as a uniquely personal interpretation of the English countryside and its monuments.

AFOOT IN ENGLAND. *By* W. H. HUDSON, *author of "Green Mansions," "Tales of the Pampas," "A Little Boy Lost," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

The Sorrowful Knight

DON QUIXOTE need be sorrowful no longer. He has been added to the Borzoi Classics, and there is rejoicing in that part of heaven, among such immortals as Tom Jones, Moll Flanders, and Captain Gulliver. Thus DON QUIXOTE can be obtained in a new edition of the *Ormsby* version, not only by those insatiable persons who collect all editions of *Cervantes'* classic, but by those who have always meant to read it and have never got round to it.

The *Ormsby* version is the best English translation. The third of the famous translations (it appeared in 1885), it has the advantages of accuracy and modern English—both virtues lost to the seventeenth-century *Shelton* translation; and it preserves the racy, vigorous fidelity in tone that the *Jervas* does not.

George Edward Woodberry's illuminating essay on *Cervantes* is included for the introduction.

DON QUIXOTE. *By* MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. *Translated by* JOHN ORMSBY, *with an introduction by* GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. *Two volumes, 1060 pages. Green Buckram with gilt tops.* $7.50 *a set, boxed.*

A Hundred Years Ago

AT THE time of *Madame de Staël*—she died in 1817—there was in progress a feminist movement quite as strong as that of today, and *Madame de Staël* was its most brilliant exponent. Daughter of the French finance minister and wife of the Swedish ambassador to France, she was until the creation of the Empire an ardent supporter of *Napoleon*; afterwards, however, she criticised him so bitterly that she was exiled, and spent her last years in a villa on the Lake of Geneva. There she wrote many of her novels, among them the famous CORINNE.

It was after her exile that the events took place which made her the heroine of *Benjamin Constant's* autobiographical novel ADOLPHE. ADOLPHE might be a sequel, from another point of view, to the events described by *David Glass Larg* in his biography of *Madame de Staël. Mr. Larg* leaves her in 1800, at the turning-point in her fortunes, before *Napoleon* had decided that she was too much like himself to live permanently in the same country.

Another political exile tells his story in MY PAST AND THOUGHTS: THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER HERZEN; and as *David Glass Larg's* biography describes the events leading to the French Revolution, *Herzen* presents a complete picture of the origins of the present situation in Russia. *Mrs. Garnett* has made her excellent translation of this unique autobiography from the sole complete and copyright edition of the original Russian published in Berlin in 1921. The Memoirs will be completed in six volumes, of which the fifth has just been published.

MADAME DE STAËL. *By* DAVID GLASS LARG. $4.50 *net.*

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS: THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER HERZEN. (*Five volumes now ready*) $2.00 *net each.*)

The Ancient East

We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little further: it may be
Beyond the last blue mountain barred with snow
Across that angry or that glimmering sea.

White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born: but surely we are brave,
Who take the Golden Road to Samarcand.

So spoke Ishak to the Master of the Caravan, as he set out with Hassan, leaving Bagdad behind for ever.

This, the conclusion to *James Elroy Flecker's* well-known play, Hassan, has stirred in many readers the deep and impulsive desire to wander off on some pilgrimage of the soul to the fabled lands of the East, lands which the old maps vaguely picture and fill with extravagant beasts, and which travelers decorate with fantastic riches of jewels, silks, and glittering towers.

Well might the early voyagers marvel at the splendors they saw, for the Persia of the eleventh century possessed a civilization far surpassing their own. Even in that particular department of romantic adventure, which is often felt to be some compensation for the barbarity of medieval Europe, Europe is now seen to be equalled, if not outdone. In The Three Students, *Haldane Macfall*, well known as the author of The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer, takes the fabulous Persia at its height for the background to a story of which the themes are the three remarkable biographies of three remarkable boyhood friends. Foremost of these in the memories of modern readers is the mathematician, poet, and philosopher, *Omar Khayyam;* and in the story here related of him a new interpretation is offered of his poetry. His two friends are Nizam-ul-Mulk, who became Vizier, and Hassan bn Sabbah who later founded the terrible sect of the Assassins. Their history is full and dramatic, and *Mr. Macfall* knows well how to enhance his narrative with all the sparkling details and gorgeous trappings of the Oriental empire.

THE THREE STUDENTS. *By* Haldane Macfall, *author of "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer."* $2.50 *net.*

HASSAN. *A Play by* James Elroy Flecker, *author of "Don Juan" and "Collected Poems."* $2.00 *net.*

Geography and the Younger Generation

Roundabout is successfully named. It is being published on April 23, by way of celebrating *Shakespeare's* three hundred and sixty-second birthday; but it is a book for Summer readers, because everyone who crosses a gang-plank and begins to worry about the value of the franc is going to take Roundabout along. Nothing could be more appropriate for an American going to Paris than to read about Denise, the half-American, half-French inhabitant of the *dix-huitième*, and her trip to America. It's a youthful story, and a romantic story, and a charming story, and a sophisticated story; and it gracefully includes an amazing number of celebrated localities, from the Place Pigalle to Central Park, from Zelli's to the Washington Monument.

"The whole thing is charming," says *H. L. Mencken.* "You not only tell a good story and offer credible characters, you also do it in novel and effective phrases."

ROUNDABOUT. *By* Nancy Hoyt. $2.50 *net.*

The Best Short Stories

Collections of the best short stories seem to be gaining in popularity, to judge from the number that are put together and printed. The best stories of one year, however, supersede those of the last; and few of the authors who win prominence for one prize story manage to follow it up. There are many writers of great short stories, but very few great short story writers.

Guy de Maupassant is universally recognized as one of these few; his peculiar combination of realistic and dramatic effect sets him apart as an intensely individual story teller. In 1923 there was put in progress a definitive edition of his works, under the editorship of *Ernest Boyd.* This Spring marks the completion of this, the Borzoi de Maupassant, with the publication, in April, of Useless Beauty and A Woman's Heart and of The Pedlar in May. These volumes have been translated by *Storm*

(*Continued on page 45*)

Looking Before and After

PRE-WAR and post-war have recently seemed to be phrases of momentous distinction. The "younger generation," because of the war, has been made to appear an unprecedented group. The "new diplomacy" was credited with solicitude for mankind. An epoch of uncertainty was closed, an epoch of progress begun.

It was perhaps the disillusionment of war which forced us to adopt these new illusions in order to buoy up our necessary hopes. Now they too are vanishing, and the demand for facts has become general. We are a little bit weary of shining goals. We prefer to know what all the fuss is about.

Two books have just appeared which present in a most readable form a view of those amazing entanglements into which men blundered before and after they had resorted to barbed wire and hand grenades.

In the first *Harry Elmer Barnes* has collected a series of his brilliant articles dealing with the situations and principles which led to the outbreak of hostilities. These articles caused a great stir when they were published in The Christian Century. They have now been greatly extended, completely rewritten, and thoroughly documented. The result is the first reliable guide to the origins of the war intended for the general reader.

The second is a translation of the famous LA VICTOIRE by *Alfred Fabre-Luce*, which is generally considered the most satisfactory study of post-war imbroglios. Dedicated to the theme that the Entente won the war but lost the peace, it is an orderly exposition of recent history which will make a valuable adjunct to the library of everyone who wishes to read the newspapers with understanding.

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PROBLEM OF WAR GUILT. *By* HARRY ELMER BARNES.

THE LIMITATIONS OF VICTORY. *By* ALFRED FABRE-LUCE. *Translated by* CONSTANCE VESEY. $4.00 *net.*

The Mystery of Mystery

(*Continued from page 40*)

have a professional disapproval for a clear solution. Perhaps it is that men feel a feminine allure in a mystery and a sense of triumph in its dénouement. But here are clues for professors to unravel and tea cups to hearken to. For us, psychology is just one red herring after another. So we advise our readers to stick to *Mr. Fletcher* and the more tangible methods of Scotland Yard.

THE CARTWRIGHT GARDENS MURDER. *By* J. S. FLETCHER. $2.00 *net.*

WOMEN. *By* WILLA MUIR. $1.00 *net.*

Old and New Mexico

WHILE others go to Florida, *The Borzoi* lingers in the Southwest, and finds rich material there; for the Southwest clings to a civilization older than any to be found elsewhere in America. This has, during the last few years, attracted many artists and writers to settle in Santa Fé and Taos. *The Borzoi* is well represented, counting *Witter Bynner* and *D. H. Lawrence* among the residents, and *Harvey Fergusson* among the natives—all three of whom, by the way, are publishing this Spring.

Harvey Fergusson's is a new edition in the Pocket Book series, of his most popular novel—THE BLOOD OF THE CONQUERORS—in which he painted his native state in gorgeous colors, and from a Spaniard's point of view. His new novel, HOT SATURDAY, will appear next Fall; and since he writes of Washington and New York with the same facility as of New Mexico, bets are being made as to the place in which *Mr. Fergusson* finds Saturdays most uncomfortable.

Witter Bynner's also is a new edition, and it is not about New Mexico at all, but about New Hampshire, in so far as it confines itself to one locality. Those who admired GRENSTONE POEMS when they were published, or who have tried to get it since 1923 when it went out of print, will welcome this revised edition.

Readers of this paper have already heard about *D. H. Lawrence's* contribution to the history of the Southwest, THE PLUMED SERPENT, which carries into the future the work begun by *J. Fred Rippy*, who wrote the first adequate history of THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO, leaving off at 1924.

THE BLOOD OF THE CONQUERORS. *By* HARVEY FERGUSSON. $1.25 *net.*

GRENSTONE POEMS. *By* WITTER BYNNER. $2.50 *net.*

Statistics and the New Negro

LAST October the editors of Opportunity Magazine —the same eminent publication that awarded to *Langston Hughes* the first prize in the 1925 contest for the best poem by a Negro—compiled the census figures according to races, and obtained some surprising results.

"In 1910 there were 2,050,686 Negroes classified as mulattoes; in 1920 there were 1,660,554," begins an article headed "The Vanishing Mulatto," and goes on to give further information. "In 1900 there were 3,660,390 native-born whites of native parents 10 to 14 years old in this country. Ten years later, naturally, this group would be 20 and 24 years old, and, presumably, some of them would have died. (In the decade before this 4 per cent of the age group died.) Using 3 as the lowest possible percentage of those who died, or about 140,000, and in 1910 instead of having fewer persons, there are actually more by 22,532, which is absurd. This means that during ten years about 162,500 native whites of native parentage appeared who must be accounted for. Immigration has already been deducted, and the other possibility that they are 'native whites immigrating into the United States,' is not favored by the age distribution, and in addition seems a bit ridiculous. It may be that a wholesale deception has been perpetrated. If so, they received from the Negroes a most splendid cooperation, for it appears

that the disappearance during that same decade of 355,000 Negroes can be accounted for only by some sort of migration out of the country. As everyone knows, native Negro emigration is practically negligible, except to Canada and possibly Mexico. Make the most liberal allowance for emigration and a grave margin remains."

Thus the heroine of *Walter White's* new novel, FLIGHT, is a figure as representative and as startlingly true to life as was Kenneth Harper in THE FIRE IN THE FLINT; for FLIGHT is a story of a colored girl of Creole descent who successfully becomes a member of the white race.

FLIGHT. *By* WALTER WHITE, *author of "The Fire in the Flint."* $2.50 *net.*

The Best Short Stories

(*Continued from page 43*)

Jameson, author of THREE KINGDOMS. His novels as well as his stories are included in the set, which comprises eighteen volumes.

"The Boyd de Maupassant," wrote *Laurence Stallings*, "has certainly killed the goose. After the news of this translation gets abroad one can imagine the despair with which de Maupassant editors, grown gray in the service, will be walking the streets persuading publishers to bring out new dictionaries."

The set will be topped off, probably next Fall, with *Ernest Boyd's* biographical and critical estimate of *Guy de Maupassant*, now in preparation.

USELESS BEAUTY, *Vol. XVI*, A WOMAN'S HEART, *Vol. XVII*, THE PEDLAR, *Vol. XVIII*, *of The Collected Novels and Stories of* GUY DE MAUPASSANT, *edited by* ERNEST BOYD. $2.00 *net per volume.*

Works and Days

SINCE *the Abbé Barthélémy* wrote his celebrated VOYAGE DU JEUNE ANARCHARSIS many facts concerning the most inspired civilization of history have been brought to light. Now a countryman of *the Abbé* has assembled the new material in a comprehensive and orderly account of the framework upon which the Hellene culture grew. The result is probably the only economic history of Greece available in English.

ANCIENT GREECE AT WORK: AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF GREECE FROM THE HOMERIC PERIOD TO THE ROMAN CONQUEST. *By* G. GLOTZ, *Professor of Greek History in the University of Paris. Translated by* M. R. DOBIE. *With* 49 *illustrations.* $5.00 *net.*

The Mauve Decade

(*Continued from page 39*)

ing speeches on behalf of McKinley. It appalled me when I was led up a Pullman car into a stateroom and introduced to *Mr. Hanna.* But I very clearly remember the plump bored man playing solitaire on a folding table while half a dozen satellites respectfully watched the motion of his fat, pointed fingers among the cards.

"My military adventures were incomplete and were dictated largely by my feet. Having been ungratefully declined by the examiners for Plattsburg and the Navy, and thoroughly annoyed with everything, I enlisted in Field Artillery. My feet went with me and some brand of blood poisoning resulted. I found myself reduced to office work in the Supply Company of the 21st Field Artillery, was thence rescued by a Major General who had known my father at West Point and attached to his staff. At Camp Pike, Arkansas, I was allowed to receive complaints and requests from the female relatives of an entire Division. The experience cured me of certain sentimentalisms from which I had suffered. I afterward acted as interpreter, mess officer, mendicant and procurer for the staff in France and the armistice overtook me as I was advancing to the front in the least comfortable coach then in the French railroad service."

THE MAUVE DECADE. *By* THOMAS BEER, *author of "Stephen Crane," "Sandoval" and "The Fair Rewards."* *$3.50 net.*

A Revolutionary Classic

FROM the turmoil of political ideas which marked the period of the American and the French Revolutions *Godwin's* ENQUIRY stands out as a typical and important study. His famous work, unobtainable for many years, is now reprinted as the second title of the Borzoi Political Science Classics.

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING POLITICAL JUSTICE AND ITS INFLUENCE ON GENERAL VIRTUE AND HAPPINESS. *By* WILLIAM GODWIN. *Edited by* RAYMOND A. PRESTON, *with a Foreword by* LINDSAY ROGERS. *Two volumes, sold in sets only at $4.00 net.*

Publishing Announcements

THE following books will appear in the late Spring:

BRAWNYMAN by *James Stevens*, author of PAUL BUNYAN.

TOM FOOL by *F. Tennyson Jesse*, author of MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES, etc.

THE CHINA SHOP, one of *G. B. Stern's* most successful novels, will be added to the Borzoi Pocket Books.

SPRING SOWING by *Liam O'Flaherty*, author of THE INFORMER.

In the Tudor Translations, SENECA HIS TENNE TRAGEDIES, edited by *T. S. Eliot.*

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ENQUIRY CONCERNING POLITICAL JUSTICE. *Two volumes.* $4.00
THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR.
THE LIMITATIONS OF VICTORY. $4.00
FLIGHT. $2.50

In Canada, Borzoi books can be obtained from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

THE "BEST NUMBER" OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Edited by H. L. MENCKEN

This is the twenty-ninth issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Every month, in the clippings which come to this office, some newspaper—and sometimes a number of newspapers—calls the current American Mercury the best ever published. This has been true since the appearance of the issue of February 1924, which was called "even better than the initial number."

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An amusing character sketch of this small but immensely American State, by one who knows it at first hand.

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Some coming fiction:

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